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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB THE GREAT AND SOME MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS BY HENRY FIELDING ESQ

EDITED BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT RAILTON & E. J. WHEELER.

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MDCCCCII

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	PAGE
THE AUTHOR'S FARCE, ACTS I. AND II.	1
THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES; OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB THE GREAT	39
PASQUIN; A DRAMATIC SATIRE ON THE TIMES . .	105
AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION	175
THE TRUE PATRIOT, NO. XIII.	213
THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL, NOS. X., XXXIII. . .	220
FAMILIAR LETTER	232

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAIT OF FIELDING BY HOGARTH . *Frontispiece*

THE DEATH OF LORD GRIZZLE . . *Page* 100

HE ACQUAINTED THE DAMSELS THAT HE AND HIS COMPANIONS HAD CARRIED THE OPERA . „ 214

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THE AUTHOR'S FARCE;

[WITH A PUPPET-SHOW CALLED THE

PLEASURES OF THE TOWN.]

FIRST ACTED AT THE HAY-MARKET IN 1729, AND REVIVED SOME YEARS AFTER AT DRURY-LANE, WHEN IT WAS REVISED AND GREATLY ALTERED BY THE AUTHOR, AS NOW PRINTED.

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———————Quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?
—Juv. Sat. 1.

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PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MR JONES.

Too long the Tragick Muse hath aw'd the stage,
And frighten'd wives and children with her rage;
Too long Drawcansir roars, Parthenope weeps,
While ev'ry lady cries, and critick sleeps.
With ghosts, rapes, murders, tender hearts they wound,
Or else, like thunder, terrify with sound.
When the skill'd actress to her weeping eyes,
With artful sigh, the handkerchief applies,
How griev'd each sympathizing nymph appears!
And box and gallery both melt in tears.
Or when, in armour of Corinthian brass,
Heroick actor stares you in the face,
And cries aloud, with emphasis that's fit, on
Liberty, freedom, liberty and Briton!
While frowning, gaping for applause he stands,
What generous Briton can refuse his hands?
Like the tame animals design'd for show,
You have your cues to clap, as they to bow;
Taught to commend, your judgments have no share;
By chance you guess aright, by chance you err.

But, handkerchiefs and Britain laid aside,
To-night we mean to laugh, and not to chide.

In days of yore, when fools were held in fashion,
Tho' now, alas! all banish'd from the nation,
A merry jester had reform'd his lord,
Who would have scorn'd the sterner Stoick's word.

Bred in Democritus his laughing schools,
Our author flies sad Heraclitus' rules;
No tears, no terror plead in his behalf;
The aim of Farce is but to make you laugh.
Beneath the tragick or the comick name,
Farces and puppet-shows ne'er miss of fame.
Since then, in borrow'd dress, they've pleas'd the town,
Condemn them not, appearing in their own.

Smiles we expect from the good-natur'd few;
As ye are done by, ye malicious, do;
And kindly laugh at him who laughs at you.

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PERSONS IN THE FARCE.

MEN.

Luckless, the Author and Master of the Show,	Mr MULLART.
Witmore, his friend	Mr LACY.
Marplay, sen., *Marplay, jun.*, Comedians . . .	Mr REYNOLDS, Mr STOPLER.
Bookweight, a Bookseller	Mr JONES.
Scarecrow, *Dash*, *Quibble*, *Blotpage*, Scribblers	Mr MARSHAL, Mr HALLAM, Mr DOVE, Mr WELLS, jun.
Index	———.
Jack, servant to Luckless	Mr ACHURCH.
Jack-Pudding	Mr REYNOLDS.
Bantomite	Mr MARSHAL.

WOMEN.

Mrs Moneywood, the Author's Landlady .	Mrs MULLART.
Harriot, her daughter	Miss PALMS.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—LUCKLESS's *Room in* Mrs MONEYWOOD's *House.*—Mrs MONEYWOOD, HARRIOT, LUCKLESS.

Moneywood. Never tell me, Mr Luckless, of your play, and your play. I tell you I must be paid. I would no more depend on a benefit-night of an unacted play than I would on a benefit-ticket in an undrawn lottery. Could I have guessed that I had a poet in my house! Could I have looked for a poet under laced clothes!

Luck. Why not? since you may often find poverty under them: nay, they are commonly the signs of it. And, therefore, why may not a poet be seen in them as well as a courtier?

Money. Do you make a jest of my misfortune, sir?

Luck. Rather my misfortune. I am sure I have a better title to poverty than you; for, notwithstanding the handsome figure I make, unless you are so good to invite me, I am afraid I shall scarce prevail on my stomach to dine to-day.

Money. Oh, never fear that—you will never want a dinner till you have dined at all the eating-houses round.——No one shuts their doors against you the first time; and I think you are so kind, seldom to trouble them a second.

Luck. No.——And if you will give me leave to

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walk out of your doors, the devil take me if ever I come into 'em again.

Money. Pay me, sir, what you owe me, and walk away whenever you please.

Luck. With all my heart, madam; get me a pen and ink, and I'll give you my note for it immediately.

Money. Your note! who will discount it? Not your bookseller; for he has as many of your notes as he has of your works; both good lasting ware, and which are never likely to go out of his shop and his scrutore.

Har. Nay, but, madam, 'tis barbarous to insult him in this manner.

Money. No doubt you'll take his part. Pray get you about your business. I suppose he intends to pay me by ruining you. Get you in this instant: and remember, if ever I see you with him again I'll turn you out of doors.

SCENE II.—LUCKLESS, Mrs MONEYWOOD.

Luck. Discharge all your ill-nature on me, madam, but spare poor Miss Harriot.

Money. Oh! then it is plain. I have suspected your familiarity a long while. You are a base man. Is it not enough to stay three months in my house without paying me a farthing, but you must ruin my child?

Luck. I love her as my soul. Had I the world I'd give it her all.

Money. But, as you happen to have nothing in the world, I desire you would have nothing to say to her. I suppose you would have settled all your castles in the air. Oh! I wish you had lived in one of them, instead of my house. Well, I am resolved, when you

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have gone away (which I heartily hope will be very soon) I'll hang over my door in great red letters, "No lodgings for poets." Sure never was such a guest as you have been. My floor is all spoiled with ink, my windows with verses, and my door has been almost beat down with duns.

Luck. Would your house had been beaten down, and everything but my dear Harriot crushed under it!

Money. Sir, sir——

Luck. Madam, madam! I will attack you at your own weapons; I will pay you in your own coin.

Money. I wish you'd pay me in any coin, sir.

Luck. Look ye, madam, I'll do as much as a reasonable woman can require; I'll shew you all I have; and give you all I have too, if you please to accept it. [*Turns his pockets inside out.*

Money. I will not be used in this manner. No, sir, I will be paid, if there be any such thing as law.

Luck. By what law you will put money into my pocket I know not; for I never heard of any one who got money by the law but the lawyers. I have told you already, and I tell you again, that the first money I get shall be yours; and I have great expectations from my play. In the mean time your staying here can be of no service, and you may possibly drive some fine thoughts out of my head. I would write a love scene, and your daughter would be more proper company, on that occasion, than you.

Money. You would act a love-scene, I believe; but I shall prevent you; for I intend to dispose of myself before my daughter.

Luck. Dispose of yourself!

Money. Yes, sir, dispose of myself. 'Tis very well known that I have had very good offers since my last dear husband died. I might have had an attorney of New Inn, or Mr Fillpot, the exciseman; yes, I had

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my choice of two parsons, or a doctor of physick; and yet I slighted them all; yes, I slighted them for—for —for you.

Luck. For me?

Money. Yes, you have seen too visible marks of my passion; too visible for my reputation. [*Sobbing.*

Luck. I have heard very loud tokens of your passion; but I rather took it for the passion of anger than of love.

Money. Oh! it was love, indeed. Nothing but love, upon my soul!

Luck. The devil! This way of dunning is worse than the other.

Money. If thou can'st not pay me in money, let me have it in love. If I break through the modesty of my sex let my passion excuse it. I know the world will call it an impudent action; but if you will let me reserve all I have to myself, I will make myself yours for ever.

Luck. Toll, loll, loll!

Money. And is this the manner you receive my declaration, you poor beggarly fellow? You shall repent this; remember, you shall repent it; remember that. I'll shew you the revenge of an injured woman.

Luck. I shall never repent anything that rids me of you, I am sure.

Scene III.—Luckless, Harriot.

Luck. Dear Harriot!

Har. I have waited an opportunity to return to you.

Luck. Oh! my dear, I am so sick!

Har. What's the matter?

Luck. Oh! your mother! your mother!

Har. What, has she been scolding ever since?

Luck. Worse, worse!

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Har. Heaven forbid she should threaten to go to law with you.

Luck. Oh, worse! worse! she threatens to go to church with me. She has made me a generous offer, that if I will but marry her she will suffer me to settle all she has upon her.

Har. Generous creature! Sure you will not resist the proposal?

Luck. Hum! what would you advise me to?

Har. Oh, take her, take her, by all means; you will be the prettiest, finest, loveliest, sweetest couple. Augh! what a delicate dish of matrimony you will make! Her age with your youth, her avarice with your extravagance, and her scolding with your poetry!

Luck. Nay, but I am serious, and I desire you would be so. You know my unhappy circumstances, and your mother's wealth. It would be at least a prudent match.

Har. Oh! extremely prudent, ha, ha, ha! the world will say, Lard! who could have thought Mr Luckless had had so much prudence? This one action will overbalance all the follies of your life.

Luck. Faith, I think it will: but, dear Harriot, how can I think of losing you for ever? And yet, as our affairs stand, I see no possibility of our being happy together. It will be some pleasure, too, that I may have it in my power to serve you. Believe me, it is with the utmost reluctance I think of parting with you. For if it was in my power to have you——

Har. Oh, I am very much obliged to you; I believe you—Yes, you need not swear, I believe you.

Luck. And can you as easily consult prudence, and part with me? for I would not buy my own happiness at the price of yours.

Har. I thank you, sir——Part with you——intolerable vanity!

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Luck. Then I am resolved; and so, my good landlady, have at you.

Har. Stay, sir, let me acquaint you with one thing —you are a villain! and don't think I'm vexed at anything, but that I should have been such a fool as ever to have had a good opinion of you. [*Crying.*

Luck. Ha, ha, ha! Caught, by Jupiter! And did my dear Harriot think me in earnest?

Har. And was you not in earnest?

Luck. What, to part with thee? A pretty woman will be sooner in earnest to part with her beauty, or a great man with his power.

Har. I wish I were assured of the sincerity of your love.

AIR. *Butter'd Pease.*

Luck. Does my dearest Harriot ask
What for love I would pursue?
Would you, charmer, know what task
I would undertake for you?

Ask the bold ambitious, what
He for honours would atchieve?
Or the gay voluptuous, that
Which he'd not for pleasure give?

Ask the miser what he'd do
To amass excessive gain?
Or the saint, what he'd pursue,
His wish'd heav'n to obtain?

These I would attempt, and more—
For, oh! my Harriot is to me
All ambition, pleasure, store,
Or what heav'n itself can be!

Har. Would my dearest Luckless know
What his constant Harriot can
Her tender love and faith to show
For her dear, her only man?

Ask the vain coquette what she
For men's adoration would;
Or from censure to be free,
Ask the vile censorious prude.

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In a coach and six to ride,
What the mercenary jade,
Or the widow to be bride
To a brisk broad-shoulder'd blade.

All these I would attempt for thee,
Could I but thy passion fix;
Thy will my sole commander be,
And thy arms my coach and six.

Money. [*within*]. Harriot, Harriot.

Har. Hear the dreadful summons! adieu. I will take the first opportunity of seeing you again.

Luck. Adieu, my pretty charmer; go thy ways for the first of thy sex.

Scene IV.—Luckless, Jack.

Luck. So! what news bring you?

Jack. An't please your honour I have been at my lord's, and his lordship thanks you for the favour you have offered of reading your play to him; but he has such a prodigious deal of business, he begs to be excused. I have been with Mr Keyber too—he made me no answer at all. Mr Bookweight will be here immediately.

Luck. Jack.

Jack. Sir.

Luck. Fetch my other hat hither;—carry it to the pawnbroker's.

Jack. To your honour's own pawnbroker!

Luck. Ay—and in thy way home call at the cook's shop. So, one way or other, I find my head must always provide for my belly.

Scene V.—Luckless, Witmore.

Luck. I am surprized! dear Witmore!

Wit. Dear Harry!

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Luck. This is kind, indeed; but I do not more wonder at finding a man in this age who can be a friend to adversity, than that Fortune should be so much my friend as to direct you to me; for she is a lady I have not been much indebted to lately.

Wit. She who told me, I assure you, is one you have been indebted to a long while.

Luck. Whom do you mean?

Wit. One who complains of your unkindness in not visiting her—Mrs Lovewood.

Luck. Dost thou visit there still, then?

Wit. I throw an idle hour away there sometimes. When I am in an ill-humour I am sure of feeding it there with all the scandal in town, for no bawd is half so diligent in looking after girls with an uncracked maidenhead as she in searching out women with cracked reputations.

Luck. The much more infamous office of the two.

Wit. Thou art still a favourer of the women, I find.

Luck. Ay, the women and the muses—the high roads to beggary.

Wit. What, art thou not cured of scribling yet?

Luck. No, scribling is as impossible to cure as the gout.

Wit. And as sure a sign of poverty as the gout of riches. 'Sdeath! in an age of learning and true politeness, where a man might succeed by his merit, there would be some encouragement. But now, when party and prejudice carry all before them; when learning is decried, wit not understood; when the theatres are puppet-shows, and the comedians ballad-singers; when fools lead the town, would a man think to thrive by his wit? If you must write, write nonsense, write operas, write Hurlothrumbos, set up an oratory and preach nonsense, and you may meet with encouragement enough. Be profane, be scurrilous, be

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immodest: if you would receive applause, deserve to receive sentence at the Old Bailey; and if you would ride in a coach, deserve to ride in a cart.

Luck. You are warm, my friend.

Wit. It is because I am your friend. I cannot bear to hear the man I love ridiculed by fools—by idiots. To hear a fellow who, had he been born a Chinese, had starved for want of genius to have been even the lowest mechanick, toss up his empty noddle with an affected disdain of what he has not understood; and women abusing what they have neither seen nor heard, from an unreasonable prejudice to an honest fellow whom they have not known. If thou wilt write against all these reasons get a patron, be pimp to some worthless man of quality, write panegyricks on him, flatter him with as many virtues as he has vices. Then, perhaps, you will engage his lordship, his lordship engages the town on your side, and then write till your arms ake, sense or nonsense, it will all go down.

Luck. Thou art too satirical on mankind. It is possible to thrive in the world by justifiable means.

Wit. Ay, justifiable, and so they are justifiable by custom. What does the soldier or physician thrive by but slaughter?—the lawyer but by quarrels?—the courtier but by taxes?—the poet but by flattery? I know none that thrive by profiting mankind, but the husbandman and the merchant: the one gives you the fruit of your own soil, the other brings you those from abroad; and yet these are represented as mean and mechanical, and the others as honourable and glorious.

Luck. Well; but prithee leave railing, and tell me what you would advise me to do.

Wit. Do! why thou art a vigorous young fellow, and there are rich widows in town.

Luck. But I am already engaged.

Wit. Why don't you marry then——for I suppose

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you are not mad enough to have any engagement with a poor mistress?

Luck. Even so, faith; and so heartily that I would not change her for the widow of a Crœsus.

Wit. Now thou art undone, indeed. Matrimony clenches ruin beyond retrieval. What unfortunate stars wert thou born under? Was it not enough to follow those nine ragged jades the muses, but you must fasten on some earth-born mistress as poor as them?

Mar. jun. [*within*]. Order my chairman to call on me at St James's.——No, let them stay.

Wit. Heyday, whom the devil have we here?

Luck. The young captain, sir; no less a person, I assure you.

SCENE VI.—LUCKLESS, WITMORE, MARPLAY, jun.

Mar. jun. Mr Luckless, I kiss your hands——Sir, I am your most obedient humble servant; you see, Mr Luckless, what power you have over me. I attend your commands, though several persons of quality have staid at court for me above this hour.

Luck. I am obliged to you—I have a tragedy for your house, Mr Marplay.

Mar. jun. Ha! if you will send it to me, I will give you my opinion of it; and if I can make any alterations in it that will be for its advantage, I will do it freely.

Wit. Alterations, sir?

Mar. jun. Yes, sir, alterations—I will maintain it. Let a play be never so good, without alteration it will do nothing.

Wit. Very odd indeed!

Mar. jun. Did you ever write, sir?

Wit. No, sir, I thank Heaven.

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Mar. jun. Oh! your humble servant—your very humble servant, sir. When you write yourself, you will find the necessity of alterations. Why, sir, would you guess that I had altered Shakspeare?

Wit. Yes, faith, sir, no one sooner.

Mar. jun. Alack-a-day! Was you to see the plays when they are brought to us—a parcel of crude undigested stuff. We are the persons, sir, who lick them into form—that mould them into shape. The poet make the play indeed! the colourman might be as well said to make the picture, or the weaver the coat. My father and I, sir, are a couple of poetical tailors. When a play is brought us, we consider it as a tailor does his coat: we cut it, sir—we cut it; and let me tell you we have the exact measure of the town; we know how to fit their taste. The poets, between you and me, are a pack of ignorant——

Wit. Hold, hold, sir. This is not quite so civil to Mr Luckless; besides, as I take it, you have done the town the honour of writing yourself.

Mar. jun. Sir, you are a man of sense, and express yourself well. I did, as you say, once make a small sally into Parnassus—took a sort of flying leap over Helicon; but if ever they catch me there again—sir, the town have a prejudice to my family; for, if any play could have made them ashamed to damn it, mine must. It was all over plot. It would have made half a dozen novels: nor was it crammed with a pack of wit-traps, like Congreve and Wycherly, where every one knows when the joke was coming. I defy the sharpest critick of them all to have known when any jokes of mine were coming. The dialogue was plain, easy, and natural, and not one single joke in it from the beginning to the end: besides, sir, there was one scene of tender melancholy conversation—enough to have melted a heart of stone; and yet they damned it—and

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they damned themselves; for they shall have no more of mine.

Wit. Take pity on the town, sir.

Mar. jun. I! No, sir, no. I'll write no more. No more; unless I am forced to it.

Luck. That's no easy thing, Marplay.

Mar. jun. Yes, sir. Odes, odes, a man may be obliged to write those, you know.

Luck. and *Wit.* Ha, ha, ha! that's true indeed.

Luck. But about my tragedy, Mr Marplay.

Mar. jun. I believe my father is at the playhouse: if you please, we will read it now; but I must call on a young lady first——Hey, who's there? Is my footman there? Order my chair to the door. Your servant, gentlemen.—*Caro vien.* [*Exit, singing.*

Wit. This is the most finished gentleman I ever saw; and hath not, I dare swear, his equal.

Luck. If he has, here he comes.

SCENE VII.—LUCKLESS, WITMORE, BOOKWEIGHT.

Luck. Mr Bookweight, your very humble servant.

Book. I was told, sir, that you had particular business with me.

Luck. Yes, Mr Bookweight; I have something to put into your hands. I have a play for you, Mr Bookweight.

Book. Is it accepted, sir?

Luck. Not yet.

Book. Oh, sir! when it is, it will be then time enough to talk about it. A play, like a bill, is of no value till it is accepted; nor indeed when it is, very often. Besides, sir, our playhouses are grown so plenty, and our actors so scarce, that really plays are become very bad commodities. But pray, sir, do you offer it to the players or the patentees?

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Luck. Oh! to the players, certainly.

Book. You are in the right of that. But a play which will do on the stage will not always do for us; there are your acting plays and your reading plays.

Wit. I do not understand that distinction.

Book. Why, sir, your acting play is entirely supported by the merit of the actor; in which case, it signifies very little whether there be any sense in it or no. Now, your reading play is of a different stamp, and must have wit and meaning in it. These latter I call your substantive, as being able to support themselves. The former are your adjective, as what require the buffoonery and gestures of an actor to be joined with them to shew their signification.

Wit. Very learnedly defined, truly.

Luck. Well, but, Mr Bookweight, will you advance fifty guineas on my play?

Book. Fifty guineas! Yes, sir. You shall have them with all my heart, if you will give me security for them. Fifty guineas for a play! Sir, I would not give fifty shillings.

Luck. 'Sdeath, sir! do you beat me down at this rate?

Book. No, nor fifty farthings. Fifty guineas! Indeed your name is well worth that.

Luck. Jack, take this worthy gentleman and kick him down stairs.

Book. Sir, I shall make you repent this.

Jack. Come, sir, will you please to brush?

Book. Help! murder! I'll have the law of you, sir.

Luck. Ha, ha, ha!

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Scene VIII.—Luckless, Witmore, Mrs Moneywood.

Money. What noise is this? It is a very fine thing, truly, Mr Luckless, that you will make these uproars in my house.

Luck. If you dislike it, it is in your power to drown a much greater. Do you but speak, madam, and I am sure no one will be heard but yourself.

Money. Very well, indeed! fine reflexions on my character! Sir, sir, all the neighbours know that I have been as quiet a woman as ever lived in the parish. I had no noises in my house till you came. We were the family of love. But you have been a nusance to the whole neighbourhood. While you had money, my doors were thundered at every morning at four and five, by coachmen and chairmen; and since you have had none, my house has been besieged all day by creditors and bailiffs. Then there's the rascal your man; but I will pay the dog, I will scour him. Sir, I am glad you are a witness of his abuses of me.

Wit. I am indeed, madam, a witness how unjustly he has abused you. [Jack *whispers* Luckless.

Luck. Witmore, excuse me a moment.

Scene IX.—Mrs Moneywood, Witmore.

Money. Yes, sir; and, sir, a man that has never shewn one the colour of his money.

Wit. Very hard, truly. How much may he be in your debt, pray? Because he has ordered me to pay you.

Money. Ay! sir, I wish he had.

Wit. I am serious, I assure you.

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Money. I am very glad to hear it, sir. Here is the bill as we settled it this very morning. I always thought, indeed, Mr Luckless had a great deal of honesty in his principles: any man may be unfortunate; but I knew when he had money I should have it; and what signifies dunning a man when he hath it not? Now that is a way with some people which I could never come in to.

Wit. There, madam, is your money. You may give Mr Luckless the receipt.

Money. Sir, I give you both a great many thanks. I am sure it is almost as charitable as if you gave it me; for I am to make up a sum to-morrow morning. Well, if Mr Luckless was but a little soberer I should like him for a lodger exceedingly: for I must say, I think him a very pleasant good-humoured man.

Scene X.—Luckless, Witmore, Moneywood.

Luck. Those are words I never heard out of that mouth before.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! you are pleased to be merry: ha, ha!

Luck. Why, Witmore, thou hast the faculty opposite to that of a witch, and canst lay a tempest. I should as soon have imagined one man could have stopt a cannon-ball in its full force as her tongue.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! he is the best company in the world, sir, and so full of his similitudes!

Wit. Luckless, good morrow; I shall see you soon again.

Luck. Let it be soon, I beseech you; for thou hast brought a calm into this house that was scarce ever in it before.

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SCENE XI.—LUCKLESS, Mrs MONEYWOOD, JACK.

Money. Well, Mr Luckless, you are a comical man, to give one such a character to a stranger.

Luck. The company is gone, madam; and now, like true man and wife, we may fall to abusing one another as fast as we please.

Money. Abuse me as you please, so you pay me, sir.

Luck. 'Sdeath! madam, I will pay you.

Money. Nay, sir, I do not ask it before it is due. I don't question your payment at all: if you was to stay in my house this quarter of a year, as I hope you will, I should not ask you for a farthing.

Luck. Toll, loll, loll.—But I shall have her begin with her passion immediately; and I had rather be the object of her rage for a year than of her love for half an hour.

Money. But why did you choose to surprise me with my money? Why did you not tell me you would pay me?

Luck. Why, have I not told you?

Money. Yes, you told me of a play, and stuff: but you never told me you would order a gentleman to pay me. A sweet, pretty, good-humoured gentleman he is, heaven bless him! Well, you have comical ways with you: but you have honesty at the bottom, and I'm sure the gentleman himself will own I gave you that character.

Luck. Oh! I smell you now.—You see, madam, I am better than my word to you: did he pay it you in gold or silver?

Money. All pure gold.

Luck. I have a vast deal of silver, which he brought me, within; will you do me the favour of taking it in silver? that will be of use to you in the shop too.

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Money. Anything to oblige you, sir.

Luck. Jack, bring out the great bag, number one. Please to tell the money, madam, on that table.

Money. It's easily told: heaven knows there's not so much on't.

Jack. Sir, the bag is so heavy, I cannot bring it in.

Luck. Why, then, come and help to thrust a heavier bag out.

Money. What do you mean?

Luck. Only to pay you in my bed-chamber.

Money. Villain, dog, I'll swear a robbery, and have you hanged: rogues, villains!

Luck. Be as noisy as you please—[*Shuts the door.*] Jack, call a coach; and, d' ye hear? get up behind it and attend me.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Playhouse.*—LUCKLESS, MARPLAY, senior, MARPLAY, junior.

Luck. [*Reads.*] "Then hence my sorrow, hence my ev'ry fear;
No matter where, so we are bless'd together.
With thee, the barren rocks, where not one step
Of human race lies printed in the snow,
Look lovely as the smiling infant spring."

Mar. sen. Augh! will you please to read that again, sir?

Luck. "Then hence my sorrow, hence my ev'ry fear."

Mar. sen. "Then hence my sorrow."—Horror is a much better word.—And then in the second line—"No matter where, so we are bless'd together."—Undoubtedly, it should be, "No matter where, so somewhere we're together." Where is the question, somewhere is the answer.—Read on, sir.

Luck. "With thee,——"

Mar. sen. No, no, I could alter those lines to a much better idea.

"With thee, the barren blocks, where not a bi.
Of human face is painted on the bark,
Look green as Covent-garden in the spring."

Luck. Green as Covent-garden!

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Mar. jun. Yes, yes; Covent-garden market, where they sell greens.

Luck. Monstrous!

Mar. sen. Pray, sir, read on.

Luck. "LEANDRA: oh, my Harmonio, I could hear thee still;
The nightingale to thee sings out of tune,
While on thy faithful breast my head reclines,
The downy pillow's hard; while from thy lips
I drink delicious draughts of nectar down,
Falernian wines seem bitter to my taste."

Mar. jun. Here's meat, drink, singing, and lodging, egad.

Luck. He answers.

Mar. jun. But, sir—

Luck. "Oh, let me pull thee, press thee to my heart,
Thou rising spring of everlasting sweets!
Take notice, Fortune, I forgive thee all!
Thou'st made Leandra mine. Thou flood of joy
Mix with my soul, and rush thro' ev'ry vein."

Mar. sen. Those two last lines again if you please.

Luck. "Thou'st made," &c.

Mar. jun. "——Thou flood of joy,
Mix with my soul and rush thro' ev'ry vein."
Those are two excellent lines indeed: I never writ better myself: but, Sar——

Luck. "Leandra's mine, go bid the tongue of fate
Pronounce another word of bliss like that;
Search thro' the eastern mines and golden shores,
Where lavish Nature pours forth all her stores;
For to my lot could all her treasures fall,
I would not change Leandra for them all."
There ends act the first, and such an act as, I believe, never was on this stage yet.

Mar. jun. Nor never will, I hope.

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Mar. sen. Pray, sir, let me look at one thing.

"Falernian wines seem bitter to my taste."

Pray, sir, what sort of wines may your Falernian be? for I never heard of them before; and I am sure, as I keep the best company, if there had been such sorts of wines, I should have tasted them. Tokay I have drank, and Lacrimæ I have drank, but what your Falernian is, the devil take me if I can tell.

Mar. jun. I fancy, father, these wines grow at the top of Parnassus.

Luck. Do they so, Mr Pert? why then I fancy you have never tasted them.

Mar. sen. Suppose you should say the wines of Cape are bitter to my taste.

Luck. Sir, I cannot alter it.

Mar. sen. Nor we cannot act it. It won't do, sir, and so you need give yourself no farther trouble about it.

Luck. What particular fault do you find?

Mar. jun. Sar, there's nothing that touches me, nothing that is coercive to my passions.

Luck. Fare you well, sir: may another play be coercive to your passions.

SCENE II.—MARPLAY, senior, MARPLAY, junior.

Mar. sen. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. jun. What do you think of the play?

Mar. sen. It may be a very good one, for aught I know: but I am resolved, since the town will not receive any of mine, they shall have none from any other. I'll keep them to their old diet.

Mar. jun. But suppose they won't feed on't?

Mar. sen. Then it shall be crammed down their throats.

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Mar. jun. I wish, father, you would leave me that art for a legacy, since I am afraid I am like to have no other from you.

Mar. sen. 'Tis buff, child, 'tis buff—true Corinthian brass; and, heaven be praised, tho' I have given thee no gold, I have given thee enough of that, which is the better inheritance of the two. Gold thou might'st have spent, but this is a lasting estate that will stick by thee all thy life.

Mar. jun. What shall be done with that farce which was damned last night?

Mar. sen. Give it them again to-morrow. I have told some persons of quality that it is a good thing, and I am resolved not to be in the wrong: let us see which will be weary first, the town of damning, or we of being damned.

Mar. jun. Rat the town, I say.

Mar. sen. That's a good boy; and so say I: but, prithee, what didst thou do with the comedy which I gave thee t'other day, that I thought a good one?

Mar. jun. Did as you ordered me; returned it to the author, and told him it would not do.

Mar. sen. You did well. If thou writest thyself, and that I know thou art very well qualified to do, it is thy interest to keep back all other authors of any merit, and be as forward to advance those of none.

Mar. jun. But I am a little afraid of writing; for my writings, you know, have fared but ill hitherto.

Mar. sen. That is because thou hast a little mistaken the method of writing. The art of writing, boy, is the art of stealing old plays, by changing the name of the play, and new ones, by changing the name of the author.

Mar. jun. If it was not for these cursed hisses and catcalls——

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Mar. sen. Harmless musick, child, very harmless musick, and what, when one is but well seasoned to it, has no effect at all: for my part, I have been used to them.

Mar. jun. Ay, and I have been used to them too, for that matter.

Mar. sen. And stood them bravely too. Idle young actors are fond of applause, but, take my word for it, a clap is a mighty silly, empty thing, and does no more good than a hiss; and, therefore, if any man loves hissing, he may have his three shillings worth at me whenever he pleases. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* BOOKWEIGHT'S *house.*—DASH, BLOTPAGE, QUIBBLE, *writing at several tables.*

Dash. Pox on't, I'm as dull as an ox, tho' I have not a bit of one within me. I have not dined these two days, and yet my head is as heavy as any alderman's or lord's. I carry about me symbols of all the elements; my head is as heavy as water, my pockets are as light as air, my appetite is as hot as fire, and my coat is as dirty as earth.

Blot. Lend me your Bysshe, Mr Dash, I want a rhime for wind.

Dash. Why there's blind, and kind, and behind, and find, and mind: it is of the easiest termination imaginable; I have had it four times in a page.

Blot. None of those words will do.

Dash. Why then you may use any that end in ond, or and, or end. I am never so exact: if the two last letters are alike, it will do very well. Read the verse.

Blot. "Inconstant as the seas or as the wind."

Dash. What would you express in the next line?

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Blot. Nay, that I don't know, for the sense is out already. I would say something about inconstancy.

Dash. I can lend you a verse, and it will do very well too.

"Inconstancy will never have an end."

End rhimes very well with wind.

Blot. It will do well enough for the middle of a poem.

Dash. Ay, ay, anything will do well enough for the middle of a poem. If you can but get twenty good lines to place at the beginning for a taste, it will sell very well.

Quib. So that, according to you, Mr Dash, a poet acts pretty much on the same principles with an oister-woman.

Dash. Pox take your simile, it has set my chaps a watering: but come, let us leave off work for a while, and hear Mr Quibble's song.

Quib. My pipes are pure and clear, and my stomach is as hollow as any trumpet in Europe.

Dash. Come, the song.

SONG.

AIR. *Ye Commons and Peers.*

How unhappy's the fate
To live by one's pate,
And be forced to write hackney for bread!
An author's a joke
To all manner of folk,
Wherever he pops up his head, his head,
Wherever he pops up his head.

Tho' he mount on that hack,
Old Pegasus' back,
And of Helicon drink till he burst,
Yet a curse of those streams,
Poetical dreams,
They never can quench one's thirst, &c.

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Ah! how should he fly
On fancy so high,
When his limbs are in durance and hold?
Or how should he charm,
With genius so warm,
When his poor naked body's a cold, &c.

Scene IV.—Bookweight, Dash, Quibble, Blotpage.

Book. Fie upon it, gentlemen! what, not at your pens? Do you consider, Mr Quibble, that it is a fortnight since your Letter to a Friend in the Country was published? Is it not high time for an Answer to come out? At this rate, before your Answer is printed, your Letter will be forgot. I love to keep a controversy up warm. I have had authors who have writ a pamphlet in the morning, answered it in the afternoon, and answered that again at night.

Quib. Sir, I will be as expeditious as possible: but it is harder to write on this side the question, because it is the wrong side.

Book. Not a jot. So far on the contrary, that I have known some authors choose it as the properest to shew their genius. But let me see what you have produced; "With all deference to what that very learned and most ingenious person, in his Letter to a Friend in the Country, hath advanced." Very well, sir; for, besides that, it may sell more of the Letter: all controversial writers should begin with complimenting their adversaries, as prize-fighters kiss before they engage. Let it be finished with all speed. Well, Mr Dash, have you done that murder yet?

Dash. Yes, sir, the murder is done; I am only about a few moral reflexions to place before it.

Book. Very well: then let me have the ghost finished by this day se'nnight.

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Dash. What sort of a ghost would you have this, sir? the last was a pale one.

Book. Then let this be a bloody one. Mr Quibble, you may lay by that life which you are about; for I hear the person is recovered, and write me out proposals for delivering five sheets of Mr Bailey's English Dictionary every week, till the whole be finished. If you do not know the form, you may copy the proposals for printing Bayle's Dictionary in the same manner. The same words will do for both.

Enter INDEX.

So, Mr Index, what news with you?

Index. I have brought my bill, sir.

Book. What's here? For fitting the motto of Risum teneatis Amici to a dozen pamphlets, at sixpence per each, six shillings; for Omnia vincit Amor, et nos cedamus Amori, sixpence; for Difficile est Satyram non scribere, sixpence. Hum! hum! hum! —sum total for thirty-six Latin mottoes, eighteen shillings; ditto English, one shilling and ninepence; ditto Greek, four—four shillings. These Greek mottoes are excessively dear.

Ind. If you have them cheaper at either of the universities, I will give you mine for nothing.

Book. You shall have your money immediately; and pray remember, that I must have two Latin seditious mottoes and one Greek moral motto for pamphlets by to-morrow morning.

Quib. I want two Latin sentences, sir—one for page the fourth in the praise of loyalty, and another for page the tenth in praise of liberty and property.

Dash. The ghost would become a motto very well if you would bestow one on him.

Book. Let me have them all.

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Ind. Sir, I shall provide them. Be pleased to look on that, sir, and print me five hundred proposals and as many receipts.

Book. "Proposals for printing by subscription a New Translation of Cicero Of the Nature of the Gods, and his Tusculan Questions, by Jeremy Index, Esq." I am sorry you have undertaken this, for it prevents a design of mine.

Ind. Indeed, sir, it does not; for you see all of the book that I ever intend to publish. It is only a handsome way of asking one's friends for a guinea.

Book. Then you have not translated a word of it, perhaps.

Ind. Not a single syllable.

Book. Well, you shall have your proposals forthwith: but I desire you would be a little more reasonable in your bills for the future, or I shall deal with you no longer; for I have a certain fellow of a college, who offers to furnish me with second-hand mottoes out of the Spectator for twopence each.

Ind. Sir, I only desire to live by my goods; and I hope you will be pleased to allow some difference between a neat fresh piece, piping hot out of the classicks, and old threadbare worn-out stuff that has past through every pedant's mouth and been as common at the universities as their whores.

Scene V.—Bookweight, Dash, Quibble, Blotpage, Scarecrow.

Scare. Sir, I have brought you a libel against the ministry.

Book. Sir, I shall not take anything against them; —for I have two in the press already. [*Aside.*

Scare. Then, sir, I have an Apology in defence of them.

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Book. That I shall not meddle with neither; they don't sell so well.

Scare. I have a translation of Virgil's Æneid, with notes on it, if we can agree about the price.

Book. Why, what price would you have?

Scare. You shall read it first, otherwise how will you know the value?

Book. No, no, sir, I never deal that way—a poem is a poem, and a pamphlet a pamphlet with me. Give me a good handsome large volume, with a full promising title-page at the head of it, printed on a good paper and letter, the whole well bound and gilt, and I'll warrant its selling. You have the common error of authors, who think people buy books to read. No, no, books are only bought to furnish libraries, as pictures and glasses, and beds and chairs, are for other rooms. Look ye, sir, I don't like your title-page: however, to oblige a young beginner, I don't care if I do print it at my own expence.

Scare. But pray, sir, at whose expence shall I eat?

Book. At whose? Why, at mine, sir, at mine. I am as great a friend to learning as the Dutch are to trade: no one can want bread with me who will earn it; therefore, sir, if you please to take your seat at my table, here will be everything necessary provided for you: good milk porridge, very often twice a day, which is good wholesome food and proper for students; a translator too is what I want at present, my last being in Newgate for shop-lifting. The rogue had a trick of translating out of the shops as well as the languages.

Scare. But I am afraid I am not qualified for a translator, for I understand no language but my own.

Book. What, and translate Virgil?

Scare. Alas! I translated him out of Dryden.

Book. Lay by your hat, sir—lay by your hat, and take your seat immediately. Not qualified!—thou art

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as well versed in thy trade as if thou hadst laboured in my garret these ten years. Let me tell you, friend, you will have more occasion for invention than learning here. You will be obliged to translate books out of all languages, especially French, that were never printed in any language whatsoever.

Scare. Your trade abounds in mysteries.

Book. The study of bookselling is as difficult as the law: and there are as many tricks in the one as the other. Sometimes we give a foreign name to our own labours, and sometimes we put our names to the labours of others. Then, as the lawyers have John-a-Nokes and Tom-a-Stiles, so we have Messieurs Moore near St Paul's and Smith near the Royal Exchange.

Scene VI.—*To them*, Luckless.

Luck. Mr Bookweight, your servant. Who can form to himself an idea more amiable than of a man at the head of so many patriots working for the benefit of their country.

Book. Truly, sir, I believe it is an idea more agreeable to you than that of a gentleman in the Crown-office paying thirty or forty guineas for abusing an honest tradesman.

Luck. Pshaw! that was only jocosely done, and a man who lives by wit must not be angry at a jest.

Book. Look ye, sir, if you have a mind to compromise the matter, and have brought me any money—

Luck. Hast thou been in thy trade so long, and talk of money to a modern author? You might as well have talked Latin or Greek to him. I have brought you paper, sir.

Book. That is not bringing me money, I own. Have you brought me an opera?

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Luck. You may call it an opera if you will, but I call it a puppet-show.

Book. A puppet-show!

Luck. Ay, a puppet show; and is to be played this night at Drury-lane playhouse.

Book. A puppet-show in a playhouse!

Luck. Ay, why, what have been all the playhouses a long while but puppet-shows?

Book. Why, I don't know but it may succeed; at least if we can make out a tolerable good title-page: so, if you will walk in, if I can make a bargain with you I will. Gentlemen, you may go to dinner.

SCENE VII.—*Enter* JACK-PUDDING, Drummer, Mob.

Jack-P. This is to give notice to all gentlemen, ladies, and others, that at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, this evening, will be performed the whole puppet-show called the Pleasures of the Town; in which will be shewn the whole court of nonsense, with abundance of singing, dancing, and several other entertainments: also the comical and diverting humours of Some-body and No-body; Punch and his wife Joan to be performed by figures, some of them six foot high. God save the King.

[*Drum beats.*

SCENE VIII.—WITMORE *with a paper, meeting* LUCKLESS.

Wit. Oh! Luckless, I am overjoyed to meet you; here, take this paper, and you will be discouraged from writing, I warrant you.

Luck. What is it?—Oh! one of my play-bills.

Wit. One of thy play-bills!

Luck. Even so——I have taken the advice you gave me this morning.

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Wit. Explain.

Luck. Why, I had some time since given this performance of mine to be rehearsed, and the actors were all perfect in their parts; but we happened to differ about some particulars, and I had a design to have given it over; 'till having my play refused by Marplay, I sent for the managers of the other house in a passion, joined issue with them, and this very evening it is to be acted.

Wit. Well, I wish you success.

Luck. Where are you going?

Wit. Anywhere but to hear you damned, which I must, was I to go to your puppet-show.

Luck. Indulge me in this trial; and I assure thee, if it be successless, it shall be the last.

Wit. On that condition I will; but should the torrent run against you, I shall be a fashionable friend and hiss with the rest.

Luck. No, a man who could do so unfashionable and so generous a thing as Mr Witmore did this morning——

Wit. Then I hope you will return it, by never mentioning it to me more. I will now to the pit.

Luck. And I behind the scenes.

Scene IX.—Luckless, Harriot.

Luck. Dear Harriot!

Har. I was going to the playhouse to look after you—I am frightened out of my wits—I have left my mother at home with the strangest sort of man, who is inquiring after you: he has raised a mob before the door by the oddity of his appearance; his dress is like nothing I ever saw, and he talks of kings, and Bantam, and the strangest stuff.

Luck. What the devil can he be?

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Har. One of your old acquaintance, I suppose, in disguise—one of his majesty's officers with his commission in his pocket, I warrant him.

Luck. Well, but have you your part perfect?

Har. I had, unless this fellow hath frightened it out of my head again; but I am afraid I shall play it wretchedly.

Luck. Why so?

Har. I shall never have assurance enough to go through with it, especially if they should hiss me.

Luck. Oh! your mask will keep you in countenance, and as for hissing, you need not fear it. The audience are generally so favourable to young beginners: but hist, here is your mother and she has seen us. Adieu, my dear, make what haste you can to the playhouse.

[*Exit.*

SCENE X.—HARRIOT, MONEYWOOD.

Har. I wish I could avoid her, for I suppose we shall have an alarum.

Money. So, so, very fine: always together, always caterwauling. How like a hangdog he stole off; and it's well for him he did, for I should have rung such a peal in his ears.—There's a friend of his at my house would be very glad of his company, and I wish it was in my power to bring them together.

Har. You would not surely be so barbarous.

Money. Barbarous! ugh! You whining, puling fool! Hussey, you have not a drop of my blood in you. What, you are in love, I suppose?

Har. If I was, madam, it would be no crime.

Money. Yes, madam, but it would, and a folly too. No woman of sense was ever in love with anything but a man's pocket. What, I suppose he has filled your head with a pack of romantick stuff of streams and dreams,

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and charms and arms. I know this is the stuff they all run on with, and so run into our debts, and run away with our daughters. Come, confess; are not you two to live in a wilderness together on love? Ah! thou fool! thou wilt find he will pay thee in love just as he has paid me in money. If thou wert resolved to go a-begging, why did you not follow the camp? There, indeed, you might have carried a knapsack; but here you will have no knapsack to carry. There, indeed, you might have had a chance of burying half a score husbands in a campaign; whereas a poet is a long-lived animal; you have but one chance of burying him, and that is, starving him.

Har. Well, madam, and I would sooner starve with the man I love than ride in a coach and six with him I hate: and, as for his passion, you will not make me suspect that, for he hath given me such proofs on't.

Money. Proofs! I shall die. Has he given you proofs of love?

Har. All that any modest woman can require.

Money. If he has given you all a modest woman can require, I am afraid he has given you more than a modest woman should take: because he has been so good a lodger, I suppose I shall have some more of the family to keep. It is probable I shall live to see half a dozen grandsons of mine in Grub-street.

Scene XI.—Moneywood, Harriot, Jack.

Jack. Oh, madam! the man whom you took for a bailiff is certainly some great man; he has a vast many jewels and other fine things about him; he offered me twenty guineas to shew him my master, and has given away so much money among the chairmen, that some folks believe he intends to stand member of parliament for Westminster.

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Money. Nay, then, I am sure he is worth inquiring into. So, d'ye hear, sirrah, make as much haste as you can before me, and desire him to part with no more money till I come.

Har. So, now my mother is in pursuit of money, I may securely go in pursuit of my lover: and I am mistaken, good mamma, if e'en you would not think that the better pursuit of the two.

In generous love transporting raptures lie,
Which age, with all its treasures, cannot buy.

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THE
TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES;

OR, THE

LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

WITH THE ANNOTATIONS OF H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

FIRST ACTED IN 1730, AND ALTERED IN 1731.

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H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS,

HIS PREFACE.

THE town hath seldom been more divided in its opinion than concerning the merit of the following scenes. While some publickly affirmed that no author could produce so fine a piece but Mr P——, others have with as much vehemence insisted that no one could write anything so bad but Mr F——.

Nor can we wonder at this dissension about its merit, when the learned world have not unanimously decided even the very nature of this tragedy. For though most of the universities in Europe have honoured it with the name of "Egregium et maximi pretii opus, tragœdiis tam antiquis quàm novis longè anteponendum;" nay, Dr B—— hath pronounced, "Citiùs Mævii Æneadem quàm Scribleri istius tragœdiam hanc crediderim, cujus autorem Senecàm ipsum tradidisse haud dubitârim:" and the great professor Burman hath styled Tom Thumb "Heroum omnium tragicorum facilè principem:" nay, though it hath, among other languages, been translated into Dutch, and celebrated with great applause at Amsterdam (where burlesque never came) by the title of Mynheer Vander Thumb, the burgomasters receiving it with that reverent and silent attention which becometh an audience at a deep tragedy. Notwithstanding all this,

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there have not been wanting some who have represented these scenes in a ludicrous light; and Mr D—— hath been heard to say, with some concern, that he wondered a tragical and Christian nation would permit a representation on its theatre so visibly designed to ridicule and extirpate everything that is great and solemn among us.

This learned critick and his followers were led into so great an error by that surreptitious and piratical copy which stole last year into the world; with what injustice and prejudice to our author will be acknowledged, I hope, by every one who shall happily peruse this genuine and original copy. Nor can I help remarking, to the great praise of our author, that, however imperfect the former was, even that faint resemblance of the true Tom Thumb contained sufficient beauties to give it a run of upwards of forty nights to the politest audiences. But, notwithstanding that applause which it received from all the best judges, it was as severely censured by some few bad ones, and, I believe rather maliciously than ignorantly, reported to have been intended a burlesque on the loftiest parts of tragedy, and designed to banish what we generally call fine things from the stage.

Now, if I can set my country right in an affair of this importance, I shall lightly esteem any labour which it may cost. And this I the rather undertake, first, as it is indeed in some measure incumbent on me to vindicate myself from that surreptitious copy before mentioned, published by some ill-meaning people under my name; secondly, as knowing myself more capable of doing justice to our author than any other man, as I have given myself more pains to arrive at a thorough understanding of this little piece, having for ten years together read nothing else; in which time, I think, I may modestly presume, with the help of my English dictionary, to comprehend all the meanings of every word in it.

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But should any error of my pen awaken Clariss. Bentleium to enlighten the world with his annotations on our author, I shall not think that the least reward or happiness arising to me from these my endeavours.

I shall waive at present what hath caused such feuds in the learned world, whether this piece was originally written by Shakspeare, though certainly that, were it true, must add a considerable share to its merit, especially with such who are so generous as to buy and commend what they never read, from an implicit faith in the author only: a faith which our age abounds in as much as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it suffice, that THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES; or, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB, was written in the reign of queen Elizabeth. Nor can the objection made by Mr D——, that the tragedy must then have been antecedent to the history, have any weight, when we consider that, though the HISTORY OF TOM THUMB, printed by and for Edward M——r, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, be of a later date, still must we suppose this history to have been transcribed from some other, unless we suppose the writer thereof to be inspired: a gift very faintly contended for by the writers of our age. As to this history's not bearing the stamp of second, third, or fourth edition, I see but little in that objection; editions being very uncertain lights to judge of books by: and perhaps Mr M——r may have joined twenty editions in one, as Mr C——l hath ere now divided one into twenty.

Nor doth the other argument, drawn from the little care our author hath taken to keep up to the letter of this history, carry any greater force. Are there not instances of plays wherein the history is so perverted, that we can know the heroes whom they celebrate by no other marks than their names? nay, do we not find the same character placed by different poets in such

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different lights, that we can discover not the least sameness, or even likeness, in the features? The Sophonisba of Mairet and of Lee is a tender, passionate, amorous mistress of Massinissa: Corneille and Mr Thomson give her no other passion but the love of her country, and make her as cool in her affection to Massinissa as to Syphax. In the two latter she resembles the character of queen Elizabeth; in the two former she is the picture of Mary queen of Scotland. In short, the one Sophonisba is as different from the other as the Brutus of Voltaire is from the Marius, jun., of Otway, or as the Minerva is from the Venus of the ancients.

Let us now proceed to a regular examination of the tragedy before us, in which I shall treat separately of the Fable, the Moral, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Diction. And first of the

Fable; which I take to be the most simple imaginable; and, to use the words of an eminent author, "one, regular, and uniform, not charged with a multiplicity of incidents, and yet affording several revolutions of fortune, by which the passions may be excited, varied, and driven to their full tumult of emotion."—Nor is the action of this tragedy less great than uniform. The spring of all is the love of Tom Thumb for Huncamunca; which caused the quarrel between their majesties in the first act; the passion of Lord Grizzle in the second; the rebellion, fall of Lord Grizzle and Glumdalca, devouring of Tom Thumb by the cow, and that bloody catastrophe, in the third.

Nor is the Moral of this excellent tragedy less noble than the Fable; it teaches these two instructive lessons, viz., that human happiness is exceeding transient; and that death is the certain end of all men: the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal end of Tom Thumb; the latter, by that of all the other personages.

The Characters are, I think, sufficiently described

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in the dramatis personæ; and I believe we shall find few plays where greater care is taken to maintain them throughout, and to preserve in every speech that characteristical mark which distinguishes them from each other. "But (says Mr D——) how well doth the character of Tom Thumb, whom we must call the hero of this tragedy, if it hath any hero, agree with the precepts of Aristotle, who defineth 'Tragedy to be the imitation of a short but perfect action, containing a just greatness in itself'? &c. What greatness can be in a fellow whom history relateth to have been no higher than a span?" This gentleman seemeth to think, with serjeant Kite, that the greatness of a man's soul is in proportion to that of his body; the contrary of which is affirmed by our English physiognomical writers. Besides, if I understand Aristotle right, he speaketh only of the greatness of the action, and not of the person.

As for the Sentiments and the Diction, which now only remain to be spoken to; I thought I could afford them no stronger justification than by producing parallel passages out of the best of our English writers. Whether this sameness of thought and expression, which I have quoted from them, proceeded from an agreement in their way of thinking, or whether they have borrowed from our author, I leave the reader to determine. I shall adventure to affirm this of the Sentiments of our author, that they are generally the most familiar which I have ever met with, and at the same time delivered with the highest dignity of phrase; which brings me to speak of his diction. Here I shall only beg one postulatum, viz., That the greatest perfection of the language of a tragedy is, that it is not to be understood; which granted (as I think it must be), it will necessarily follow that the only way to avoid this is by being too high or too low for the understand-

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ing, which will comprehend everything within its reach. Those two extremities of stile Mr Dryden illustrates by the familiar image of two inns, which I shall term the aërial and the subterrestrial.

Horace goes farther, and sheweth when it is proper to call at one of these inns, and when at the other:

> Telephus et Peleus, cùm pauper et exul uterque,
> Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.

That he approveth of the sesquipedalia verba is plain; for, had not Telephus and Peleus used this sort of diction in prosperity, they could not have dropt it in adversity. The aërial inn, therefore (says Horace), is proper only to be frequented by princes and other great men in the highest affluence of fortune; the subterrestrial is appointed for the entertainment of the poorer sort of people only, whom Horace advises,

> —dolere sermone pedestri.

The true meaning of both which citations is, that bombast is the proper language for joy, and doggrel for grief; the latter of which is literally implied in the sermo pedestris, as the former is in the sesquipedalia verba.

Cicero recommendeth the former of these: "Quid est tam furiosum vel tragicum quàm verborum sonitus inanis, nullâ subjectâ sententiâ neque scientiâ." What can be so proper for tragedy as a set of big sounding words, so contrived together as to convey no meaning? which I shall one day or other prove to be the sublime of Longinus. Ovid declareth absolutely for the latter inn:

> Omne genus scripti gravitate tragœdia vincit.

Tragedy hath, of all writings, the greatest share in the bathos; which is the profound of Scriblerus.

I shall not presume to determine which of these two stiles be properer for tragedy. It sufficeth, that our author excelleth in both. He is very rarely within

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sight through the whole play, either rising higher than the eye of your understanding can soar, or sinking lower than it careth to stoop. But here it may perhaps be observed that I have given more frequent instances of authors who have imitated him in the sublime than in the contrary. To which I answer, first, Bombast being properly a redundancy of genius, instances of this nature occur in poets whose names do more honour to our author than the writers in the doggrel, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty way of thinking. Instances whereof are most frequently to be found in authors of a lower class. Secondly, That the works of such authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, That it is a very hard task to read them, in order to extract these flowers from them. And lastly, it is very difficult to transplant them at all; they being like some flowers of a very nice nature, which will flourish in no soil but their own: for it is easy to transcribe a thought, but not the want of one. The Earl of Essex, for instance, is a little garden of choice rarities, whence you can scarce transplant one line so as to preserve its original beauty. This must account to the reader for his missing the names of several of his acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their works; for which, if I have not a just esteem, I can at least say with Cicero, "Quæ non contemno, quippè quæ nunquam legerim." However, that the reader may meet with due satisfaction in this point, I have a young commentator from the university, who is reading over all the modern tragedies, at five shillings a dozen, and collecting all that they have stole from our author, which shall be shortly added as an appendix to this work.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King Arthur, a passionate sort of king, husband to queen Dollallolla, of whom he stands a little in fear; father to Huncamunca, whom he is very fond of, and in love with Glumdalca	Mr MULLART.
Tom Thumb the Great, a little hero with a great soul, something violent in his temper, which is a little abated by his love for Huncamunca	YOUNG VERHUYCK.
Ghost of Gaffer Thumb, a whimsical sort of ghost	Mr LACY.
Lord Grizzle, extremely zealous for the liberty of the subject, very cholerick in his temper, and in love with Huncamunca . .	Mr JONES.
Merlin, a conjurer, and in some sort father to Tom Thumb	Mr HALLAM.
Noodle, *Doodle*, courtiers in place, and consequently of that party that is uppermost	Mr REYNOLDS, Mr WATHAN.
Foodle, a courtier that is out of place, and consequently of that party that is undermost	Mr AYRES.
Bailiff, and Follower, of the party of the plaintiff	Mr PETERSON, Mr HICKS.
Parson, of the side of the church . . .	Mr WATSON.

WOMEN.

Queen Dollallolla, wife to king Arthur, and mother to Huncamunca, a woman intirely faultless, saving that she is a little given to drink, a little too much a virago towards her husband, and in love with Tom Thumb	Mrs MULLART.
The Princess Huncamunca, daughter to their majesties king Arthur and queen Dollallolla, of a very sweet, gentle, and amorous disposition, equally in love with Lord Grizzle and Tom Thumb, and desirous to be married to them both . . .	Mrs JONES.
Glumdalca, of the giants, a captive queen, beloved by the king, but in love with Tom Thumb	Mrs DOVE.

Cleora, *Mustacha*, maids of honour in love with Noodle and Doodle. — *Courtiers*, *Guards*, *Rebels*, *Drums*, *Trumpets*, *Thunder and Lightning.*

SCENE, the court of king Arthur, and a plain thereabouts.

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ACT I.

Scene I.—*The Palace.* Doodle, Noodle.

Doodle. Sure such a [1] day as this was never seen!
The sun himself, on this auspicious day,
Shines like a beau in a new birth-day suit:
This down the seams embroidered, that the beams.
All nature wears one universal grin.
Nood. This day, O Mr Doodle, is a day

[1] Corneille recommends some very remarkable day wherein to fix the action of a tragedy. This the best of our tragical writers have understood to mean a day remarkable for the serenity of the sky, or what we generally call a fine summer's day: so that, according to this their exposition, the same months are proper for tragedy which are proper for pastoral. Most of our celebrated English tragedies, as Cato, Mariamne, Tamerlane, &c., begin with their observations on the morning. Lee seems to have come the nearest to this beautiful description of our author's:

> The morning dawns with an unwonted crimson,
> The flowers all odorous seem, the garden birds
> Sing louder, and the laughing sun ascends
> The gaudy earth with an unusual brightness:
> All nature smiles.—*Cæs. Borg.*

Massinissa, in the New Sophonisba, is also a favourite of the sun:

> ——The sun too seems
> As conscious of my joy, with broader eye
> To look abroad the world, and all things smile
> Like Sophonisba.

Memnon, in the Persian Princess, makes the sun decline

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Indeed!—A day, [1] we never saw before.
The mighty [2] Thomas Thumb victorious comes;
Millions of giants crowd his chariot wheels,
[3] Giants! to whom the giants in Guildhall

rising, that he may not peep on objects which would profane his brightness:

———The morning rises slow,
And all those ruddy streaks that used to paint
The day's approach are lost in clouds, as if
The horrors of the night had sent 'em back,
To warn the sun he should not leave the sea,
To peep, &c.

[1] This line is highly conformable to the beautiful simplicity of the antients. It hath been copied by almost every modern.

Not to be is not to be in woe.—*State of Innocence.*

Love is not sin but where 'tis sinful love.—*Don Sebastian.*

Nature is nature, Lælius.—*Sophonisba.*

Men are but men, we did not make ourselves.—*Revenge.*

[2] Dr B—y reads, The mighty Tall-mast Thumb. Mr D—s, The mighty Thumbing Thumb. Mr T—d reads, Thundering. I think Thomas more agreeable to the great simplicity so apparent in our author.

[3] That learned historian Mr S—n, in the third number of his criticism on our author, takes great pains to explode this passage. "It is," says he, "difficult to guess what giants are here meant, unless the giant Despair in the Pilgrim's Progress, or the giant Greatness in the Royal Villain; for I have heard of no other sort of giants in the reign of king Arthur." Petrus Burmannus makes three Tom Thumbs, one whereof he supposes to have been the same person whom the Greeks called Hercules; and that by these giants are to be understood the Centaurs slain by that hero. Another Tom Thumb he contends to have been no other than the Hermes Trismegistus of the antients. The third Tom Thumb he places under the reign of king Arthur; to which third Tom Thumb, says he, the actions of the other two were attributed. Now, though I know that this opinion is supported by an assertion of Justus Lipsius, "Thomam illum Thumbum non alium quàm Herculem fuisse satis constat," yet shall I venture to oppose one line of Mr Midwinter against them all:

In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live.

"But then," says Dr B—y, "if we place Tom Thumb in the

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Are infant dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,
While Thumb, regardless of their noise, rides on.
So some cock-sparrow in a farmer's yard,
Hops at the head of an huge flock of turkeys.

Dood. When Goody Thumb first brought this Thomas forth,
The Genius of our land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, O Arthur! did thy Genius reign.

Nood. They tell me it is[1] whisper'd in the books
Of all our sages, that this mighty hero,
By Merlin's art begot, hath not a bone
Within his skin, but is a lump of gristle.

Dood. Then 'tis a gristle of no mortal kind;
Some God, my Noodle, stept into the place

court of king Arthur, it will be proper to place that court out of Britain, where no giants were ever heard of." Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, is of another opinion, where, describing Albion, he says,

——Far within a savage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants.

And in the same canto:

Then Elfar, with two brethren giants had,
The one of which had two heads——
The other three.

Risum teneatis, amici.

[1] "To whisper in books," says Mr D—s, "is arrant nonsense." I am afraid this learned man does not sufficiently understand the extensive meaning of the word whisper. If he had rightly understood what is meant by the "senses whisp'ring the soul," in the Persian Princess, or what "whisp'ring like winds" is in Aurengzebe, or like thunder in another author, he would have understood this. Emmeline in Dryden sees a voice, but she was born blind, which is an excuse Panthea cannot plead in Cyrus, who hears a sight:

——Your description will surpass
All fiction, painting, or dumb shew of horror,
That ever ears yet heard, or eyes beheld.

When Mr D—s understands these, he will understand whispering in books.

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Of Gaffer Thumb, and more than [1] half begot
This mighty Tom.

Nood. —[2] Sure he was sent express
From Heaven to be the pillar of our state.
Though small his body be, so very small
A chairman's leg is more than twice as large,
Yet is his soul like any mountain big;
And as a mountain once brought forth a mouse,
[3] So doth this mouse contain a mighty mountain.

Dood. Mountain indeed! So terrible his name,
[4] The giant nurses frighten children with it,
And cry Tom Thumb is come, and if you are
Naughty, will surely take the child away.

Nood. But hark! [5] these trumpets speak the king's approach.

Dood. He comes most luckily for my petition.

[*Flourish.*

[1] —Some ruffian stept into his father's place,
And more than half begot him.—*Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] —For Ulamar seems sent express from Heaven,
To civilize this rugged Indian clime.—*Liberty Asserted.*

[3] "Omne majus continet in se minus, sed minus non in se majus continere potest," says Scaliger in Thumbo. I suppose he would have cavilled at these beautiful lines in the Earl of Essex:

——Thy most inveterate soul,
That looks through the foul prison of thy body.

And at those of Dryden:

The palace is without too well design'd;
Conduct me in, for I will view thy mind.—*Aurengzebe.*

[4] Mr Banks hath copied this almost verbatim:

It was enough to say, here's Essex come,
And nurses still'd their children with the fright.
—*Earl of Essex.*

[5] The trumpet in a tragedy is generally as much as to say, Enter king, which makes Mr Banks, in one of his plays, call it the trumpet's formal sound.

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Scene II.—King, Queen, Grizzle, Noodle, Doodle, Foodle.

King. [1] Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile Dollallolla—Ha! what wrinkled sorrow
[2] Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow?
Whence flow those tears fast down thy blubber'd cheeks,
Like a swoln gutter, gushing through the streets?
Queen. [3] Excess of joy, my lord, I've heard folks say,
Gives tears as certain as excess of grief.
King. If it be so, let all men cry for joy,
[4] 'Till my whole court be drowned with their tears;

[1] Phraortes, in the Captives, seems to have been acquainted with King Arthur:

> Proclaim a festival for seven days' space,
> Let the court shine in all its pomp and lustre,
> Let all our streets resound with shouts of joy;
> Let musick's care-dispelling voice be heard;
> The sumptuous banquet and the flowing goblet
> Shall warm the cheek and fill the heart with gladness.
> Astarbe shall sit mistress of the feast.

[2] Repentance frowns on thy contracted brow.—*Sophonisba.*

> Hung on his clouded brow, I mark'd despair.—*Ibid.*
>
> ——A sullen gloom
> Scowls on his brow.—*Busiris.*

[3] Plato is of this opinion, and so is Mr Banks:

> Behold these tears sprung from fresh pain and joy.
> —*Earl of Essex.*

[4] These floods are very frequent in the tragick authors:

> Near to some murmuring brook I'll lay me down,
> Whose waters, if they should too shallow flow,
> My tears shall swell them up till I will drown.
> —*Lee's Sophonisba.*

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Nay, till they overflow my utmost land,
And leave me nothing but the sea to rule.
Dood. My liege, I a petition have here got.
King. Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day:
Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be [1] drunk.
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.

Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That were the world on fire they might have drown'd
The wrath of heaven, and quench'd the mighty ruin.
—*Mithridates.*

One author changes the waters of grief to those of joy:

——These tears, that sprung from tides of grief,
Are now augmented to a flood of joy.—*Cyrus the Great.*

Another:

Turns all the streams of heat, and makes them flow
In pity's channel.—*Royal Villain.*

One drowns himself:

——Pity like a torrent pours me down,
Now I am drowning all within a deluge.—*Anna Bullen.*

Cyrus drowns the whole world:

Our swelling grief
Shall melt into a deluge, and the world
Shall drown in tears.—*Cyrus the Great.*

[1] An expression vastly beneath the dignity of tragedy, says Mr D—s, yet we find the word he cavils at in the mouth of Mithridates less properly used, and applied to a more terrible idea:

I would be drunk with death.—*Mithridates.*

The author of the New Sophonisba taketh hold of this monosyllable, and uses it pretty much to the same purpose:

The Carthaginian sword with Roman blood
Was drunk.

I would ask Mr D—s which gives him the best idea, a drunken king, or a drunken sword?

Mr Tate dresses up King Arthur's resolution in heroick:

Merry, my lord, o' th' captain's humour right,
I am resolved to be dead drunk to-night.

Lee also uses this charming word:

Love's the drunkenness of the mind.—*Gloriana.*

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Queen. (Though I already[1] half seas over am)
If the capacious goblet overflow
With arrack punch——'fore George! I'll see it out:
Of rum and brandy I'll not taste a drop.

King. Though rack, in punch, eight shillings be a quart,
And rum and brandy be no more than six,
Rather than quarrel you shall have your will.
[*Trumpets.*
But, ha! the warrior comes—the great Tom Thumb,
The little hero, giant-killing boy,
Preserver of my kingdom, is arrived.

SCENE III.—TOM THUMB *to them, with* Officers, Prisoners, *and* Attendants.

King. [2]Oh! welcome most, most welcome to my arms.
What gratitude can thank away the debt
Your valour lays upon me?

Queen. ——————[3] Oh! ye gods! [*Aside.*

Thumb. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough.
[4]I've done my duty, and I've done no more,

Queen. Was ever such a godlike creature seen? [*Aside.*

[1] Dryden hath borrowed this, and applied it improperly:

I'm half seas o'er in death.—*Cleomenes.*

[2] This figure is in great use among the tragedians:

'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis.—*Victim.*

I long, repent, repent, and long again.—*Busiris.*

[3] A tragical exclamation.
[4] This line is copied verbatim in the Captives.

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King. Thy modesty's a [1] candle to thy merit,
It shines itself, and shews thy merit too.
But say, my boy, where didst thou leave the giants?
Thumb. My liege, without the castle gates they stand,
The castle gates too low for their admittance.
King. What look they like?
Thumb. Like nothing but themselves.
Queen. [2] And sure thou art like nothing but thyself. [*Aside.*
King. Enough! the vast idea fills my soul.
I see them—yes, I see them now before me:
The monstrous, ugly, barb'rous sons of whores.
But ha! what form majestick strikes our eyes?
[3] So perfect, that it seems to have been drawn

[1] We find a candlestick for this candle in two celebrated authors:

——Each star withdraws
His golden head, and burns within the socket.—*Nero.*

A soul grown old and sunk into the socket.—*Sebastian.*

[2] This simile occurs very frequently among the dramatic writers of both kinds.

[3] Mr Lee hath stolen this thought from our author:

This perfect face, drawn by the gods in council,
Which they were long a making.—*Luc. Jun. Brut.*

——At his birth the heavenly council paused,
And then at last cry'd out, This is a man!

Dryden hath improved this hint to the utmost perfection:

So perfect, that the very gods who form'd you wonder'd
At their own skill, and cry'd, A lucky hit
Has mended our design! Their envy hindered,
Or you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When Heaven would work for ostentation sake,
To copy out again.—*All for Love.*

Banks prefers the works of Michael Angelo to that of the gods:

A pattern for the gods to make a man by,
Or Michael Angelo to form a statue.

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By all the gods in council: so fair she is,
That surely at her birth the council paused,
And then at length cry'd out, This is a woman!

Thumb. Then were the gods mistaken—she is not
A woman, but a giantess——whom we,
[1] With much ado, have made a shift to hawl
Within the town: [2] for she is by a foot
Shorter than all her subject giants were.

Glum. We yesterday were both a queen and wife,
One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway,
Twenty whereof were married to ourself.

Queen. Oh! happy state of giantism where husbands
Like mushrooms grow, whilst hapless we are forced
To be content, nay, happy thought, with one.

Glum. But then to lose them all in one black day,
That the same sun which, rising, saw me wife
To twenty giants, setting should behold
Me widow'd of them all.—— [3] My worn-out heart,
That ship, leaks fast, and the great heavy lading,
My soul, will quickly sink.

Queen. Madam, believe
I view your sorrows with a woman's eye:
But learn to bear them with what strength you may,
To-morrow we will have our grenadiers

[1] It is impossible, says Mr W——, sufficiently to admire this natural easy line.

[2] This tragedy, which in most points resembles the ancients, differs from them in this—that it assigns the same honour to lowness of stature which they did to height. The gods and heroes in Homer and Virgil are continually described higher by the head than their followers, the contrary of which is observed by our author. In short, to exceed on either side is equally admirable; and a man of three foot is as wonderful a sight as a man of nine.

[3] My blood leaks fast, and the great heavy lading
My soul will quickly sink.—*Mithridates.*

My soul is like a ship.—*Injured Love.*

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Drawn out before you, and you then shall choose
What husbands you think fit.
Glum. [1]Madam, I am
Your most obedient and most humble servant.
King. Think, mighty princess, think this court your own,
Nor think the landlord me, this house my inn;
Call for whate'er you will, you'll nothing pay.
[2]I feel a sudden pain within my breast,
Nor know I whether it arise from love
Or only the wind-cholick. Time must shew.
O Thumb! what do we to thy valour owe!
Ask some reward, great as we can bestow.
Thumb. [3]I ask not kingdoms, I can conquer those;
I ask not money, money I've enough;
For what I've done, and what I mean to do,
For giants slain, and giants yet unborn,
Which I will slay——if this be called a debt,
Take my receipt in full: I ask but this,—
[4]To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.
King. Prodigious bold request. } [*Aside.*
Queen. ——[5]Be still, my soul. }

[1] This well-bred line seems to be copied in the Persian Princess:—

To be your humblest and most faithful slave.

[2] This doubt of the king puts me in mind of a passage in the Captives, where the noise of feet is mistaken for the rustling of leaves.

——Methinks I hear
The sound of feet:
No; 'twas the wind that shook yon cypress boughs.

[3] Mr Dryden seems to have had this passage in his eye in the first page of Love Triumphant.

[4] Don Carlos, in the Revenge, suns himself in the charms of his mistress:

While in the lustre of her charms I lay.

[5] A tragical phrase much in use.

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Thumb. [1] My heart is at the threshold of your mouth,
And waits its answer there.——Oh! do not frown.
I've try'd to reason's tune to tune my soul,
But love did overwind and crack the string.
Though Jove in thunder had cry'd out, YOU SHAN'T,
I should have loved her still——for oh, strange fate,
Then when I loved her least I loved her most!

King. It is resolv'd—the princess is your own.

Thumb. Oh! [2] happy, happy, happy, happy Thumb.

Queen. Consider, sir; reward your soldier's merit,
But give not Huncamunca to Tom Thumb.

King. Tom Thumb! Odzooks! my wide-extended realm,
Knows not a name so glorious as Tom Thumb.
Let Macedonia Alexander boast,
Let Rome her Cæsars and her Scipios show,
Her Messieurs France, let Holland boast Mynheers,
Ireland her O's, her Macs let Scotland boast,
Let England boast no other than Tom Thumb.

Queen. Though greater yet his boasted merit was,
He shall not have my daughter, that is pos'.

King. Ha! sayst thou, Dollallolla?

[1] This speech hath been taken to pieces by several tragical authors, who seem to have rifled it, and shared its beauties among them.

My soul waits at the portal of thy breast,
To ravish from thy lips the welcome news.—*Anna Bullen.*

My soul stands list'ning at my ears.—*Cyrus the Great.*

Love to his tune my jarring heart would bring,
But reason overwinds, and cracks the string.—*D. of Guise.*

——————I should have loved,
Though Jove, in muttering thunder, had forbid it.
—*New Sophonisba.*

And when it (*my heart*) wild resolves to love no more,
Then is the triumph of excessive love.—*Ibid.*

[2] Massinissa is one-fourth less happy than Tom Thumb.

Oh! happy, happy, happy!—*Ibid.*

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Queen. ——————I say he shan't.
King. [1] Then by our royal self we swear you lie.
Queen. [2] Who but a dog, who but a dog
Would use me as thou dost? Me, who have lain
[3] These twenty years so loving by thy side!
But I will be revenged. I'll hang myself.
Then tremble all who did this match persuade,
[4] For, riding on a cat, from high I'll fall,
And squirt down royal vengeance on you all.
Food. [5] Her majesty the queen is in a passion.
King. [6] Be she, or be she not, I'll to the girl
And pave thy way, oh Thumb—Now by ourself,
We were indeed a pretty king of clouts
To truckle to her will——For when by force
Or art the wife her husband over-reaches,
Give him the petticoat, and her the breeches.
Thumb. [7] Whisper ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine!
Echoes repeat, that Huncamunca's mine!
The dreadful bus'ness of the war is o'er,
And beauty, heav'nly beauty! crowns my toils!

[1] No by myself.—*Anna Bullen.*

[2] ——————Who caused
This dreadful revolution in my fate.
Ulamar. Who but a dog—who but a dog?—*Liberty As.*

[3] ——————A bride,
Who twenty years lay loving by your side.—*Banks.*

[4] For, borne upon a cloud, from high I'll fall,
And rain down royal vengeance on you all.—*Alb. Queens.*

[5] An information very like this we have in the tragedy of Love, where, Cyaxares having stormed in the most violent manner, Cyaxares observes very calmly,

Why, nephew Cyrus, you are moved.

[6] 'Tis in your choice.
Love me, or love me not.—*Conquest of Granada.*

[7] There is not one beauty in this charming speech but what hath been borrow'd by almost every tragick writer.

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I've thrown the bloody garment now aside
And hymeneal sweets invite my bride.
So when some chimney-sweeper all the day
Hath through dark paths pursued the sooty way,
At night to wash his hands and face he flies,
And in his t'other shirt with his Brickdusta lies.

Scene IV.

Grizzle (solus.) [1] Where art thou, Grizzle? where are now thy glories?
Where are the drums that waken thee to honour?
Greatness is a laced coat from Monmouth-street,
Which fortune lends us for a day to wear,
To-morrow puts it on another's back.
The spiteful sun but yesterday survey'd
His rival high as Saint Paul's cupola;
Now may he see me as Fleet-ditch laid low.

Scene V.—Queen, Grizzle.

Queen. [2] Teach me to scold, prodigious-minded Grizzle,
Mountain of treason, ugly as the devil,
Teach this confounded hateful mouth of mine
To spout forth words malicious as thyself,
Words which might shame all Billingsgate to speak.
Griz. Far be it from my pride to think my tongue
Your royal lips can in that art instruct,

[1] Mr Banks has (I wish I could not say too servilely) imitated this of Grizzle in his Earl of Essex:

Where art thou, Essex, &c.

[2] The countess of Nottingham, in the Earl of Essex, is apparently acquainted with Dollallolla.

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Wherein you so excel. But may I ask,
Without offence, wherefore my queen would scold?
Queen. Wherefore? Oh! blood and thunder! han't you heard
(What every corner of the court resounds)
That little Thumb will be a great man made?
Griz. I heard it, I confess—for who, alas!
[1] Can always stop his ears?—But would my teeth,
By grinding knives, had first been set on edge!
Queen. Would I had heard, at the still noon of night,
The hallalloo of fire in every street!
Odsbobs! I have a mind to hang myself,
To think I should a grandmother be made
By such a rascal!—Sure the king forgets
When in a pudding, by his mother put,
The bastard, by a tinker, on a stile
Was dropp'd.—O, good lord Grizzle! can I bear
To see him from a pudding mount the throne?
Or can, oh can, my Huncamunca bear
To take a pudding's offspring to her arms?
Griz. Oh horror! horror! horror! cease, my queen,
[2] Thy voice, like twenty screech-owls, wracks my brain.
Queen. Then rouse thy spirit—we may yet prevent
This hated match.
Griz. ——We will [3]; nor fate itself,
Should it conspire with Thomas Thumb, should cause it.

[1] Grizzle was not probably possessed of that glew of which Mr Banks speaks in his Cyrus.

I'll glew my ears to every word.

[2] Screech-owls, dark ravens, and amphibious monsters,
Are screaming in that voice.—*Mary Queen of Scots.*

[3] The reader may see all the beauties of this speech in a late ode called the Naval Lyrick.

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I'll swim through seas; I'll ride upon the clouds;
I'll dig the earth; I'll blow out every fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rise; I'll rush; I'll roar;
Fierce as the man whom [1] smiling dolphins bore
From the prosaick to poetick shore.
I'll tear the scoundrel into twenty pieces.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the match, but hurt him not;
For, though I would not have him have my daughter,
Yet can we kill the man that kill'd the giants?

Griz. I tell you, madam, it was all a trick;
He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them;
As fox-hunters bring foxes to the wood,
And then with hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! have you seen no giants? Are there not
Now, in the yard, ten thousand proper giants?

Griz. [2] Indeed I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one.

Queen. Hence! from my sight! thou traitor, hie away;
By all my stars! thou enviest Tom Thumb.

[1] This epithet to a dolphin doth not give one so clear an idea as were to be wished; a smiling fish seeming a little more difficult to be imagined than a flying fish. Mr Dryden is of opinion that smiling is the property of reason, and that no irrational creature can smile:

> Smiles not allow'd to beasts from reason move.
> —*State of Innocence.*

[2] These lines are written in the same key with those in the Earl of Essex:

> Why, say'st thou so? I love thee well, indeed
> I do, and thou shalt find by this 'tis true.

Or with this in Cyrus:

> The most heroick mind that ever was.

And with above half of the modern tragedies.

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Go, sirrah! go, [1] hie away! hie!——thou art
A setting dog: be gone.
Griz. Madam, I go.
Tom Thumb shall feel the vengeance you have raised.
So, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.

Scene VI.

Queen (*sola*). And whither shall I go?—Alack a day!
I love Tom Thumb—but must not tell him so;
For what's a woman when her virtue's gone?
A coat without its lace; wig out of buckle;
A stocking with a hole in't——I can't live
Without my virtue, or without Tom Thumb.
[2] Then let me weigh them in two equal scales;

[1] Aristotle, in that excellent work of his which is very justly stiled his masterpiece, earnestly recommends using the terms of art, however coarse or even indecent they may be. Mr Tate is of the same opinion.

Bru. Do not, like young hawks, fetch a course about.
Your game flies fair.

Fra. Do not fear it.
He answers you in your own hawking phrase.
—*Injured Love.*

I think these two great authorities are sufficient to justify Dollallolla in the use of the phrase, "Hie away, hie!" when in the same line she says she is speaking to a setting-dog.

[2] We meet with such another pair of scales in Dryden's King Arthur:

Arthur and Oswald, and their different fates,
Are weighing now within the scales of heaven.

Also in Sebastian:

This hour my lot is weighing in the scales.

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In this scale put my virtue, that Tom Thumb.
Alas! Tom Thumb is heavier than my virtue.
But hold!—perhaps I may be left a widow:
This match prevented, then Tom Thumb is mine;
In that dear hope I will forget my pain.
So, when some wench to Tothill Bridewell's sent,
With beating hemp and flogging she's content;
She hopes in time to ease her present pain,
At length is free, and walks the streets again.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The street.* Bailiff, Follower.

[1] *Bail.* Come on, my trusty follower, come on;
This day discharge thy duty, and at night
A double mug of beer, and beer shall glad thee.
Stand here by me, this way must Noodle pass.
Fol. No more, no more, oh Bailiff! every word
Inspires my soul with virtue. Oh! I long
To meet the enemy in the street—and nab him:
To lay arresting hands upon his back,
And drag him trembling to the spunging-house.
Bail. There when I have him, I will spunge upon him.
Oh! glorious thought! by the sun, moon, and stars,
I will enjoy it, though it be in thought!
Yes, yes, my follower, I will enjoy it.
Fol. Enjoy it then some other time, for now
Our prey approaches.
Bail. Let us retire.

[1] Mr Rowe is generally imagined to have taken some hints from this scene in his character of Bajazet; but as he, of all the tragick writers, bears the least resemblance to our author in his diction, I am unwilling to imagine he would condescend to copy him in this particular.

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SCENE II.—TOM THUMB, NOODLE, Bailiff, Follower.

Thumb. Trust me, my Noodle, I am wondrous sick;
For, though I love the gentle Huncamunca,
Yet at the thought of marriage I grow pale:
For, oh!—[1] but swear thou'lt keep it ever secret,
I will unfold a tale will make thee stare.
Nood. I swear by lovely Huncamunca's charms.
Thumb. Then know—[2] my grandmamma hath often said,
Tom Thumb, beware of marriage.
Nood. Sir, I blush
To think a warrior, great in arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his grandmamma.
Can an old woman's empty dreams deter
The blooming hero from the virgin's arms?
Think of the joy that will your soul alarm,
When in her fond embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting breast, dissolved in bliss,
You pour out all Tom Thumb in every kiss.
Thumb. Oh! Noodle, thou hast fired my eager soul;
Spite of my grandmother she shall be mine;
I'll hug, caress, I'll eat her up with love:
Whole days, and nights, and years shall be too short

[1] This method of surprizing an audience, by raising their expectation to the highest pitch, and then baulking it, hath been practised with great success by most of our tragical authors.

[2] Almeyda, in Sebastian, is in the same distress:

Sometimes methinks I hear the groan of ghosts,
Thin hollow sounds and lamentable screams;
Then, like a dying echo from afar,
My mother's voice that cries, Wed not, Almeyda;
Forewarn'd, Almeyda, marriage is thy crime.

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For our enjoyment; every sun shall rise
[1] Blushing to see us in our bed together.
Nood. Oh, sir! this purpose of your soul pursue.
Bail. Oh! sir! I have an action against you.
Nood. At whose suit is it?
Bail. At your taylor's, sir.
Your taylor put this warrant in my hands,
And I arrest you, sir, at his commands.
Thumb. Ha! dogs! Arrest my friend before my face!
Think you Tom Thumb will suffer this disgrace?
But let vain cowards threaten by their word,
Tom Thumb shall shew his anger by his sword.
[*Kills* Bailiff *and* Follower.
Bail. Oh, I am slain!
Fol. I am murdered also,
And to the shades, the dismal shades below,
My bailiff's faithful follower I go.
Nood. [2] Go then to hell, like rascals as you are,
And give our service to the bailiffs there.

[1] "As very well he may, if he hath any modesty in him," says Mr D—s. The author of Busiris is extremely zealous to prevent the sun's blushing at any indecent object; and therefore on all such occasions he addresses himself to the sun, and desires him to keep out of the way.

Rise never more, O sun! let night prevail,
Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene.—*Busiris.*

Sun, hide thy face, and put the world in mourning.—*Ibid.*

Mr Banks makes the sun perform the office of Hymen, and therefore not likely to be disgusted at such a sight:

The sun sets forth like a gay brideman with you.
—*Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] Nourmahal sends the same message to heaven;

For I would have you, when you upwards move,
Speak kindly of us to our friends above.—*Aurengzebe.*

We find another to hell, in the Persian Princess:

Villain, get thee down
To hell, and tell them that the fray's be[illegible]n.

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Thumb. Thus perish all the bailiffs in the land,
Till debtors at noon-day shall walk the streets,
And no one fear a bailiff or his writ.

SCENE III.—*The Princess* HUNCAMUNCA'S *Apartment.*
HUNCAMUNCA, CLEORA, MUSTACHA.

Hunc. [1] Give me some music—see that it be sad.

CLEORA *sings.*

Cupid, ease a love-sick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid;
With equal ardour wound the swain,
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,
Drive the arrow through his heart:
When one you wound, you then destroy;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

Hunc. [2] O Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb! wherefore art thou Tom Thumb?
Why hadst thou not been born of royal race?
Why had not mighty Bantam been thy father?
Or else the king of Brentford, Old or New?

Must. I am surprised that your highness can give yourself a moment's uneasiness about that little insignificant fellow,[3] Tom Thumb the Great—one properer for a plaything than a husband. Were he my husband his horns should be as long as his body. If

[1] Anthony gives the same command in the same words.

[2] Oh! Marius, Marius, wherefore art thou Marius?
—*Otway's Marius.*

[3] Nothing is more common than these seeming contradictions; such as,

Haughty weakness.—*Victim.*
Great small world.—*Noah's Flood.*

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you had fallen in love with a grenadier, I should not have wondered at it. If you had fallen in love with something; but to fall in love with nothing!

Hunc. Cease, my Mustacha, on thy duty cease.
The zephyr, when in flowery vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as Thummy's breath.
The dove is not so gentle to its mate.

Must. The dove is every bit as proper for a husband.—Alas! Madam, there's not a beau about the court looks so little like a man. He is a perfect butterfly, a thing without substance, and almost without shadow too.

Hunc. This rudeness is unseasonable: desist;
Or I shall think this railing comes from love.
Tom Thumb's a creature of that charming form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

Must. Madam, the king.

Scene IV.—King, Huncamunca.

King. Let all but Huncamunca leave the room.
[*Exeunt* Cleora *and* Mustacha.
Daughter, I have observed of late some grief
Unusual in your countenance: your eyes
[1] That, like two open windows, used to shew
The lovely beauty of the rooms within,
Have now two blinds before them. What is the cause?
Say, have you not enough of meat and drink?
We've given strict orders not to have you stinted.

[1] Lee hath improved this metaphor:

Dost thou not view joy peeping from my eyes,
The casements open'd wide to gaze on thee?
So Rome's glad citizens to windows rise,
When they some young triumpher fain would see.
—*Gloriana.*

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Hunc. Alas! my lord, I value not myself
That once I eat two fowls and half a pig;
[1] Small is that praise! but oh! a maid may want
What she can neither eat nor drink.
King. What's that?
Hunc. O [2] spare my blushes; but I mean a husband.
King. If that be all, I have provided one,
A husband great in arms, whose warlike sword
Streams with the yellow blood of slaughter'd giants,
Whose name in Terrâ Incognitâ is known,
Whose valour, wisdom, virtue make a noise
Great as the kettle-drums of twenty armies.
Hunc. Whom does my royal father mean?
King. Tom Thumb.
Hunc. Is it possible?

[1] Almahide hath the same contempt for these appetites:

To eat and drink can no perfection be.
—*Conquest of Granada.*

The earl of Essex is of a different opinion, and seems to place the chief happiness of a general therein:

Were but commanders half so well rewarded,
Then they might eat.—*Banks's Earl of Essex.*

But, if we may believe one who knows more than either, the devil himself, we shall find eating to be an affair of more moment than is generally imagined:

Gods are immortal only by their food.
—*Lucifer, in the State of Innocence.*

[2] "This expression is enough of itself," says Mr D., "utterly to destroy the character of Huncamunca!" Yet we find a woman of no abandoned character in Dryden adventuring farther, and thus excusing herself:

To speak our wishes first, forbid it pride,
Forbid it modesty; true, they forbid it,
But Nature does not. When we are athirst,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay,
Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on?—*Cleomenes.*

Cassandra speaks before she is asked: Huncamunca afterwards. Cassandra speaks her wishes to her lover: Huncamunca only to her father.

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King. Ha! the window-blinds are gone;
[1] A country-dance of joy is in your face.
Your eyes spit fire, your cheeks grow red as beef.
Hunc. O, there's a magick-musick in that sound,
Enough to turn me into beef indeed!
Yes, I will own, since licensed by your word,
I'll own Tom Thumb the cause of all my grief.
For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my sheets.
King. Oh! thou shalt gnaw thy tender sheets no more.
A husband thou shalt have to mumble now.
Hunc. Oh! happy sound! henceforth let no one tell
That Huncamunca shall lead apes in hell.
Oh! I am overjoy'd!
King. I see thou art.
[2] Joy lightens in thy eyes, and thunders from thy brows;
Transports, like lightning, dart along thy soul,
As small-shot through a hedge.
Hunc. Oh! say not small.
King. This happy news shall on our tongue ride post,
Ourself we bear the happy news to Thumb.
Yet think not, daughter, that your powerful charms
Must still detain the hero from his arms;

[1] Her eyes resistless magick bear;
Angels, I see, and gods, are dancing there.
—*Lee's Sophonisba.*

[2] Mr Dennis, in that excellent tragedy called Liberty Asserted, which is thought to have given so great a stroke to the late French king, hath frequent imitations of this beautiful speech of king Arthur:

Conquest light'ning in his eyes, and thund'ring in his arm.
Joy lighten'd in her eyes.
Joys like lightning dart along my soul.

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Various his duty, various his delight;
Now in his turn to kiss, and now to fight,
And now to kiss again. So, mighty [1] Jove,
When with excessive thund'ring tired above,
Comes down to earth, and takes a bit—and then
Flies to his trade of thund'ring back again.

Scene V.—Grizzle, Huncamunca.

[2] *Griz.* Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!
Thy pouting breasts, like kettle-drums of brass,
Beat everlasting loud alarms of joy;
As bright as brass they are, and oh, as hard.
Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!
Hunc. Ha! dost thou know me, princess as I am,
[3] That thus of me you dare to make your game?
Griz. Oh! Huncamunca, well I know that you
A princess are, and a king's daughter, too;
But love no meanness scorns, no grandeur fears;
Love often lords into the cellar bears,
And bids the sturdy porter come up stairs.
For what's too high for love, or what's too low?
Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!

[1] Jove, with excessive thund'ring tired above,
Comes down for ease, enjoys a nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to thund'ring goes again.—*Gloriana.*

[2] This beautiful line, which ought, says Mr W——, to be written in gold, is imitated in the New Sophonisba:

Oh! Sophonisba; Sophonisba, oh!
Oh! Narva; Narva, oh!

The author of a song called Duke upon Duke hath improved it:

Alas! O Nick! O Nick, alas!

Where, by the help of a little false spelling, you have two meanings in the repeated words.

[3] Edith, in the Bloody Brother, speaks to her lover in the same familiar language:

Your grace is full of game.

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Hunc. But, granting all you say of love were true,
My love, alas! is to another due.
In vain to me a suitoring you come,
For I'm already promised to Tom Thumb.
Griz. And can my princess such a durgen wed?
One fitter for your pocket than your bed!
Advised by me, the worthless baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.
Oh take me to thy arms, and never flinch,
Who am a man, by Jupiter! every inch.
[1] Then, while in joys together lost we lie,
I'll press thy soul while gods stand wishing by.
Hunc. If, sir, what you insinuate you prove,
All obstacles of promise you remove;
For all engagements to a man must fall,
Whene'er that man is proved no man at all.
Griz. Oh! let him seek some dwarf, some fairy miss,
Where no joint-stool must lift him to the kiss!
But, by the stars and glory! you appear
Much fitter for a Prussian grenadier;
One globe alone on Atlas' shoulders rests,
Two globes are less than Huncamunca's breasts;
The milky way is not so white, that's flat,
And sure thy breasts are full as large as that.
Hunc. Oh, sir, so strong your eloquence I find,
It is impossible to be unkind.
Griz. Ah! speak that o'er again, and let the [2] sound

[1] Traverse the glitt'ring chambers of the sky,
Borne on a cloud in view of fate I'll lie,
And press her soul while gods stand wishing by.
—*Hannibal.*

[2] Let the four winds from distant corners meet,
And on their wings first bear it into France;
Then back again to Edina's proud walls,
Till victim to the sound th' aspiring city falls.
—*Albion Queens.*

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From one pole to another pole rebound;
The earth and sky each be a battledore,
And keep the sound, that shuttlecock, up an hour:
To Doctors' Commons for a licence I
Swift as an arrow from a bow will fly.

Hunc. Oh, no! lest some disaster we should meet
'Twere better to be married at the Fleet.

Griz. Forbid it, all ye powers, a princess should
By that vile place contaminate her blood;
My quick return shall to my charmer prove
I travel on the [1] post-horses of love.

Hunc. Those post-horses to me will seem too slow
Though they should fly swift as the gods, when they
Ride on behind that post-boy, Opportunity.

Scene VI.—Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Thumb. Where is my princess? where's my Huncamunca?
Where are those eyes, those cardmatches of love,
That [2] light up all with love my waxen soul?
Where is that face which artful nature made
[3] In the same moulds where Venus' self was cast?

[1] I do not remember any metaphors so frequent in the tragic poets as those borrowed from riding post:

The gods and opportunity ride post.—*Hannibal.*

——Let's rush together,
For death rides post!—*Duke of Guise.*

Destruction gallops to thy murder post.—*Gloriana.*

[2] This image, too, very often occurs:

——Bright as when thy eye
First lighted up our loves.—*Aurengzebe.*

'Tis not a crown alone lights up my name.—*Busiris.*

[3] There is great dissension among the poets concerning the method of making man. One tells his mistress that the mould

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Hunc. [1] Oh! what is music to the ear that's deaf,
Or a goose-pie to him that has no taste?
What are these praises now to me, since I
Am promised to another?
Thumb. Ha! promised?

she was made in being lost, Heaven cannot form such another. Lucifer, in Dryden, gives a merry description of his own formation:

Whom heaven, neglecting, made and scarce design'd,
But threw me in for number to the rest.—*State of Innocence.*

In one place the same poet supposes man to be made of metal:

I was form'd
Of that coarse metal which, when she was made
The gods threw by for rubbish.—*All for Love.*

In another of dough:

When the gods moulded up the paste of man,
Some of their clay was left upon their hands,
And so they made Egyptians.—*Cleomenes.*

In another of clay:

——Rubbish of remaining clay.—*Sebastian.*

One makes the soul of wax:

Her waxen soul begins to melt apace.—*Anna Bullen.*

Another of flint:

Sure our two souls have somewhere been acquainted
In former beings, or, struck out together,
One spark to Africk flew, and one to Portugal.—*Sebastian.*

To omit the great quantities of iron, brazen, and leaden souls, which are so plenty in modern authors—I cannot omit the dress of a soul as we find it in Dryden:

Souls shirted but with air.—*King Arthur.*

Nor can I pass by a particular sort of soul in a particular sort of description in the New Sophonisba:

Ye mysterious powers,
——Whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on the mountains walk, give me the calm,
The steady smiling soul, where wisdom sheds
Eternal sunshine, and eternal joy.

[1] This line Mr Banks has plunder'd entire in his Anna Bullen.

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Hunc. Too sure; 'tis written in the book of fate.
Thumb. [1]Then I will tear away the leaf
Wherein it's writ; or, if fate won't allow
So large a gap within its journal-book,
I'll blot it out at least.

Scene VII.—Glumdalca, Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Glum. [2]I need not ask if you are Huncamunca.
Your brandy-nose proclaims——
Hunc. I am a princess;
Nor need I ask who you are.
Glum. A giantess;
The queen of those who made and unmade queens.
Hunc. The man whose chief ambition is to be
My sweetheart hath destroy'd these mighty giants.
Glum. Your sweetheart? Dost thou think the man who once
Hath worn my easy chains will e'er wear thine?
Hunc. Well may your chains be easy, since, if fame
Says true, they have been tried on twenty husbands.
[3]The glove or boot, so many times pull'd on,
May well sit easy on the hand or foot.
Glum. I glory in the number, and when I

[1] Good Heaven! the book of fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of that day.
Or, if the order of the world below
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that minute when she made her vow.
—*Conquest of Granada.*

[2] I know some of the commentators have imagined that Mr Dryden, in the altercative scene between Cleopatra and Octavia, a scene which Mr Addison inveighs against with great bitterness, is much beholden to our author. How just this their observation is I will not presume to determine.

[3] "A cobling poet indeed," says Mr D.; and yet I believe

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Sit poorly down, like thee, content with one,
Heaven change this face for one as bad as thine.
Hunc. Let me see nearer what this beauty is
That captivates the heart of men by scores.
[*Holds a candle to her face.*
Oh! Heaven, thou art as ugly as the devil.
Glum. You'd give the best of shoes within your shop
To be but half so handsome.
Hunc. Since you come
[1] To that, I'll put my beauty to the test:
Tom Thumb, I'm yours, if you with me will go.
Glum. Oh! stay, Tom Thumb, and you alone shall fill
That bed where twenty giants used to lie.
Thumb. In the balcony that o'erhangs the stage,
I've seen a whore two 'prentices engage;
One half-a-crown does in his fingers hold,
The other shews a little piece of gold;
She the half-guinea wisely does purloin,
And leaves the larger and the baser coin.
Glum. Left, scorn'd, and loathed for such a chit as this;

we may find as monstrous images in the tragick authors: I'll put down one:

Untie your folded thoughts, and let them dangle loose as a bride's hair.—*Injured Love.*

Which line seems to have as much title to a milliner's shop as our author's to a shoemaker's.

[1] Mr L—— takes occasion in this place to commend the great care of our author to preserve the metre of blank verse, in which Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, were so notoriously negligent; and the moderns, in imitation of our author, so laudably observant:

Then does
Your majesty believe that he can be
A traitor?—*Earl of Essex.*

Every page of Sophonisba gives us instances of this excellence.

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[1] I feel the storm that's rising in my mind,
Tempests and whirlwinds rise, and roll, and roar.
I'm all within a hurricane, as if
[2] The world's four winds were pent within my carcase.
[3] Confusion, horror, murder, guts, and death!

Scene VIII.—King, Glumdalca.

King. [4] Sure never was so sad a king as I!
[5] My life is worn as ragged as a coat
A beggar wears; a prince should put it off.
[6] To love a captive and a giantess!
Oh love! oh love! how great a king art thou!
My tongue's thy trumpet, and thou trumpetest,
Unknown to me, within me. [7] Oh, Glumdalca!
Heaven thee designed a giantess to make,
But an angelick soul was shuffled in.
[8] I am a multitude of walking griefs,

[1] Love mounts and rolls about my stormy mind.
—*Aurengzebe.*
Tempests and whirlwinds thro' my bosom move.
—*Cleomenes.*

[2] With such a furious tempest on his brow,
As if the world's four winds were pent within
His blustering carcase.—*Anna Bullen.*

[3] Verba Tragica.

[4] This speech has been terribly mauled by the poet.

[5] ——My life is worn to rags,
Not worth a prince's wearing.—*Love Triumphant.*

[6] Must I beg the pity of my slave?
Must a king beg? But love's a greater king,
A tyrant, nay, a devil, that possesses me.
He tunes the organ of my voice and speaks,
Unknown to me, within me.—*Sebastian.*

[7] When thou wert form'd, heaven did a man begin;
But a brute soul by chance was shuffled in.—*Aurengzebe.*

[8] I am a multitude
Of walking griefs.—*New Sophonisba.*

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And only on her lips the balm is found
[1] To spread a plaster that might cure them all.
Glum. What do I hear?
King. What do I see?
Glum. Oh!
King. Ah!
[2] *Glum.* Ah! wretched queen!
King. Oh! wretched king!
[3] *Glum.* Ah!
King. Oh!

SCENE IX.—TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA, Parson.

Par. Happy's the wooing that's not long a doing;
For, if I guess right, Tom Thumb this night
Shall give a being to a new Tom Thumb.
Thumb. It shall be my endeavour so to do.

[1] I will take thy scorpion blood,
And lay it to my grief till I have ease.—*Anna Bullen.*

[2] Our author, who everywhere shews his great penetration into human nature, here outdoes himself: where a less judicious poet would have raised a long scene of whining love, he, who understood the passions better, and that so violent an affection as this must be too big for utterance, chuses rather to send his characters off in this sullen and doleful manner, in which admirable conduct he is imitated by the author of the justly celebrated Eurydice. Dr Young seems to point at this violence of passion:

——Passion choaks
Their words, and they're the statues of despair.

And Seneca tells us, "Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent." The story of the Egyptian king in Herodotus is too well known to need to be inserted; I refer the more curious reader to the excellent Montaigne, who hath written an essay on this subject.

[3] To part is death.
'Tis death to part.
Ah!
Oh!—*Don Carlos.*

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Hunc. Oh! fie upon you, sir, you make me blush.
Thumb. It is the virgin's sign, and suits you well:
[1] I know not where, nor how, nor what I am;
[2] I am so transported, I have lost myself.

[1] Nor know I whether
What am I, who, or where.—*Busiris.*

I was I know not what, and am I know not how.
—*Gloriana.*

[2] To understand sufficiently the beauty of this passage, it will be necessary that we comprehend every man to contain two selfs. I shall not attempt to prove this from philosophy, which the poets make so plainly evident.

One runs away from the other:

——Let me demand your majesty,
Why fly you from yourself?—*Duke of Guise.*

In a second, one self is a guardian to the other:

Leave me the care of me.—*Conquest of Granada.*

Again:

Myself am to myself less near.—*Ibid.*

In the same, the first self is proud of the second:

I myself am proud of me.—*State of Innocence.*

In a third, distrustful of him:

Fain I would tell, but whisper it in my ear,
That none besides might hear, nay, not myself.
—*Earl of Essex.*

In a fourth, honours him:

I honour Rome,
And honour too myself.—*Sophonisba.*

In a fifth, at variance with him:

Leave me not thus at variance with myself.—*Busiris.*

Again, in a sixth:

I find myself divided from myself.—*Medea.*

She seemed the sad effigies of herself.—*Banks.*

Assist me, Zulema, if thou would'st be
The friend thou seem'st, assist me against me.
—*Albion Queens.*

From all which it appears that there are two selfs; and therefore Tom Thumb's losing himself is no such solecism as it hath been represented by men rather ambitious of criticising than qualified to criticise.

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Hunc. Forbid it, all ye stars, for you're so small,
That were you lost, you'd find yourself no more.
So the unhappy sempstress once, they say,
Her needle in a pottle, lost, of hay;
In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her moan,
For ah, the needle was forever gone.

Par. Long may they live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole land be peopled with Tom Thumbs!
[1] So, when the Cheshire cheese a maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds:
By thousands and ten thousands they increase,
Till one continued maggot fills the rotten cheese.

Scene X.—Noodle, *and then* Grizzle.

Nood. [2] Sure, Nature means to break her solid chain,
Or else unfix the world, and in a rage
To hurl it from its axletree and hinges;
All things are so confused, the king's in love,
The queen is drunk, the princess married is.

Griz. Oh, Noodle! Hast thou Huncamunca seen?

Nood. I have seen a thousand sights this day, where none
Are by the wonderful bitch herself outdone.
The king, the queen, and all the court, are sights.

[1] Mr F—— imagines this parson to have been a Welsh one from his simile.

[2] Our author hath been plundered here, according to custom

> Great nature, break thy chain that links together
> The fabrick of the world, and make a chaos
> Like that within my soul.—*Love Triumphant.*
>
> —— Startle Nature, unfix the globe,
> And hurl it from its axletree and hinges.
> —*Albion Queens.*
>
> The tott'ring earth seems sliding off its props.

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Griz. [1] D—n your delay, you trifler! are you drunk, ha!
I will not hear one word but Huncamunca.
Nood. By this time she is married to Tom Thumb.
Griz. [2] My Huncamunca!
Nood. Your Huncamunca,
Tom Thumb's Huncamunca, every man's Huncamunca.
Griz. If this be true, all womankind are damn'd.
Nood. If it be not, may I be so myself.
Griz. See where she comes! I'll not believe a word
Against that face, upon whose [3] ample brow
Sits innocence with majesty enthroned.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

Griz. Where has my Huncamunca been? See here.
The licence in my hand!
Hunc. Alas! Tom Thumb.
Griz. Why dost thou mention him?
Hunc. Ah, me! Tom Thumb.
Griz. What means my lovely Huncamunca?
Hunc. Hum!
Griz. Oh! speak.
Hunc. Hum!
Griz. Ha! your every word is hum:
[4] You force me still to answer you, Tom Thumb.
Tom Thumb—I'm on the rack—I'm in a flame.

[1] D—n your delay, ye torturers, proceed;
I will not hear one word but Almahide.
—*Conquest of Granada.*

[2] Mr Dryden hath imitated this in All for Love.
[3] This Miltonic style abounds in the New Sophonisba:

——And on her ample brow
Sat majesty.

[4] Your every answer still so ends in that,
You force me still to answer you Morat.—*Aurengzebe.*

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[1]Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb—you love the name;
So pleasing is that sound, that were you dumb,
You still would find a voice to cry Tom Thumb.
Hunc. Oh! be not hasty to proclaim my doom!
My ample heart for more than one has room:
A maid like me Heaven form'd at least for two.
[2]I married him, and now I'll marry you.
Griz. Ha! dost thou own thy falsehood to my face?
Think'st thou that I will share thy husband's place?
Since to that office one cannot suffice,
And since you scorn to dine one single dish on,
Go, get your husband put into commission.
Commissioners to discharge (ye gods! it fine is)
The duty of a husband to your highness.
Yet think not long I will my rival bear,
Or unrevenged the slighted willow wear;
The gloomy, brooding tempest, now confined
Within the hollow caverns of my mind,
In dreadful whirl shall roll along the coasts,
Shall thin the land of all the men it boasts,
[3]And cram up ev'ry chink of hell with ghosts.

[1] Morat, Morat, Morat! you love the name.—*Aurengzebe.*

[2] "Here is a sentiment for the virtuous Huncamunca!" says Mr D——s. And yet, with the leave of this great man, the virtuous Panthea, in Cyrus, hath an heart every whit as ample:

For two I must confess are gods to me,
Which is my Abradatus first, and thee.—*Cyrus the Great.*

Nor is the lady in Love Triumphant more reserved, though not so intelligible:

I am so divided,
That I grieve most for both, and love both most.

[3] A ridiculous supposition to any one who considers the great and extensive largeness of hell, says a commentator; but not so to those who consider the great expansion of immaterial substance. Mr Banks makes one soul to be so expanded, that heaven could not contain it:

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[1] So have I seen, in some dark winter's day,
A sudden storm rush down the sky's highway,
Sweep through the streets with terrible ding-dong,
Gush through the spouts, and wash whole crouds along.
The crouded shops the thronging vermin skreen,
Together cram the dirty and the clean,
And not one shoe-boy in the street is seen.

Hunc. Oh, fatal rashness! should his fury slay
My helpless bridegroom on his wedding-day,
I, who this morn of two chose which to wed,
May go again this night alone to bed.

[2] So have I seen some wild unsettled fool,

The heavens are all too narrow for her soul.
—*Virtue Betrayed.*

The Persian Princess hath a passage not unlike the author of this:

We will send such shoals of murder'd slaves,
Shall glut hell's empty regions.

This threatens to fill hell, even though it was empty; Lord Grizzle, only to fill up the chinks, supposing the rest already full.

[1] Mr Addison is generally thought to have had this simile in his eye when he wrote that beautiful one at the end of the third act of his Cato.

[2] This beautiful simile is founded on a proverb which does honour to the English language:

Between two stools the breech falls to the ground.

I am not so well pleased with any written remains of the ancients as with those little aphorisms which verbal tradition hath delivered down to us under the title of proverbs. It were to be wished that, instead of filling their pages with the fabulous theology of the pagans, our modern poets would think it worth their while to enrich their works with the proverbial sayings of their ancestors. Mr Dryden hath chronicled one in heroick;

Two ifs scarce make one possibility.
—*Conquest of Granada.*

My lord Bacon is of opinion that whatever is known of arts and sciences might be proved to have lurked in the Proverbs of Solomon. I am of the same opinion in relation to those above-mentioned; at least I am confident that a more perfect system of ethicks, as well as œconomy, might be compiled out of them

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Who had her choice of this and that joint-stool,
To give the preference to either loth,
And fondly coveting to sit on both,
While the two stools her sitting-part confound,
Between 'em both fall squat upon the ground.

than is at present extant, either in the works of the ancient philosophers, or those more valuable, as more voluminous ones of the modern divines.

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ACT III.

Scene I.—King Arthur's *Palace.*

[1] *Ghost* (*solus*). Hail! ye black horrors of midnight's midnoon!
Ye fairies, goblins, bats, and screech-owls, hail!
And, oh! ye mortal watchmen, whose hoarse throats
Th' immortal ghosts dread croakings counterfeit,
All hail!—Ye dancing phantoms, who, by day,
Are some condemn'd to fast, some feast in fire,

[1] Of all the particulars in which the modern stage falls short of the ancient, there is none so much to be lamented as the great scarcity of ghosts. Whence this proceeds I will not presume to determine. Some are of opinion that the moderns are unequal to that sublime language which a ghost ought to speak. One says, ludicrously, that ghosts are out of fashion; another, that they are properer for comedy; forgetting, I suppose, that Aristotle hath told us that a ghost is the soul of tragedy; for so I render the ψυχὴ ὁ μῦθος τῆς τραγωδίας, which M. Dacier, amongst others, hath mistaken; I suppose, misled by not understanding the Fabula of the Latins, which signifies a ghost as well as fable.

"Te premet nox, fabulæque manes."—*Horace.*

Of all the ghosts that have ever appeared on the stage, a very learned and judicious foreign critick gives the preference to this of our author. These are his words, speaking of this tragedy:—"Nec quidquam in illâ admirabilius quàm phasma quoddam horrendum, quod omnibus aliis spectris, quibuscum scatet Angelorum tragœdia, longè (pace D—ysii V. Doctiss. dixerim) prætulerim."

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Now play in churchyards, skipping o'er the graves,
To the [1] loud music of the silent bell,
All hail!

Scene II.—King, Ghost.

King. What noise is this? What villain dares,
At this dread hour, with feet and voice profane,
Disturb our royal walls?
Ghost. One who defies
Thy empty power to hurt him; [2] one who dares
Walk in thy bedchamber.
King. Presumptuous slave!
Thou diest.
Ghost. Threaten others with that word:
[3] I am a ghost, and am already dead.
King. Ye stars! 'tis well. Were thy last hour to come,

[1] We have already given instances of this figure.
[2] Almanzor reasons in the same manner:

A ghost I'll be;
And from a ghost, you know, no place is free.
—*Conquest of Granada.*

[3] "The man who writ this wretched pun," says Mr D., "would have picked your pocket:" which he proceeds to shew not only bad in itself, but doubly so on so solemn an occasion. And yet, in that excellent play of Liberty Asserted, we find something very much resembling a pun in the mouth of a mistress, who is parting with the lover she is fond of:

Ul. Oh, mortal woe! one kiss, and then farewell.
Irene. The gods have given to others to fare well.
O! miserably must Irene fare.

Agamemnon, in the Victim, is full as facetious on the most solemn occasion—that of sacrificing his daughter:

Yes, daughter, yes; you will assist the priest;
Yes, you must offer up your—vows for Greece.

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This moment had been it; [1] yet by thy shroud
I'll pull thee backward, squeeze thee to a bladder,
Till thou dost groan thy nothingness away.
Thou fly'st! 'Tis well. [*Ghost retires.*
[2] I thought what was the courage of a ghost!
Yet, dare not, on thy life—Why say I that,
Since life thou hast not?—Dare not walk again
Within these walls, on pain of the Red Sea.
For, if henceforth I ever find thee here,
As sure, sure as a gun, I'll have thee laid——
Ghost. Were the Red Sea a sea of Hollands gin,
The liquor (when alive) whose very smell
I did detest—did loathe—yet, for the sake
Of Thomas Thumb, I would be laid therein.
King. Ha! said you?
Ghost. Yes, my liege, I said Tom Thumb,
Whose father's ghost I am—once not unknown
To mighty Arthur. But, I see, 'tis true,
The dearest friend, when dead, we all forget.
King. 'Tis he—it is the honest Gaffer Thumb.
Oh! let me press thee in my eager arms,
Thou best of ghosts! thou something more than ghost!
Ghost. Would I were something more, that we again

[1] I'll pull thee backwards by thy shroud to light,
Or else I'll squeeze thee, like a bladder, there,
And make thee groan thyself away to air.
—*Conquest of Granada.*

Snatch me, ye gods, this moment into nothing.
—*Cyrus the Great.*

[2] So, art thou gone? Thou canst no conquest boast.
I thought what was the courage of a ghost.
—*Conquest of Granada.*

King Arthur seems to be as brave a fellow as Almanzor, who says most heroically,

In spite of ghosts I'll on.

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Might feel each other in the warm embrace.
But now I have th' advantage of my king,
[1] For I feel thee, whilst thou dost not feel me.
King. But say,[2] thou dearest air, oh! say what dread,
Important business sends thee back to earth?
Ghost. Oh! then prepare to hear——which but to hear
Is full enough to send thy spirit hence.
Thy subjects up in arms, by Grizzle led,
Will, ere the rosy-finger'd morn shall ope
The shutters of the sky, before the gate
Of this thy royal palace, swarming spread.
[3] So have I seen the bees in clusters swarm,
So have I seen the stars in frosty nights,
So have I seen the sand in windy days,
So have I seen the ghosts on Pluto's shore,
So have I seen the flowers in spring arise,
So have I seen the leaves in autumn fall,
So have I seen the fruits in summer smile,
So have I seen the snow in winter frown.
King. D—n all thou hast seen!—dost thou, beneath the shape
Of Gaffer Thumb, come hither to abuse me
With similes, to keep me on the rack?
Hence—or, by all the torments of thy hell,
[4] I'll run thee through the body, though thou'st none.

[1] The ghost of Lausaria, in Cyrus, is a plain copy of this, and is therefore worth reading:

Ah, Cyrus!
Thou may'st as well grasp water, or fleet air,
As think of touching my immortal shade.
—*Cyrus the Great.*

[2] Thou better part of heavenly air.—*Conquest of Granada.*

[3] "A string of similes," says one, "proper to be hung up in the cabinet of a prince."

[4] This passage hath been understood several different ways

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Ghost. Arthur, beware! I must this moment hence,
Not frighted by your voice, but by the cocks!
Arthur, beware, beware, beware, beware!
Strive to avert thy yet impending fate;
For, if thou'rt kill'd to-day,
To-morrow all thy care will come too late.

Scene III.—King (*solus*).

King. Oh! stay, and leave me not uncertain thus!
And, whilst thou tellest me what's like my fate,
Oh! teach me how I may avert it too!
Curst be the man who first a simile made!
Curst ev'ry bard who writes!—So have I seen
Those whose comparisons are just and true,
And those who liken things not like at all.
The devil is happy that the whole creation
Can furnish out no simile to his fortune.

Scene IV.—King, Queen.

Queen. What is the cause, my Arthur, that you steal
Thus silently from Dollallolla's breast?
Why dost thou leave me in the [1] dark alone,
When well thou know'st I am afraid of sprites?

by the commentators. For my part, I find it difficult to understand it at all. Mr Dryden says—

I've heard something how two bodies meet,
But how two souls join I know not.

So that, till the body of a spirit be better understood, it will be difficult to understand how it is possible to run him through it.

[1] Cydaria is of the same fearful temper with Dollallolla.

I never durst in darkness be alone.—*Indian Emperor.*

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King. Oh, Dollallolla! do not blame my love!
I hop'd the fumes of last night's punch had laid
Thy lovely eyelids fast.—But, oh! I find
There is no power in drams to quiet wives;
Each morn, as the returning sun, they wake,
And shine upon their husbands.
Queen. Think, oh think!
What a surprise it must be to the sun,
Rising, to find the vanish'd world away.
What less can be the wretched wife's surprise
When, stretching out her arms to fold thee fast,
She found her useless bolster in her arms.
[1] Think, think, on that.—Oh! think, think well on that.
I do remember also to have read
[2] In Dryden's Ovid's Metamorphoses,
That Jove in form inanimate did lie
With beauteous Danaë: and, trust me, love,
[3] I fear'd the bolster might have been a Jove.
King. Come to my arms, most virtuous of thy sex!
Oh, Dollallolla! were all wives like thee,
So many husbands never had worn horns.
Should Huncamunca of thy worth partake,
Tom Thumb indeed were blest.—Oh, fatal name,
For didst thou know one quarter what I know,
Then would'st thou know—Alas! what thou would'st know!
Queen. What can I gather hence? Why dost thou speak

[1] Think well of this, think that, think every way.—*Sophon.*
[2] These quotations are more usual in the comick than in the tragick writers.
[3] "This distress," says Mr D——, "I must allow to be extremely beautiful, and tends to heighten the virtuous character of Dollallolla, who is so exceeding delicate, that she is in the highest apprehension from the inanimate embrace of a bolster. An example worthy of imitation for all our writers of tragedy."

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Like men who carry rareeshows about?
"Now you shall see, gentlemen, what you shall see."
O, tell me more, or thou hast told too much.

SCENE V.—KING, QUEEN, NOODLE.

Nood. Long life attend your majesties serene,
Great Arthur, king, and Dollallolla, queen!
Lord Grizzle, with a bold rebellious crowd,
Advances to the palace, threat'ning loud,
Unless the princess be deliver'd straight,
And the victorious Thumb, without his pate,
They are resolv'd to batter down the gate.

SCENE VI.—KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, NOODLE.

King. See where the princess comes! Where is Tom Thumb?

Hunc. Oh! sir, about an hour and half ago
He sallied out t' encounter with the foe,
And swore, unless his fate had him misled,
From Grizzle's shoulders to cut off his head,
And serve 't up with your chocolate in bed.

King. 'Tis well, I found one devil told us both.
Come, Dollallolla, Huncamunca, come;
Within we'll wait for the victorious Thumb;
In peace and safety we secure may stay,
While to his arm we trust the bloody fray;
Though men and giants should conspire with gods,
[1] He is alone equal to all these odds.

[1] "Credat Judæus Appella,
Non ego,"

says Mr D——. "For, passing over the absurdity of being equal to odds, can we possibly suppose a little insignificant fellow—

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Queen. He is, indeed,[1] a helmet to us all;
While he supports we need not fear to fall;
His arm despatches all things to our wish,
And serves up ev'ry foe's head in a dish.
Void is the mistress of the house of care,
While the good cook presents the bill of fare;
Whether the cod, that northern king of fish,
Or duck, or goose, or pig, adorn the dish,
No fears the number of her guests afford,
But at her hour she sees the dinner on the board.

I say again, a little insignificant fellow—able to vie with a strength which all the Samsons and Herculeses of antiquity would be unable to encounter?" I shall refer this incredulous critick to Mr Dryden's defence of his Almanzor; and, lest that should not satisfy him, I shall quote a few lines from the speech of a much braver fellow than Almanzor, Mr Johnson's Achilles:

> Though human race rise in embattled hosts,
> To force her from my arms—Oh! son of Atreus!
> By that immortal pow'r, whose deathless spirit
> Informs this earth, I will oppose them all.—*Victim.*

[1] "I have heard of being supported by a staff," says Mr D., "but never of being supported by a helmet." I believe he never heard of sailing with wings, which he may read in no less a poet than Mr Dryden:

> Unless we borrow wings, and sail through air.
> —*Love Triumphant.*

What will he say to a kneeling valley?

> ———I'll stand
> Like a safe valley, that low bends the knee
> To some aspiring mountain.—*Injured Love.*

I am ashamed of so ignorant a carper, who doth not know that an epithet in tragedy is very often no other than an expletive. Do not we read in the New Sophonisba of "grinding chains, blue plagues, white occasions, and blue serenity?" Nay, it is not the adjective only, but sometimes half a sentence is put by way of expletive, as, "Beauty pointed high with spirit," in the same play; and, "In the lap of blessing, to be most curst," in the Revenge.

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SCENE VII.—*Plain.*—GRIZZLE, FOODLE, Rebels.

Griz. Thus far our arms with victory are crown'd;
For, though we have not fought, yet we have found
[1] No enemy to fight withal.
Food. Yet I,
Methinks, would willingly avoid this day,
[2] This first of April, to engage our foes.
Griz. This day, of all the days of th' year, I'd choose,
For on this day my grandmother was born.
Gods! I will make Tom Thumb an April-fool;
[3] Will teach his wit an errand it ne'er knew,
And send it post to the Elysian shades.
Food. I'm glad to find our army is so stout,
Nor does it move my wonder less than joy.
Griz. [4] What friends we have, and how we came so strong,
I'll softly tell you as we march along.

SCENE VIII.—*Thunder and Lightning.*—TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, *cum suis.*

Thumb. Oh, Noodle! hast thou seen a day like this?
[5] The unborn thunder rumbles o'er our heads,

[1] A victory like that of Almanzor:
Almanzor is victorious without fight.—*Conq. of Granada.*
[2] Well have we chose an happy day for fight;
For every man, in course of time, has found
Some days are lucky, some unfortunate.—*King Arthur.*
[3] We read of such another in Lee:
Teach his rude wit a flight she never made,
And send her post to the Elysian shade.—*Gloriana.*
[4] These lines are copied verbatim in the Indian Emperor.
[5] Unborn thunder rolling in a cloud.—*Conq. of Granada.*

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[1] As if the gods meant to unhinge the world,
And heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl;
Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring ball.
Merl. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. What voice is this I hear?
Merl. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Again it calls.
Merl. Tom Thumb!
Glum. It calls again.
Thumb. Appear, whoe'er thou art; I fear thee not.
Merl. Thou hast no cause to fear—I am thy friend,
Merlin by name, a conjuror by trade,
And to my art thou dost thy being owe.
Thumb. How!
Merl. Hear, then, the mystick getting of Tom Thumb.

[2] His father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milk'd the cow;
And yet the way to get a son
This couple knew not how,
Until such time the good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him, in great distress,
In secret manner shows
How in his heart he wish'd to have
A child, in time to come,
To be his heir, though it may be
No bigger than his thumb:
Of which old Merlin was foretold
That he his wish should have;
And so a son of stature small
The charmer to him gave.

Thou'st heard the past—look up and see the future.

---

[1] Were heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl'd,
Should the rash gods unhinge the rolling world,
Undaunted would I tread the tott'ring ball,
Crush'd, but unconquer'd, in the dreadful fall.
—*Female Warrior.*

[2] See the History of Tom Thumb, page 2.

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Thumb. [1] Lost in amazement's gulf, my senses sink;
See there, Glumdalca, see another [2] me!

Glum. Oh, sight of horror! see, you are devour'd
By the expanded jaws of a red cow.

Merl. Let not these sights deter thy noble mind,
[3] For, lo! a sight more glorious courts thy eyes.
See from afar a theatre arise;
There ages, yet unborn, shall tribute pay
To the heroick actions of this day;
Then buskin tragedy at length shall chuse
Thy name the best supporter of her muse.

Thumb. Enough: let every warlike musick sound,
We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

Scene IX.—Lord Grizzle, Foodle, Rebels, *on one side;* Tom Thumb, Glumdalca, *on the other.*

Food. At length the enemy advances nigh,
[4] I hear them with my ear, and see them with my eye.

Griz. Draw all your swords: for liberty we fight,
[5] And liberty the mustard is of life.

[1] Amazement swallows up my sense,
And in the impetuous whirl of circling fate
Drinks down my reason.—*Persian Princess.*

[2] I have outfaced myself.
What! am I two? Is there another me?—*King Arthur.*

[3] The character of Merlin is wonderful throughout; but most so in this prophetick part. We find several of these prophecies in the tragick authors, who frequently take this opportunity to pay a compliment to their country, and sometimes to their prince. None but our author (who seems to have detested the least appearance of flattery) would have past by such an opportunity of being a political prophet.

[4] I saw the villain, Myron; with these eyes I saw him.
—*Busiris.*

In both which places it is intimated that it is sometimes possible to see with other eyes than your own.

[5] "This mustard," says Mr D., "is enough to turn one's

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Thumb. Are you the man whom men famed Grizzle name?

Griz. [1] Are you the much more famed Tom Thumb?

Thumb. The same.

Griz. Come on; our worth upon ourselves we'll prove;
For liberty I fight.

Thumb. And I for love.

[*A bloody engagement between the two armies here; drums beating, trumpets sounding, thunder and lightning. They fight off and on several times. Some fall.* GRIZ. *and* GLUM. *remain.*

Glum. Turn, coward, turn; nor from a woman fly.

Griz. Away—thou art too ignoble for my arm.

Glum. Have at thy heart.

Griz. Nay, then I thrust at thine.

Glum. You push too well; you've run me through the guts,
And I am dead.

Griz. Then there's an end of one.

Thumb. When thou art dead, then there's an end of two,
[2] Villain.

stomach. I would be glad to know what idea the author had in his head when he wrote it." This will be, I believe, best explained by a line of Mr Dennis:

And gave him liberty, the salt of life.—*Liberty Asserted.*

The understanding that can digest the one will not rise at the other.

[1] *Han.* Are you the chief whom men famed Scipio call?
Scip. Are you the much more famous Hannibal?—*Hannibal.*

[2] Dr Young seems to have copied this engagement in his Busiris:

Myr. Villain!
Mem. Myron!
Myr. Rebel!
Mem. Myron!
Myr. Hell!
Mem. Mandane!

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Griz. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Rebel!
Griz. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Hell!
Griz. Huncamunca!
Thumb. Thou hast it there.
Griz. Too sure I feel it.
Thumb. To hell then, like a rebel as you are,
And give my service to the rebels there.
Griz. Triumph not, Thumb, nor think thou shalt enjoy,
Thy Huncamunca undisturb'd; I'll send
[1] My ghost to fetch her to the other world;
[2] It shall but bait at heaven, and then return.
[3] But, ha! I feel death rumbling in my brains:
[4] Some kinder sprite knocks softly at my soul,
And gently whispers it to haste away.
I come, I come, most willingly I come.
[5] So when some city wife, for country air,
To Hampstead or to Highgate does repair,

[1] This last speech of my lord Grizzle hath been of great service to our poets:

I'll hold it fast
As life, and when life's gone I'll hold this last;
And if thou tak'st it from me when I'm slain,
I'll send my ghost, and fetch it back again.
—*Conquest of Granada.*

[2] My soul should with such speed obey,
It should not bait at heaven to stop its way.

Lee seems to have had this last in his eye:

'Twas not my purpose, sir, to tarry there;
I would but go to heaven to take the air.—*Gloriana.*

[3] A rising vapour rumbling in my brains.—*Cleomenes.*

[4] Some kind sprite knocks softly at my soul,
To tell me fate's at hand.

[5] Mr Dryden seems to have had this simile in his eye, when he says,

My soul is packing up, and just on wing.
—*Conquest of Granada.*

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The Death of Lord Grizzle.

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Her to make haste her husband does implore,
And cries, "My dear, the coach is at the door:"
With equal wish, desirous to be gone,
She gets into the coach, and then she cries—"Drive on!"

Thumb. With those last words[1] he vomited his soul,
Which,[2] like whipt cream, the devil will swallow down.
Bear off the body, and cut off the head,
Which I will to the king in triumph lug.
Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to breakfast.

SCENE X.—KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, Courtiers.

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free,
And bid our treasurer disburse six pounds
To pay their debts.—Let no one weep to-day.
Come, Dollallolla;[3] curse that odious name!
It is so long, it asks an hour to speak it.
By heavens! I'll change it into Doll, or Loll,
Or any other civil monosyllable,
That will not tire my tongue.—Come, sit thee down,
Here seated let us view the dancers' sports;
Bid 'em advance. This is the wedding-day
Of Princess Huncamunca and Tom Thumb;
Tom Thumb! who wins two victories[4] to-day,
And this way marches, bearing Grizzle's head.

[*A dance here.*

[1] And in a purple vomit pour'd his soul.—*Cleomenes.*

[2] The devil swallows vulgar souls
Like whipt cream.—*Sebastian.*

[3] How I could curse my name of Ptolemy!
It is so long, it asks an hour to write it.
By heaven! I'll change it into Jove or Mars!
Or any other civil monosyllable,
That will not tire my hand.—*Cleomenes.*

[4] Here is a visible conjunction of two days in one, by which

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The Death of Lord Grizzle.

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Nood. Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible, oh! oh!
Deaf be my ears, for ever blind my eyes!
Dumb be my tongue! feet lame! all senses lost!
[1] Howl wolves, grunt bears, hiss snakes, shriek all ye ghosts!
King. What does the blockhead mean?
Nood. I mean, my liege,
[2] Only to grace my tale with decent horror.
Whilst from my garret, twice two stories high,
I look'd abroad into the streets below,
I saw Tom Thumb attended by the mob;
Twice twenty shoe-boys, twice two dozen links,
Chairmen and porters, hackney-coachmen, whores;
Aloft he bore the grizly head of Grizzle;
When of a sudden through the streets there came
A cow, of larger than the usual size,
And in a moment—guess, oh! guess the rest!—
And in a moment swallow'd up Tom Thumb.
King. Shut up again the prisons, bid my treasurer
Not give three farthings out—hang all the culprits,
Guilty or not—no matter.—Ravish virgins:
Go bid the schoolmasters whip all their boys!
Let lawyers, parsons, and physicians loose,
To rob, impose on, and to kill the world.
Nood. Her majesty the queen is in a swoon.
Queen. Not so much in a swoon but I have still
Strength to reward the messenger of ill news.
[*Kills* NOODLE.

our author may have either intended an emblem of a wedding, or to insinuate that men in the honey-moon are apt to imagine time shorter than it is. It brings into my mind a passage in the comedy called the Coffee-House Politician:

We will celebrate this day at my house to-morrow.

[1] These beautiful phrases are all to be found in one single speech of King Arthur, or the British Worthy.

[2] I was but teaching him to grace his tale
With decent horror.—*Cleomenes.*

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Nood. O! I am slain.

Cle. My lover's kill'd, I will revenge him so.
[*Kills the* QUEEN.

Hunc. My mamma kill'd! vile murderess, beware.
[*Kills* CLEORA.

Dood. This for an old grudge to thy heart.
[*Kills* HUNCAMUNCA.

Must. And this
I drive to thine, O Doodle! for a new one.
[*Kills* DOODLE.

King. Ha! murderess vile, take that. [*Kills* MUST.

[1] And take thou this. [*Kills himself, and falls.*

[1] We may say with Dryden,

Death did at length so many slain forget,
And left the tale, and took them by the great.

I know of no tragedy which comes nearer to this charming and bloody catastrophe than Cleomenes, where the curtain covers five principal characters dead on the stage. These lines too—

I ask no questions then, of who kill'd who?
The bodies tell the story as they lie—

seem to have belonged more properly to this scene of our author; nor can I help imagining they were originally his. The Rival Ladies, too, seem beholden to this scene:

We're now a chain of lovers link'd in death;
Julia goes first, Gonsalvo hangs on her,
And Angelina hangs upon Gonsalvo,
As I on Angelina.

No scene, I believe, ever received greater honours than this. It was applauded by several encores, a word very unusual in tragedy. And it was very difficult for the actors to escape without a second slaughter. This I take to be a lively assurance of that fierce spirit of liberty which remains among us, and which Mr Dryden, in his essay on Dramatick Poetry, hath observed: "Whether custom," says he, "hath so insinuated itself into our countrymen, or nature hath so formed them to fierceness, I know not; but they will scarcely suffer combats and other objects of horror to be taken from them." And indeed I am for having them encouraged in this martial disposition; nor do I believe our victories over the French have been owing to anything more than to those bloody spectacles daily exhibited in our tragedies, of which the French stage is so intirely clear.

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So when the child, whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,
Kings, queens, and knaves, throw one another down,
Till the whole pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;
So all our pack upon the floor is cast,
And all I boast is—that I fall the last. [*Dies.*

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PASQUIN;

A DRAMATICK SATIRE ON THE TIMES:

BEING THE REHEARSAL OF TWO PLAYS: VIZ.,

A COMEDY CALLED

THE ELECTION,

AND A TRAGEDY CALLED

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COMMON SENSE.

FIRST ACTED IN APRIL 1736.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Trapwit, *Fustian*,	Authors	Mr ROBERTS, Mr LACY.
Sneerwell	(a critick)	Mr MACHEN.

Several Players and Prompter.

PERSONS IN THE COMEDY.

Lord Place, *Colonel Promise*, *Sir Henry Fox-Chace*, *Squire Tankard*,	Candidates	Mrs CHARKE, Mr FREEMAN, Mr TOPHAM, Mr SMITH.
Mayor		Mr JONES.
Aldermen, Voters, &c.		
Mrs Mayoress		Mrs EGERTON.
Miss Mayoress		Miss J. JONES.
Miss Stitch		Miss BURGESS.
Servants, Mob, &c.		

PERSONS IN THE TRAGEDY.

Queen Common-Sense	Mrs EGERTON.
Queen Ignorance	Mr STRENSHAM.
Firebrand (Priest of the Sun)	Mr ROBERTS.
Law	Mr YATES.
Physick	Mr JONES.
Ghost of Tragedy	Mr PULLEN.
Ghost of Comedy	Mr JONES.
Third Ghost	Mr WALLIS.
Harlequin	Mr PULLEN.
Officer	Mr PULLEN.
Messenger	Mr WALLIS.
Drummer	Mr LOWDER.

Attendants on Ignorance, Maids of Honour, &c.

SCENE, the Play-House.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Enter several* Players.

1 *Play.* When does the rehearsal begin?

2 *Play.* I suppose we shall hardly rehearse the comedy this morning, for the author was arrested as he was going home from King's coffee-house; and, as I heard it was for upward of four pound, I suppose he will hardly get bail.

1 *Play.* Where's the tragedy-author then? I have a long part in both, and it's past ten o'clock.

Wom. P. Ay, I have a part in both too; I wish any one else had them, for they are not seven lengths put together. I think it is very hard a woman of my standing should have a short part put upon her. I suppose Mrs Merit will have all our principal parts now, but I am resolved I'll advertise against her. I'll let the town know how I am injured.

1 *Play.* Oh! here comes our tragedy-poet.

Enter FUSTIAN.

Fust. Gentlemen, your servant; ladies, yours. I should have been here sooner, but I have been obliged, at their own requests, to wait upon some half-dozen persons of the first quality with tickets: upon my soul I have been chid for putting off my play so long. I hope you are all quite perfect, for the town will posi-

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tively stay for it no longer. I think I may very well put upon the bills, *At the particular desire of several ladies of quality*, the first night.

Enter Prompter.

Promp. Mr Fustian, we must defer the rehearsal of your tragedy, for the gentleman who plays the first ghost is not yet up; and when he is, he has got such a churchyard-cough he will not be heard to the middle of the pit.

1 *Play.* I wish you could cut the ghost out, sir, for I am terribly afraid he'll be damned if you don't.

Fust. Cut him out, sir? He is one of the most considerable persons in the play.

Promp. Then, sir, you must give the part to somebody else; for the present is so lame he can hardly walk the stage.

Fust. Then he shall be carried, for no man in England can act a ghost like him. Sir, he was born a ghost —he was made for the part—and the part writ for him.

Promp. Well, sir, then we hope you will give us leave to rehearse the comedy first.

Fust. Ay, ay, you may rehearse it first, if you please, and act it first too. If it keeps mine back above three nights, I am mistaken. I don't know what friends the author may have; but if ever such stuff, such damned, incoherent, senseless stuff, was ever brought on any stage—if the audience suffer it to go through three acts—Oh! he's here.

Enter Trapwit.

Dear Mr Trapwit! your most humble servant, sir; I read your comedy over last night, and a most excellent one it is: if it runs as long as it deserves you will engross the whole season to yourself.

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Trap. Sir, I am glad it met with your approbation, as there is no man whose taste and judgment I have a better opinion of. But pray, sir, why don't they proceed to the rehearsal of your tragedy? I assure you, sir, I had much difficulty to get hither so early.

2 *Play.* Yes, faith, I believe you had. [*Aside.*

Fust. Sir, your comedy is to be rehearsed first.

Trap. Excuse me, sir, I know the deference due to tragedy better.

Fust. Sir, I would not have you think I give up the cause of tragedy; but my ghost, being ill, sir, cannot get up without danger, and I would not risque the life of my ghost on any account.

Trap. You are in the right on't, sir; for a ghost is the soul of tragedy.

Fust. Ay, sir, I think it is not amiss to remind people of those things which they are now-a-days too apt to disbelieve; besides, we have lately had an act against witches, and I don't question but shortly we shall have one against ghosts. But come, Mr Trapwit, as we are for this once to give the precedence to comedy, e'en let us begin.

Trap. Ay, ay, with all my heart. Come, come, where's the gentleman who speaks the prologue? This prologue, Mr Fustian, was given me by a friend, who does not care to own it till he tries whether it succeeds or no.

Enter Player *for the Prologue.*

Come, sir, make a very low bow to the audience; and shew as much concern as possible in your looks.

PROLOGUE.

As crafty lawyers, to acquire applause,
Try various arts to get a doubtful cause;
Or, as a dancing master in a jigg,
With various steps instructs the dancing prig;
Or as a doctor writes you different bills;

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Or as a quack prescribes you different pills;
Or as a fiddler plays more tunes than one;
Or as a baker bakes more bread than brown;
Or as a tumbler tumbles up and down;
So does our author, rummaging his brain,
By various methods try to entertain;
Brings a strange groupe of characters before you,
And shews you here at once both Whig and Tory;
Or court and country party you may call 'em:
But without fear and favour he will maul 'em.
To you, then, mighty sages of the pit—

Trap. Oh! dear sir, seem a little more affected, I beseech you; advance to the front of the stage, make a low bow, lay your hand upon your heart, fetch a deep sigh, and pull out your handkerchief: To you, then, mighty sages of the pit—

Prol. To you, then, mighty sages of the pit,
Our author humbly does his cause submit.
He trys to please—oh! take it not amiss:
And though it should be dull, oh! do not hiss;
Laugh, if you can—if you cannot laugh, weep:
When you can wake no longer—fall asleep.

Trap. Very well! very well, sir! You have affected me, I am sure.

Fust. And so he will the audience, I'll answer for them.

Trap. Oh, sir, you're too good-natured; but, sir, I do assure you I had writ a much better prologue of my own; but, as this came gratis, have reserved it for my next play—a prologue saved is a prologue got, brother Fustian. But come, where are your actors? Is Mr Mayor and the Aldermen at the table?

Promp. Yes, sir; but they want wine, and we can get none from the quaker's cellar without ready money.

Trap. Rat him! can't he trust till the third night? Here, take sixpence, and fetch two pots of porter, put it into bottles, and it will do for wine well enough.

Fust. Ay, faith, and the wine will be as good as the wit, I'll answer for it. [*Aside.*

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Trap. Mr Fustian, you'll observe I do not begin this play, like most of our modern comedies, with three or four gentlemen who are brought on only to talk wit; for, to tell you the truth, sir, I have very little, if any, wit in this play. No, sir, this is a play consisting of humour, nature, and simplicity. It is written, sir, in the exact and true spirit of Molière: and this I will say for it, that, except about a dozen, or a score or so, there is not one impure joke in it. But come, clear the stage, and draw the back scene! Mr Fustian, if you please to sit down by me.

[Mayor *and* Aldermen *discovered.*

Fust. Pray, sir, who are these characters?

Trap. Sir, they are Mr Mayor of the town and his brethren, consulting about the election.

Fust. Are they all of a side, sir?

Trap. Yes, sir, as yet; for you must know, sir, that all the men in this borough are very sensible people, and have no party principles for which they cannot give a good reason; Mr Mayor, you begin the play.

May. Gentlemen, I have summoned you together to consider of proper representatives for this borough: you know the candidates on the court side are my lord Place and colonel Promise; the country candidates are Sir Henry Fox-chace and squire Tankard; all worthy gentlemen, and I wish with all my heart we could chuse them all four.

1 *Ald.* But since we cannot, Mr Mayor, I think we should stand by our neighbours; gentlemen whose honesty we are witnesses of, and whose estates in our own neighbourhood render 'em not liable to be bribed.

Fust. This gentleman, Mr Trapwit, does not seem so unbiassed in his principles as you represented him.

Trap. Pugh, sir! you must have one fool in a play; beside, I only writ him to set off the rest.

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May. Mr Alderman, you have a narrow way of thinking; honesty is not confined to a country; a man that lives a hundred miles off may be as honest as him who lives but three.

Ald. Ay, ay, ay, ay. [*Shaking their heads.*

May. Besides, gentlemen, are we not more obliged to a foreigner for the favours he does us than to one of our own neighbours who has obligations to us? I believe, gentlemen, there is not one of us who does not eat and drink with Sir Harry at least twenty times in a twelvemonth; now, for my part, I never saw or heard of either my lord or the colonel till within this fortnight; and yet they are as obliging, and civil and familiar, as if we had been born and bred together.

1 *Ald.* Nay, they are very civil, well-bred men, that is the truth on't; but won't they bring a standing army upon us?

May. Mr Alderman, you are deceived; the country party will bring a standing army upon us; whereas, if we chuse my lord and the colonel, we shan't have a soldier in town. But, mum! here are my lord and the colonel.

Enter Lord PLACE *and* Col. PROMISE.

Place. Gentlemen, your most humble servant; I have brought the colonel to take a morning's whet with you.

May. Your lordship and the colonel do us great honour; pray, my lord, be pleased to sit down; pray, colonel, be pleased to sit. More wine here.

Fust. I wish, Mr Trapwit, your actors don't get drunk in the first act.

Trap. Dear sir, don't interrupt the rehearsal.

Place. Gentlemen, prosperity to the corporation!

Fust. Sir, I am a well-wisher to the corporation,

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Trap. Come, enter Sir Harry and the squire. Where are they?

1 *Play.* Sir, Mr Soundwell has been regularly summoned, but he has refused to act the part.

Trap. Has he been writ to?

1 *Play.* Yes, sir, and here's his answer.

Trap. Let both the letters be produced before the audience. Pray, Mr Prompter, who shall we have to act the part?

1 *Play.* Sir, I like the part so well that I have studied it in the hope of some time playing it.

Trap. You are an exceeding pretty young fellow, and I am very glad of the exchange.

Sir H. Halloo, hark forwards; hark, honest Ned, good-morrow to you; how dost, Master Mayor? What, you are driving it about merrily this morning? Come, come, sit down; the squire and I will take a pot with you. Come, Mr Mayor, here's—liberty and property and no excise.

May. Sir Harry, your health.

Sir H. What, won't you pledge me? Won't you drink no excise?

May. I don't love party healths, Sir Harry.

All Ald. No, no; no party healths, no party healths.

Sir H. Say ye so, gentlemen? I begin to smoke you; your pulses have been felt, I perceive: and will you be bribed to sell your country? Where do you think these courtiers get the money they bribe you with, but from yourselves? Do you think a man who will give a bribe won't take one? If you would be served faithfully, you must choose faithfully, and give your vote on no consideration but merit; for my part, I would as soon suborn an evidence at an assize as a vote at an election.

May. I do believe you, Sir Harry.

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Sir H. Mr Mayor, I hope you received those three bucks I sent you, and that they were good.

May. Sir Harry, I thank you for them; but 'tis so long since I eat them that I have forgot the taste.

Sir H. We'll try to revive it—I'll order you three more to-morrow morning.

May. You will surfeit us with venison: you will indeed; for it is a dry meat, Sir Harry, a very dry meat.

Sir H. We'll find a way to moisten it, I'll warrant you, if there be any wine in town. Mr Alderman Stitch, your bill is too reasonable; you certainly must lose by it: send me in half a dozen more greatcoats, pray; my servants are the dirtiest dogs! Mr Damask, I believe you are afraid to trust me, by those few yards of silk you sent my wife; she likes the pattern so extremely she is resolved to hang her rooms with it; pray let me have a hundred yards of it; I shall want more of you. Mr Timber, and you, Mr Iron, I shall get into your books too.

Fust. Would not that getting into books have been more in the character of the courtier, Mr Trapwit?

Trap. Go on, go on, sir.

Sir H. That gentleman interrupts one so.—Oh, now I remember—Mr Timber, and you Mr Iron, I shall get into your books too; though if I do, I assure you I won't continue in them long.

Trap. Now, sir, would it have been more in the character of a courtier? But you are like all our modern criticks, who damn a man before they have heard a man out; when, if they would but stay till the joke came—

Fust. They would stay to hear your last words, I believe. [*Aside.*

Sir H. For you must know, gentlemen, that I

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intend to pull down my old house, and build a new one.

Trap. Pray, gentlemen, observe all to start at the word *house.* Sir Harry, that last speech again, pray.

Sir H. For you, &c.——Mr Mayor, I must have all my bricks of you.

May. And do you intend to rebuild your house, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Positively.

May. Gentlemen, methinks Sir Harry's toast stands still; will nobody drink liberty and property, and no excise? [*They all drink and huzza.*

Sir H. Give me thy hand, mayor; I hate bribery and corruption: if this corporation will not suffer itself to be bribed, there shall not be a poor man in it.

May. And he that will, deserves to be poor; for my part, the world should not bribe me to vote against my conscience.

Trap. Do you take that joke, sir?

Fust. No, faith, sir.

Trap. Why, how can a man vote against his conscience who has no conscience at all?

1 *Ald.* Come, gentlemen, here's a Fox-chace and a Tankard!

Omnes. A Fox-chace and a Tankard! huzza!

Sir H. Come, let's have one turn in the market-place, and then we'll to dinner.

May. Let's fill the air with our repeated cries
Of liberty, and property, and no excise.
[*Exeunt* Mayor *and* Aldermen.

Trap. How do you like that couplet, sir?

Fust. Oh! very fine, sir!

Trap. This is the end of the first act, sir.

Fust. I cannot but observe, Mr Trapwit, how nicely you have opposed squire Tankard to colonel

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Promise; neither of whom have yet uttered one syllable.

Trap. Why, you would not have every man a speaker, would you? One of a side is sufficient; and let me tell you, sir, one is full enough to utter all that the party has to say for itself.

Fust. Methinks, sir, you should let the audience know they can speak, if it were but an *ay* or a *no*.

Trap. Sir, the audience must know that already; for if they could not say *ay* and *no*, they would not be qualified for candidates.

Fust. Oh! your humble servant, I am answered; but pray, sir, what is the action of this play?

Trap. The action, sir?

Fust. Yes, sir, the fable, the design?

Trap. Oh! you ask who is to be married? Why, sir, I have a marriage; I hope you think I understand the laws of comedy better than to write without marrying somebody.

Fust. But is that the main design to which everything conduces?

Trap. Yes, sir.

Fust. Faith, sir, I can't for the soul of me see how what has hitherto past can conduce at all to that end.

Trap. You can't? indeed, I believe you can't; for that is the whole plot of my play: and do you think I am like your shallow writers of comedy, who publish the bans of marriage between all the couples in their play in the first act? No, sir, I defy you to guess my couple till the thing is done, slap all at once; and that too by an incident arising from the main business of the play, and to which everything conduces.

Fust. That will, indeed, surprise me.

Trap. Sir, you are not the first man my writings

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have surprised. But what's become of all our players? —Here, who begins the second act?—Prompter!

Enter 1st Player.

1 *Play.* Sir, the prompter and most of the players are drinking tea in the green-room.

Trap. Mr Fustian, shall we drink a dish of tea with them? Come, sir, as you have a part in my play, you shall drink a dish with us.

1 *Play.* Sir, I dare not go into the green-room; my salary is not high enough: I shall be forfeited if I go in there.

Trap. Pshaw! come along; your sister has merit enough for herself and you too: if they forfeit you, I'll warrant she'll take it off again.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Enter* TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN, Prompter, Lord PLACE, Mrs *and* Miss Mayoress.

Trap. I am afraid, Mr Fustian, you have hitherto suspected that I was a dabbler in low comedy; now, sir, you shall see some scenes of politeness and fine conversation among the ladies. Come, my lord, come, begin.

Place. Pray, Mrs Mayoress, what do you think this lace cost a yard?

Fust. A very pretty beginning of polite conversation, truly.

Trap. Sir, in this play I keep exactly up to nature, nor is there anything said in this scene that I have not heard come out of the mouths of the finest people of the age. Sir, this scene has cost me ten shillings in chair-hire, to keep the best company, as it is called.

Mrs M. Indeed, my lord, I cannot guess it at less than ten pounds a yard.

Place. Pray, madam, was you at the last ridotto?

Fust. Ridotto! the devil! a country mayoress at a ridotto! Sure, that is out of character, Mr Trapwit!

Trap. Sir, a conversation of this nature cannot be carried on without these helps; besides, sir, this country mayoress, as you call her, may be allowed to

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know something of the town; for you must know, sir, that she has been woman to a woman of quality.

Fust. I am glad to hear that.

Mrs M. Oh, my lord! mention not those dear ridottos to me, who have been confined these twelve long months in the country; where we have no entertainment but a set of hideous strolling players; nor have I seen any one human creature till your lordship came to town. Heaven send us a controverted election! then I shall go to that dear delightful place once more.

Miss M. Yes, mama, and then we shall see Faribelly, the strange man-woman that they say is with child; and the fine pictures of Merlin's cave at the playhouses; and the rope-dancing and the tumbling.

Fust. By miss's taste I believe she has been bred up under a woman of quality too.

Place. I cannot but with pleasure observe, madam, the polite taste miss shows in her choice of entertainments; I dare swear she will be much admired in the *beau monde*, and I don't question but will be soon taken into keeping by some man of quality.

Miss M. Keeping, my lord?

Place. Ay, that surprize looks well enough in one so young, that does not know the world; but, miss, every one now keeps and is kept; there are no such things as marriages now-a-days, unless merely Smithfield contracts, and that for the support of families; but then the husband and wife both take into keeping within a fortnight.

Mrs M. My lord, I would have my girl act like other young ladies; but she does not know any men of quality, who shall introduce her to 'em?

Place. That, madam, must be your part; you must take a house and see company; in a little while you

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may keep an assembly, and play at cards as high as you can; and almost all the money that is won must be put into the box, which you must call *paying for the cards;* though it is indeed paying for your candles, your cloaths, your lodgings, and, in short, everything you have. I know some persons who make a very considerable figure in town, whose whole estate lies in their card-box.

Mrs M. And have I been so long contented to be the wife of a poor country tradesman, when I might have had all this happiness?

Fust. How comes this lady, Mr Trapwit, considering her education, to be so ignorant of all these things?

Trap. 'Gad, that's true; I had forgot her education, faith, when I writ that speech; it's a fault I sometimes fall into—a man ought to have the memory of a devil to remember every little thing; but come, go on, go on—I'll alter it by and by.

Place. Indeed, madam, it is a miserable state of life; I hope we shall have no such people as tradesmen shortly; I can't see any use they are of: if I am chose, I'll bring in a bill to extirpate all trade out of the nation.

Mrs M. Yes, my lord, that would do very well amongst people of quality who don't want money.

Fust. Again! Sure Mrs Mayoress knows very little of people of quality, considering she has lived amongst them.

Trap. Lord, sir, you are so troublesome. Then she has not lived amongst people of quality, she has lived where I please; but suppose we should suppose she had been woman to a lady of quality, may we not also suppose she was turned away in a fortnight, and then what could she know, sir? Go on, go on.

Place. Alack-a-day, madam, when I mention trade,

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I only mean low, dull, mechanick trade, such as the canaille practise; there are several trades reputable enough, which people of fashion may practise; such as gaming, intriguing, voting, and running in debt.

Trap. Come, enter a servant, and whisper my lord. [*Enter a* Servant.] Pray, sir, mind your cue of entrance. [*Exit* Servant.

Place. Ladies, a particular affair obliges me to lose so good company. I am your most obedient servant. [*Exit.*

Mrs M. He is a prodigious fine gentleman.

Miss M. But must I go into keeping, mama?

Mrs M. Child, you must do what's in fashion.

Miss M. But I have heard that's a naughty thing.

Mrs M. That can't be if your betters do it; people are punished for doing naughty things, but people of quality are never punished; therefore they never do any naughty things.

Fust. An admirable syllogism, and quite in character.

Trap. Pshaw, dear sir! don't trouble me with character; it's a good thing; and if it's a good thing, what signifies who says it?—Come, enter the mayor drunk.

Enter Mayor.

May. Liberty and property, and no excise, wife.

Mrs M. Ah! filthy beast, come not near me.

May. But I will, though; I am for liberty and property; I'll vote for no courtiers, wife.

Mrs M. Indeed, but you shall, sir.

Miss M. I hope you won't vote for a nasty stinking Tory, papa.

May. What a pox! are you for the courtiers too?

Miss M. Yes, I hope I am a friend to my country; I am not for bringing in the pope.

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May. No, nor I an't for a standing army.

Mrs M. But I am for a standing army, sir; a standing army is a good thing: you pretend to be afraid of your liberties and your properties—you are afraid of your wives and daughters: I love to see soldiers in the town; and you may say what you will, I know the town loses nothing by 'em.

May. The women don't, I believe.

Mrs M. And I'll have you know, the women's wants shall be considered, as well as yours. I think my lord and the colonel do you too much honour in offering to represent such a set of clownish, dirty, beggarly animals—Ah! I wish we women were to choose.

May. Ay, we should have a fine set of members then, indeed.

Mrs M. Yes, sir, you would have none but pretty gentlemen—there should not be one man in the House of Commons without a laced coat.

Miss M. O la! what a delicate, fine, charming sight that would be! Well, I like a laced coat; and if ever I am taken into keeping, it shall be by a man in a laced coat.

May. What's that you say, minx? What's that you say?

Mrs M. What's that to you, sir?

May. Why, madam, must not I speak to my own daughter?

Mrs M. You have the greater obligation to me, sir, if she is: I am sure, if I had thought you would have endeavoured to ruin your family, I would have seen you hanged before you should have had any by me.

May. I ruin my family!

Mrs M. Yes, I have been making your fortune for you with my lord; I have got a place for you, but you won't accept on't.

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Miss M. You shall accept on't.

Mrs M. You shall vote for my lord and the colonel.

Miss M. They are the finest men—

Mrs M. The prettiest men—

Miss M. The sweetest men—

Mrs M. And you shall vote for them.

May. I won't be bribed.

Mrs M. A place is no bribe—ask the parson of the parish if a place is a bribe.

May. What is the place?

Mrs M. I don't know what the place is, nor my lord does not know what it is, but it is a great swinging place.

May. I will have the place first. I won't take a bribe, I will have the place first; liberty and property! I'll have the place first. [*Exit.*

Mrs M. Come, my dear, follow me; I'll see whether he shall vote according to his conscience or mine.

I'll teach mankind, while policy they boast,
They bear the name of power, we rule the roast.

Trap. There ends act the second. [*Exeunt* Mrs *and* Miss Mayoress.] Mr Fustian, I inculcate a particular moral at the end of every act; and therefore, might have put a particular motto before every one, as the author of Caesar in Egypt has done: thus, sir, my first act sweetly sings, Bribe all; bribe all; and the second gives you to understand that we are all under petticoat-government; and my third will—but you shall see. Enter my lord Place, colonel Promise, and several voters. My lord, you begin the third act.

Enter Lord Place, Col. Promise, *and several* Voters.

Place. Gentlemen, be assured I will take care of you all; you shall all be provided for as fast as pos-

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sible; the customs and the excise afford a great number of places.

1 *Voter.* Could not your lordship provide for me at court?

Place. Nothing easier: what sort of a place would you like?

1 *Voter.* Is not there a sort of employment, sir, called—beef-eating?—If your lordship please to make me a beef-eater—I would have a place fitted for my capacity.

Place. Sir, I will be sure to remember you.

2 *Voter.* My lord, I should like a place at court too; I don't much care what it is, provided I wear fine cloaths, and have something to do in the kitchen or the cellar; I own I should like the cellar, for I am a devilish lover of sack.

Place. Sack, say you? Odso, you shall be poet-laureat.

2 *Voter.* Poet! no, my lord, I am no poet, I can't make verses.

Place. No matter for that—you'll be able to make odes.

2 *Voter.* Odes, my lord! what are those?

Place. Faith, sir, I can't tell well what they are; but I know you may be qualified for the place without being a poet.

Trap. Now, my lord, do you file off, and talk apart with your people; and let the colonel advance.

Fust. Ay, faith, I think it is high time for the colonel to be heard.

Col. Depend upon it, sir; I'll serve you.

Fust. Upon my word the colonel begins very well; but has not that been said already?

Trap. Ay, and if I was to bring a hundred courtiers into my play, they should all say it—none of them do it.

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CHARACTERISICS OF

COMEDY

3 *Voter.* An't please your honour, I have read in a book called Fog's Journal that your honour's men are to be made of wax; now, sir, I have served my time to a wax-work maker, and desire to make your honour's regiment.

SATIR-IZED

Col. Sir, you may depend on me.

3 *Voter.* Are your officers to be made of wax too, sir? because I would prepare a finer sort for them.

Col. No, none but the chaplain.

3 *Voter.* O! I have a most delicate piece of black wax for him.

Trap. You see, sir, the colonel can speak when military affairs are on the carpet. Hitherto, Mr Fustian, the play has gone on in great tranquillity; now you shall see a scene of a more turbulent nature. Come, enter the mob of both sides, and cudgel one another off the stage. Colonel, as your business is not to fight at present, I beg you would go off before the battle comes on; you and your brother candidate come into the middle of the stage; you voters range yourselves under your several leaders. [*The mob attempt to break in.*] Pray, gentlemen, keep back; mind, the colonel's going off is the cue for the battle to enter. Now, my lord, and the colonel, you are at the head of your parties—but hold, hold, hold! you beef-eater, go you behind my lord, if you please; and you soldier-maker, come you behind the colonel: now, gentlemen, speak.

Place and *Col.* Gentlemen, we'll serve you.

[*My lord and the colonel file off at different doors, the parties following.*

Enter mob on each side of the stage, crying out promiscuously, Down with the Rump! No courtiers! No Jacobites! Down with the pope! No excise! A Place and a Promise! A Fox-chace and a

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Tankard! *At last they fall together by the ears, and cudgel one another off the stage.*

Enter Sir HARRY, Squire TANKARD, *and* Mayor.

Sir H. Bravely done, my boys, bravely done; faith, our party has got the day.

May. Ay, Sir Harry, at dry blows we always come off well; if we could but disband the army, I warrant we carried all our points. But faith, sir, I have fought a hard battle on your account; the other side have secured my wife; my lord has promised her a place, but I am not to be gulled in that manner: I may be taken like a fish in the water, by a bait; but not like the dog in the water, by a shadow.

Sir H. I know you are an honest man, and love your country.

May. Faith, that I do, Sir Harry, as well as any man; if my country will but let me live by it, that's all I desire.

Fust. Mr Mayor seems to have got himself sober very suddenly.

Trap. Yes, so would you too, I believe, if you had been scolded at by your wife as long as he has; but if you think that is not reason enough, he may be drunk still, for any reason I see to the contrary: pray, sir, act this scene as if you was drunk.

Fust. Nay, I must confess, I think it quite out of character the mayor to be once sober during the whole election.

Tank. [*drunk.*] A man that won't get drunk for his country is a rascal.

May. So he is, noble squire; there's no honesty in a man that won't be drunk—A man that won't drink is an enemy to the trade of the nation.

Sir H. Those were glorious days when honest

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English hospitality flourished; when a country gentleman could afford to make his neighbours drunk, before your damned French fashions were brought over. Why, Mr Mayor, would you think it? there are many of these courtiers who have six starved footmen behind a coach, and not half a hogshead of wine in their house; why, how do you think all the money is spent?

May. Faith, I can't tell.

Sir H. Why, in houses, pictures, lace, embroidery, nick-nacks, Italian singers, and French tumblers; and those who vote for them will never get a dinner of them after the election is over.

May. But there is a thought comes often into my head, which is this; if these courtiers be turned out, who shall succeed them?

Sir H. Who? why, we!

Tank. Ay, we!

Sir H. And then we may provide for our friends. I love my country, but I don't know why I may not get something by it as well as another; at least to reimburse me.—And I do assure you, though I have not bribed a single vote, my election will stand me in a good five thousand pounds.

Tank. Ay, and so will mine me: but if ever we should get uppermost, Sir Harry, I insist upon immediately paying off the debts of the nation.

Sir H. Mr Tankard, that shall be done with all convenient speed.

Tank. I'll have no delay in it, sir.

May. There spoke the spirit of a true Englishman: ah! I love to hear the squire speak; he will be a great honour to his country in foreign parts.

Sir H. Our friends stay for us at the tavern; we'll go and talk more over a bottle.

Tank. With all my heart; but I will pay off the debts of the nation.

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May. Come to the tavern then:—
There, while brisk wine improves our conversation,
We at our pleasure will reform the nation.

Trap. There ends act the third.

[*Exeunt* Sir HARRY, TANKARD, *and* Mayor.

Fust. Pray, sir, what's the moral of this act?

Trap. And you really don't know?

Fust. No, really.

Trap. Then I really will not tell you; but come, sir, since you cannot find that out, I'll try whether you can find out the plot; for now it is just going to begin to open, it will require a very close attention, I assure you; and the devil take me if I give you any assistance.

Fust. Is not the fourth act a little too late to open the plot, Mr Trapwit?

Trap. Sir, 'tis an error on the right side: I have known a plot open in the first act, and the audience, and the poet too, forget it before the third was over: now, sir, I am not willing to burden either the audience's memory or my own; for they may forget all that is hitherto past, and know full as much of the plot as if they remembered it.

Promp. Call Mr Mayor, Mrs Mayoress, and Miss.

Enter Mayor, Mrs *and* Miss Mayoress.

Mrs M. Oh! have I found you at last, sir? I have been hunting for you this hour.

May. Faith, my dear, I wish you had found me sooner; I have been drinking to the good old cause with Sir Harry and the squire: you would have been heartily welcome to all the company.

Mrs M. Sir, I shall keep no such company; I shall converse with no clowns or country squires.

Miss M. My mama will converse with no Jacobites.

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May. But, my dear, I have some news for you; I have got a place for myself now.

Mrs M. O ho! then you will vote for my lord at last?

May. No, my dear; Sir Harry is to give me a place.

Mrs M. A place in his dog-kennel?

May. No, 'tis such a one as you never could have got me from my lord; I am to be made an embassador.

Mrs M. What, is Sir Harry going to change sides then, that he is to have all this interest?

May. No, but the sides are going to be changed; and Sir Harry is to be—I don't know what to call him, not I—some very great man; and as soon as he is a very great man I am to be made an embassador of.

Mrs M. Made an ass of! Will you never learn of me that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush?

May. Yes, but I can't find that you had the bird in hand; if that had been the case I don't know what I might have done; but I am sure any man's promise is as good as a courtier's.

Mrs M. Look'ye, Mr Embassador that is to be; will you vote as I would have you or no? I am weary of arguing with a fool any longer; so, sir, I tell you you must vote for my lord and the colonel, or I'll make the house too hot to hold you; I'll see whether my poor family is to be ruined because you have whims.

Miss M. I know he is a Jacobite in his heart.

Mrs M. What signifies what he is in his heart? have not a hundred, whom everybody knows to be as great Jacobites as he, acted like very good whigs? What has a man's heart to do with his lips? I don't trouble my head with what he thinks; I only desire him to vote.

Miss M. I am sure mama is a very reasonable woman.

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Mrs M. Yes, I am too reasonable a woman, and have used gentle methods too long; but I'll try others.

[*Goes to a corner of the stage and takes a stick.*

May. Nay, then, liberty and property, and no excise! [*Runs off.*

Mrs M. I'll excise you, you villain!

[*Runs after him.*

Miss M. Hey ho! I wish somebody were here now. Would the man that I love best in the world were here, that I might use him like a dog!

Fust. Is not that a very odd wish, Mr Trapwit?

Trap. No, sir; don't all the young ladies in plays use all their lovers so? Should we not lose half the best scenes in our comedies else?

Promp. Pray, gentlemen, don't disturb the rehearsal so: where is this servant? [*Enter* Servant.] Why don't you mind your cue?

Serv. Oh, ay, dog's my cue. Madam, here's Miss Stitch, the taylor's daughter, come to wait on you.

Miss M. Shew her in. What can the impertinent flirt want with me? She knows I hate her too for being of the other party: however, I'll be as civil to her as I can. [*Enter* Miss Stitch.] Dear miss! your servant; this is an unexpected favour.

Miss S. I am sure, madam, you have no reason to say so; for, though we are of different parties, I have always coveted your acquaintance. I can't see why people may not keep their principles to themselves.

[*Aside.*

Miss M. Pray, miss, sit down. Well, have you any news in town?

Miss S. I don't know, my dear, for I have not been out these three days; and I have been employed all that time in reading one of the "Craftsmen:" 'tis a very pretty one; I have almost got it by heart.

Miss M. [*Aside.*] Saucy flirt! she might have

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spared that to me when she knows that I hate the paper.

Miss S. But I ask your pardon, my dear; I know you never read it.

Miss M. No, madam, I have enough to do to read the "Daily Gazetteer." My father has six of 'em sent him every week for nothing: they are very pretty papers, and I wish you would read them, miss.

Miss S. Fie upon you! how can you read what's writ by an old woman?

Miss M. An old woman, miss?

Miss S. Yes, miss, by Mrs Osborne. Nay, it is in vain to deny it to me.

Miss M. I desire, madam, we may discourse no longer on this subject; for we shall never agree on it.

Miss S. Well, then, pray let me ask you seriously—are you thoroughly satisfied with this peace?

Miss M. Yes, madam, and I think you ought to be so too.

Miss S. I should like it well enough if I were sure the queen of Spain was to be trusted.

Miss M. [*Rising.*] Pray miss, none of your insinuations against the queen of Spain.

Miss S. Don't be in a passion, madam.

Miss M. Yes, madam, but I will be in a passion, when the interest of my country is at stake.

Miss S. [*Rising.*] Perhaps, madam, I have a heart as warm in the interest of my country as you can have; though I pay money for the papers I read, and that's more than you can say.

Miss M. Miss, miss, my papers are paid for too by somebody, though I don't pay for them; I don't suppose the old woman, as you call her, sends 'em about at her own expence; but I'd have you to know, miss, I value my money as little as you in my country's cause; and rather than have no army, I would part

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with every farthing of these sixteen shillings to maintain it.

Miss S. And if my sweetheart was to vote for the colonel, though I like this fan of all the fans I ever saw in my life, I would tear it all to pieces, because it was his Valentine's gift to me. Oh, heavens! I have torn my fan; I would not have torn my fan for the world! Oh! my poor dear fan! I wish all parties were at the devil, for I am sure I shall never get a fan by them.

Miss M. Notwithstanding all you have said, madam, I should be a brute not to pity you under this calamity: comfort yourself, child, I have a fan the exact fellow to it; if you bring your sweetheart over to vote for the colonel you shall have it.

Miss S. And can I sell my country for a fan? What's my country to me? I shall never get a fan by it. And will you give it me for nothing?

Miss M. I'll make you a free present of it.

Miss S. I am ashamed of your conquest, but I'll take the fan.

Miss M. And now, my dear, we'll go and drink a dish of tea together.

And let all parties blame me if they can,
Who're bribed by honours trifling as a fan.

[*Exeunt* Misses.

Trap. There ends act the fourth. If you want to know the moral of this, the devil must be in you. Faith, this incident of the fan struck me so strongly that I was once going to call this comedy by the name of The Fan. But come, now for act the fifth.

Promp. Sir, the player who is to begin it is just stepped aside on some business; he begs you would stay a few minutes for him.

Trap. Come, Fustian, you and I will step into the green-room, and chat with the actresses meanwhile.

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Fust. But don't you think these girls improper persons to talk of parties?

Trap. Sir, I assure you it is not out of nature: and I have often heard these affairs canvast by men who had not one whit more understanding than these girls.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Enter* TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN, *and* SNEERWELL.

Trap. Fie upon't, fie upon't! make no excuses.

Sneer. Consider, sir, I am my own enemy.

Trap. I do consider that you might have past your time, perhaps, here as well as in another place.

Sneer. But I hope I have not transgressed much.

Trap. All's over, sir, all's over; you might as well have stayed away entirely; the fifth act's beginning, and the plot's at an end.

Sneer. What! 's the plot at an end before the fifth act is begun?

Trap. No, no, no, no, I don't mean at an end; but we are so far advanced in it that it will be impossible for you to comprehend or understand anything of it.

Fust. You have too mean an opinion of Mr Sneerwell's capacity; I'll engage he shall understand as much of it as I, who have heard the other four.

Trap. Sir, I can't help your want of understanding or apprehension; 'tis not my fault if you cannot take a hint, sir: would you have a catastrophe in every act? Oons and the devil! have not I promised you you should know all by and by? but you are so impatient!

Fust. I think you have no reason to complain of my want of patience. Mr Sneerwell, be easy; 'tis

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but one short act before my tragedy begins; and that I hope will make you amends for what you are to undergo before it. Trapwit, I wish you would begin.

Trap. I wish so too. Come, prompter! are the members in their chairs?

Promp. Yes, sir.

Trap. Then carry them over the stage: but, hold, hold, hold! where is the woman to strew the flowers? [*The members are carried over the stage.*] Halloo, mob, halloo, halloo! Oons, Mr Prompter! you must get more mob to halloo, or these gentlemen will never be believed to have had the majority.

Promp. Sir, I can get no more mob; all the rest of the mob are gone to St James's-park to see the show.

Sneer. Pray, Mr Trapwit, who are these gentlemen in the chairs?

Trap. Ay, sir, this is your staying away so long; if you had been here the first four acts you would have known who they were.

Fust. Dear Sneerwell, ask him no more questions; if you enquire into every absurdity you see we shall have no tragedy to-day.

Trap. Come, Mr Mayor and Mrs Mayoress.

Enter Mayor *and* Mrs Mayoress.

May. So, now you have undone yourself your own way; you have made me vote against my conscience and interest too, and now I have lost both parties.

Mrs M. How have you lost both parties?

May. Why, my lord will never remember my voting for him, now he has lost the day; and Sir Harry, who has won it, will never forgive my voting against him: let which side will be uppermost, I shall have no place till the next election.

Mrs M. It will be your own fault then, sir; for

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you have it now in your power to oblige my lord more than ever; go and return my lord and the colonel as duly elected, and I warrant you I do your business with him yet.

May. Return 'em, my dear? Why, there was a majority of two or three score against 'em.

Mrs M. A fig for a majority of two or three score! if there had been a majority of as many hundreds, you'll never be called to an account for returning them; and when you have returned 'em, you'll have done all in your power. How can you expect that great men should do anything to serve you if you stick at anything to serve them?

May. My conscience boggles at this thing—but yet it is impossible I should ever get anything by the other side.

Mrs M. Ay, let that satisfy your conscience, that it is the only way to get anything.

May. Truly, I think it is.

Sneer. I think, Mr Trapwit, interest would be a better word there than conscience.

Trap. Ay, interest or conscience, they are words of the same meaning; but I think conscience rather politer of the two, and most used at court.

Mrs M. Besides, it will do a service to your town, for half of them must be carried to London at the candidates' expence; and I dare swear there is not one of them, whatever side he votes of, but would be glad to put the candidate to as much expence as he can in an honest way. [*Exit* Mayor.

Enter Miss Mayoress, *crying.*

Miss M. Oh, mama, I have grieved myself to death at the court party's losing the day; for if the others should have a majority in the house, what

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would become of us? alas, we should not go to London!

Mrs M. Dry up your tears, my dear, all will be well; your father shall return my lord and the colonel, and we shall have a controverted election, and we will go to London, my dear.

Miss M. Shall we go to London? then I am easy; but if we had staid here I should have broke my heart for the love of my country.—Since my father returns them, I hope justice will find some friends above, where people have sense enough to know the right side from the left; however, happen what will, there is some consolation in going to London.

Mrs M. But I hope you have considered well what my lord told you, that you will not scruple going into keeping: perhaps, you will have it in your power to serve your family, and it would be a great sin not to do all you can for your family.

Miss M. I have dreamt of nothing but coaches and six, and balls, and treats, and shows, and masquerades ever since.

Fust. Dreamt, sir? why, I thought the time of your comedy had been confined to the same day, Mr Trapwit?

Trap. No, sir, it is not; but suppose it was, might she not have taken an afternoon's nap?

Sneer. Ay, or dreamt waking, as several people do.

Enter Lord PLACE *and* Col. PROMISE.

Place. Madam, I am come to take my leave of you; I am very sensible of my many obligations to you, and shall remember them till the next election, when I will wait on you again; nay, I don't question but we shall carry our point yet, though they have given us the trouble of a petition.

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Mrs M. No, no, my lord, you are not yet reduced to that; I have prevailed on my husband to return you and the colonel.

Place. To return us, madam?

Mrs M. Yes, my lord, as duly elected; and when we have returned you so, it will be your own fault if you don't prove yourself so.

Place. Madam, this news has so transported my spirits, that I fear some ill effect unless you instantly give me a dram.

Mrs M. If your lordship please to walk with me into my closet, I'll equip your lordship. [*Exit.*

Trap. How do you like that dram, sir?

Sneer. Oh! most excellent!

Fust. I can't say so, unless I tasted it.

Trap. Faith, sir, if it had not been for that dram my ay had been at an end.

Fust. The devil take the dram with all my heart!

Trap. Now, Mr Fustian, the plot, which has hitherto been only carried on by hints, and opened itself like the infant spring by small and imperceptible degrees to the audience, will display itself like a ripe matron, in its full summer's bloom; and cannot, I think, fail with its attractive charms, like a loadstone, to catch the admiration of every one like a trap, and raise an applause like thunder, till it makes the whole house like a hurricane. I must desire a strict silence through this whole scene. Colonel, stand you still on this side of the stage; and, miss, do you stand on the opposite.—There, now look at each other. [*A long silence here.*

Fust. Pray, Mr Trapwit, is nobody ever to speak again?

Trap. Oh! the devil! You have interrupted the scene; after all my precautions the scene's destroyed; the best scene of silence that ever was penned by man. Come, come, you may speak now; you may speak as fast as you please.

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Col. Madam, the army is very much obliged to you for the zeal you shew for it; me, it has made your slave for ever; nor can I ever think of being happy unless you consent to marry me.

Miss M. Ha! and can you be so generous to forgive all my ill usage of you?

Fust. What ill usage, Mr Trapwit? For, if I mistake not, this is the first time these lovers spoke to one another.

Trap. What ill usage, sir? a great deal, sir.

Fust. When, sir? where, sir?

Trap. Why, behind the scenes, sir. What, would you have everything brought upon the stage? I intend to bring ours to the dignity of the French stage; and I have Horace's advice on my side. We have many things both said and done in our comedies which might be better performed behind the scenes: the French, you know, banish all cruelty from their stage; and I don't see why we should bring on a lady in ours practising all manner of cruelty upon her lover: besides, sir, we do not only produce it, but encourage it; for I could name you some comedies, if I would, where a woman is brought in for four acts together, behaving to a worthy man in a manner for which she almost deserves to be hanged; and in the fifth, forsooth, she is rewarded with him for a husband: now, sir, as I know this hits some tastes, and am willing to oblige all, I have given every lady a latitude of thinking mine has behaved in whatever manner she would have her.

Sneer. Well said, my little Trap! but pray let us have the scene.

Trap. Go on, miss, if you please.

Miss M. I have struggled with myself to put you to so many trials of your constancy; nay, perhaps have indulged myself a little too far in the innocent liberties of abusing you, tormenting you, coquetting, lying, and

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jilting; which as you are so good to forgive, I do faithfully promise to make you all the amends in my power, by making you a good wife.

Trap. That single promise, sir, is more than any of my brother authors had ever the grace to put into the mouth of any of their fine ladies yet; so that the hero of a comedy is left in a much worse condition than the villain of a tragedy, and I would choose rather to be hanged with the one than married with the other.

Sneer. Faith, Trapwit, without a jest, thou art in the right on't.

Fust. Go on, go on, dear sir, go on.

Col. And can you be so generous, so great, so good? Oh! load not thus my heart with obligations, lest it sink beneath its burden! Oh! could I live a hundred thousand years, I never could repay the bounty of that last speech! Oh! my paradise!

Eternal honey drops from off your tongue!
And when you spoke, then Farinelli sung!

Trap. Open your arms, miss, if you please; remember you are no coquet now: how pretty this looks! don't it? [*Mimicking her.*] Let me have one of your best embraces, I desire: do it once more, pray—There, there, that's pretty well; you must practise this behind the scenes.

[*Exeunt* Miss M. *and* Col.

Sneer. Are they gone to practice, now, Mr Trapwit?

Trap. You're a joker, Mr Sneerwell; you're a joker.

Enter Lord PLACE, Mayor, *and* Mrs Mayoress.

Place. I return you my hearty thanks, Mr Mayor, for this return! and in return of the favour, I will certainly do you a very good turn very shortly.

Fust. I wish the audience don't do you an ill turn, Mr Trapwit, for that last speech.

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Sneer. Yes, faith, I think I would cut out a turn or two.

Trap. Sir, I'll sooner cut off an ear or two: sir, that's the very best thing in the whole play. Come, enter the colonel and Miss —— married.

Sneer. Upon my word, they have been very expeditious.

Trap. Yes, sir; the parson understands his business, he has plyed several years at the Fleet.

Enter Col. PROMISE *and* Miss Mayoress.

Col. and Miss (*kneeling*). Sir, and madam, your blessing.

Mrs M. and May. Ha!

Col. Your daughter, sir and madam, has made me the happiest of mankind.

Mrs M. Colonel, you know you might have had my consent; why did you choose to marry without it? However, I give you both my blessing.

May. And so do I.

Place. Then call my brother candidates; we will spend this night in feast and merriment.

Fust. What has made these two parties so suddenly friends, Mr Trapwit?

Trap. What? why the marriage, sir; the usual reconciler at the end of a comedy. I would not have concluded without every person on the stage for the world.

Place. Well, colonel, I see you are setting out for life, and so I wish you a good journey.

And you, gallants, from what you've seen to-night,
If you are wrong, may set your judgments right;
Nor, like our misses, about bribing quarrel,
When better herring is in neither barrel.

[*Manent* FUST., TRAP., *and* SNEER.

Trap. Thus ends my play, sir.

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Fust. Pray, Mr Trapwit, how has the former part of it conduced to this marriage?

Trap. Why, sir, do you think the colonel would ever have had her but on the prospect her father has from this election?

Sneer. Ay, or to strengthen his interest with the returning officer?

Trap. Ay, sir, I was just going to say so.

Sneer. But where's your epilogue?

Trap. Faith, sir, I can't tell what I shall do for an epilogue.

Sneer. What! have you writ none?

Trap. Yes, faith, I have writ one, but——

Sneer. But what?

Trap. Faith, sir, I can get no one to speak it; the actresses are so damn'd difficult to please. When first I writ it they would not speak it, because there were not double-entendres enough in it; upon which I went to Mr Watt's and borrowed all his plays; went home, read over all the epilogues, and crammed it as full as possible; and now, forsooth, it has too many in it. Oons! I think we must get a pair of scales and weigh out a sufficient quantity of that same.

Fust. Come, come, Mr Trapwit, clear the stage, if you please.

Trap. With all my heart; for I have overstayed my time already; I am to read my play to-day to six different companies of quality.

Fust. You'll stay and see the tragedy rehearsed, I hope?

Trap. Faith, sir, it is my great misfortune that I can't; I deny myself a great pleasure, but cannot possibly stay—to hear such damn'd stuff as I know it must be. [*Aside.*

Sneer. Nay, dear Trapwit, you shall not go. Consider, your advice may be of some service to Mr

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Fustian; besides, he has stayed the rehearsal of your play——

Fust. Yes, I have—and kept myself awake with much difficulty. [*Aside.*

Trap. Nay, nay, you know I can't refuse you—though I shall certainly fall asleep in the first act. [*Aside.*

Sneer. If you'll let me know who your people of quality are, I'll endeavour to bring you off.

Trap. No, no, hang me if I tell you, ha, ha, ha! I know you too well.—But prithee, now, tell me, Fustian, how dost thou like my play? dost think it will do?

Fust. 'Tis my opinion it will.

Trap. Give me a guinea, and I'll give you a crown a night as long as it runs.

Sneer. That's laying against yourself, Mr Trapwit.

Trap. I love a hedge, sir.

Fust. Before the rehearsal begins, gentlemen, I must beg your opinion of my dedication: you know, a dedication is generally a bill drawn for value therein contained; which value is a set of nauseous fulsome compliments which my soul abhors and scorns; for I mortally hate flattery, and therefore have carefully avoided it.

Sneer. Yes, faith, a dedication without flattery will be worth the seeing.

Fust. Well, sir, you shall see it. Read it, dear Trapwit; I hate to read my own works.

Trap. [*Reads.*] "My lord, at a time when nonsense, dulness, lewdness, and all manner of profaneness and immorality are daily practised on the stage, I have prevailed on my modesty to offer to your lordship's protection a piece which, if it has no merit to recommend it, has at least no demerit to disgrace it; nor do

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I question at this, when every one else is dull, you will be pleased to find one exception to the number.

"I cannot indeed help assuming to myself some little merit from the applause which the town has so universally conferred upon me."

Fust. That you know, Mr Sneerwell, may be omitted, if it should meet with any ill-natured opposition; for which reason, I shall not print off my dedication till after the play is acted.

Trap. [*Reads.*] "I might here indulge myself with a delineation of your lordship's character; but as I abhor the least imputation of flattery, and as I am certain your lordship is the only person in this nation that does not love to hear your praises, I shall be silent—only this give me leave to say, That you have more wit, sense, learning, honour, and humanity, than all mankind put together; and your person comprehends in it everything that is beautiful; your air is everything that is graceful, your look everything that is majestic, and your mind is a storehouse where every virtue and every perfection are lodged: to pass by your generosity, which is so great, so glorious, so diffusive, that like the sun it eclipses, and makes stars of all your other virtues—I could say more——"

Sneer. Faith, sir, that's more than I could.

Trap. "But shall commit a violence upon myself, and conclude with assuring your lordship, that I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most devoted, most obsequious, and most obliged humble servant."

Fust. There you see it, sir, concise, and not fulsome.

Sneer. Very true, sir, if you had said less it would not have done.

Fust. No, I think less would have been downright rude, considering it was to a person of the first quality.

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Sneer. Prithee, Trapwit, let's see yours.

Trap. I have none, sir.

Fust. How, sir? no dedication?

Trap. No, sir, for I have dedicated so many plays, and received nothing for them, that I am resolved to trust no more; I'll let no more flattery go out of my shop without being paid beforehand.

Fust. Sir, flattery is so cheap, and every man of quality keeps so many flatterers about him, that egad our trade is quite spoil'd; but if I am not paid for this dedication, the next I write shall be a satirical one; if they won't pay me for opening my mouth, I'll make them pay me for shutting it. But since you have been so kind, gentlemen, to like my dedication, I'll venture to let you see my prologue. Sir, I beg the favour of you to repeat the prologue, if you are perfect in it. [*To a* Player.

Play. Sir, I'll do it to the best of my power.

Fust. This prologue was writ by a friend.

Prologue.

When Death's sharp scythe has mowed the hero down,
The muse again awakes him to renown;
She tells proud Fate that all her darts are vain,
And bids the hero live and strut about again:
Nor is she only able to restore,
But she can make what ne'er was made before;
Can search the realms of Fancy, and create
What never came into the brain of Fate.
Forth from these realms, to entertain to-night,
She brings imaginary kings and queens to light,
Bids Common Sense in person mount the stage,
And Harlequin to storm in tragick rage.
Britons, attend; and decent reverence shew
To her, who made th' Athenian bosoms glow;
Whom the undaunted Romans could revere,
And who in Shakspeare's time was worshipp'd here:
If none of these can her success presage,
Your hearts at least a wonder may engage:
Oh! love her like her sister monsters of the age.

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Sneer. Faith, sir, your friend has writ a very fine prologue.

Fust. Do you think so? Why then, sir, I must assure you, that friend is no other than myself. But come, now for the tragedy. Gentlemen, I must desire you all to clear the stage, for I have several scenes which I could wish it was as big again for.

2d Player *enters and whispers* TRAPWIT.

2 *Play.* Sir, a gentlewoman desires to speak to you.

Trap. Is she in a chair?

2 *Play.* No, sir, she is in a riding-hood, and says she has brought you a clean shirt. [*Exit.*

Trap. I'll come to her.—Mr Fustian, you must excuse me a moment; a lady of quality hath sent to take some boxes. [*Exit.*

Promp. Common Sense, sir, desires to speak with you in the green-room.

Fust. I'll wait upon her.

Sneer. You ought, for it is the first message, I believe, you ever received from her. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* FUS. *and* SNEER.

Enter a Dancer.

Danc. Look'e, Mr Prompter, I expect to dance first goddess; I will not dance under Miss Minuet; I am sure I shew more to the audience than any lady upon the stage.

Promp. Madam, it is not my business.

Danc. I don't know whose business it is; but I think the town ought to be the judges of a dancer's merit; I am sure they are on my side; and if I am not used better, I'll go to France; for now we have

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got all their dancers away, perhaps they may be glad of some of ours.

Promp. Heyday! what's the matter?

[*A noise within.*

Enter Player.

Play. The author and Common Sense are quarrelling in the green-room.

Promp. Nay, then, that's better worth seeing than anything in the play. [*Exit* Promp.

Danc. Hang this play, and all plays; the dancers are the only people that support the house; if it were not for us they might act their Shakspeare to empty benches.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Enter* FUSTIAN *and* SNEERWELL.

Fust. These little things, Mr Sneerwell, will sometimes happen. Indeed a poet undergoes a great deal before he comes to his third night; first with the muses, who are humorous ladies, and must be attended; for if they take it into their head at any time to go abroad and leave you, you will pump your brain in vain: then, sir, with the master of a playhouse to get it acted, whom you generally follow a quarter of a year before you know whether he will receive it or no; and then, perhaps, he tells you it won't do, and returns it to you again, reserving the subject, and perhaps the name, which he brings out in his next pantomime; but if he should receive the play, then you must attend again to get it writ out into parts and rehearsed. Well, sir, at last, the rehearsals begin; then, sir, begins another scene of trouble with the actors, some of whom don't like their parts, and all are continually plaguing you with alterations: at length, after having waded through all these difficulties, his play appears on the stage, where one man hisses out of resentment to the author, a second out of dislike to the house, a third out of dislike to the actor, a fourth out of dislike to the play, a fifth for the joke sake, a sixth to keep all the rest in company. Enemies abuse him,

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friends give him up, the play is damned, and the author goes to the devil: so ends the farce.

Sneer. The tragedy, rather, I think, Mr Fustian. But what's become of Trapwit?

Fust. Gone off, I suppose; I knew he would not stay; he is so taken up with his own performances, that he has no time to attend any others. But come, Prompter, will the tragedy never begin?

Enter Prompter.

Promp. Yes, sir, they are all ready; come, draw up the curtain.

[FIREBRAND, LAW, *and* PHYSICK *discovered.*

Sneer. Pray, Mr Fustian, who are these personages?

Fust. That in the middle, sir, is Firebrand, priest of the Sun; he on the right represents Law, and he on the left Physick.

Fireb. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!

Fust. What omens? where the devil is the thunder and lightning?

Promp. Why don't you let go the thunder there, and flash your rosin? [*Thunder and lightning.*

Fust. Now, sir, begin if you please. I desire, sir, you will get a larger thunderbowl and two pennyworth more of lightning against the representation. Now, sir, if you please.

Fireb. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!
O Law! O Physick! As last, even late,
I offer'd sacred incense in the temple,
The temple shook—strange prodigies appeared;
A cat in boots did dance a rigadoon,
While a huge dog play'd on the violin;
And whilst I trembling at the altar stood,
Voices were heard i' th' air, and seem'd to say,

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"Awake, my drowsy sons, and sleep no more."
They must mean something!—
Law. Certainly they must.
We have our omens too! The other day
A mighty deluge swam into our hall,
As if it meant to wash away the law:
Lawyers were forced to ride on porters' shoulders:
One, O prodigious omen! tumbled down,
And he and all his briefs were sous'd together.
Now, if I durst my sentiments declare,
I think it is not hard to guess the meaning.
Fireb. Speak boldly; by the powers I serve, I swear
You speak in safety, even though you speak
Against the gods, provided that you speak
Not against priests.
Law. What then can the powers
Mean by these omens, but to rouse us up
From the lethargick sway of Common Sense?
And well they urge, for while that drowsy queen
Maintains her empire, what becomes of us?
Phys. My lord of Law, you speak my sentiments;
For though I wear the mask of loyalty,
And outward shew a reverence to the queen,
Yet in my heart I hate her: yes, by heaven,
She stops my proud ambition! keeps me down
When I would soar upon an eagle's wing,
And thence look down, and dose the world below.
Law. Thou know'st, my lord of Physick, I had long
Been privileged by custom immemorial,
In tongues unknown, or rather none at all,
My edicts to deliver through the land;
When this proud queen, this Common Sense abridged
My power, and made me understood by all.
Phys. My lord, there goes a rumour through the court
That you descended from a family

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Related to the queen; Reason is said
T' have been the mighty founder of your house.
Law. Perhaps so; but we have raised ourselves so high,
And shook this founder from us off so far,
We hardly deign to own from whence we came.
Fireb. My lords of Law and Physick, I have heard
With perfect approbation all you've said:
And since I know you men of noble spirit,
And fit to undertake a glorious cause,
I will divulge myself: know, through this mask,
Which to impose on vulgar minds I wear,
I am an enemy to Common Sense;
But this not for Ambition's earthly cause,
But to enlarge the worship of the Sun;
To give his priests a just degree of power,
And more than half the profits of the land.
Oh! my good lord of Law, would'st thou assist,
In spite of Common Sense it may be done.
Law. Propose the method.
Fireb. Here, survey this list.
In it you'll find a certain set of names,
Whom well I know sure friends to Common Sense;
These it must be our care to represent
The greatest enemies to the gods and her.
But hush! the queen approaches.

Enter Queen COMMON SENSE, *attended by two* Maids of Honour.

Fust. What! but two maids of honour?
Promp. Sir, a Jew carried off the other, but I shall be able to pick up some more against the play is acted.
Q. C. S. My lord of Law, I sent for you this morning;

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I have a strange petition given to me.
Two men, it seems, have lately been at law
For an estate, which both of them have lost,
And their attorneys now divide between them.
Law. Madam, these things will happen in the law.
Q. C. S. Will they, my lord? then better we had none:
But I have also heard a sweet bird sing,
That men unable to discharge their debts
At a short warning, being sued for them,
Have, with both power and will their debts to pay,
Lain all their lives in prison for their costs.
Law. That may, perhaps, be some poor person's case,
Too mean to entertain your royal ear.
Q. C. S. My lord, while I am queen I shall not think
One man too mean or poor to be redress'd.
Moreover, lord, I am informed your laws
Are grown so large, and daily yet increase,
That the great age of old Methusalem
Would scarce suffice to read your statutes out.
Fireb. Madam, a more important cause demands
Your royal care; strange omens have appear'd;
Sights have been seen, and voices have been heard,
The gods are angry, and must be appeas'd;
Nor do I know to that a readier way
Than by beginning to appease their priests,
Who groan for power, and cry out after honour.
Q. C. S. The gods, indeed, have reason for their anger,
And sacrifices shall be offer'd to them;
But would you make 'em welcome, priest, be meek,
Be charitable, kind, nor dare affront
The Sun you worship, while yourselves prevent
That happiness to men you ask of him.

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Enter an Officer.

Q. C. S. What means this hasty message in your looks?

Offic. Forgive me, madam, if my tongue declares
News for your sake, which most my heart abhors;
Queen Ignorance is landed in your realm,
With a vast power from Italy and France
Of singers, fidlers, tumblers, and rope-dancers.

Q. C. S. Order our army instantly to get
Themselves in readiness; ourself will head 'em.
My lords, you are concerned as well as we
T'oppose this foreign force, and we expect
You join us with your utmost levies straight.
Go, priest, and drive all frightful omens hence;
To fright the vulgar they are your pretence,
But sure the gods will side with Common Sense.
[*Exit cum suis.*

Fireb. They know their interest better; or at least
Their priests do for 'em, and themselves. Oh! lords,
This queen of Ignorance, whom you have heard
Just now described in such a horrid form,
Is the most gentle and most pious queen;
So fearful of the gods, that she believes
Whate'er their priests affirm. And by the Sun,
Faith is no faith if it falls short of that.
I'd be infallible; and that, I know,
Will ne'er be granted me by Common Sense:
Wherefore I do disclaim her, and will join
The cause of Ignorance. And now, my lords,
Each to his post. The rostrum I ascend;
My lord of Law, you to your courts repair;
And you, my good lord Physick, to the queen;
Handle her pulse, potion and pill her well.

Phys. Oh! my good lord, had I her royal ear,
Would she but take the counsel I would give,

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You'd need no foreign power to overthrow her:
Yes, by the gods! I would with one small pill
Unhinge her soul, and tear it from her body;
But to my art and me a deadly foe,
She has averr'd, ay, in the publick court,
That Water Gruel is the best physician;
For which, when she's forgiven by the college,
Or when we own the sway of Common Sense,
May we be forced to take our own prescriptions!

Fireb. My lord of Physick, I applaud thy spirit.
Yes, by the Sun, my heart laughs loud within me,
To see how easily the world's deceived;
To see this Common Sense thus tumbled down
By men whom all the cheated nations own
To be the strongest pillars of her throne.

[*Exeunt* FIREB., LAW, *and* PHYS.

Fust. Thus ends the first act, sir.

Sneer. This tragedy of yours, Mr Fustian, I observe to be emblematical; do you think it will be understood by the audience?

Fust. Sir, I cannot answer for the audience; though I think the panegyrick intended by it is very plain and very seasonable.

Sneer. What panegyrick?

Fust. On our clergy, sir, at least the best of them, to shew the difference between a heathen and a Christian priest. And, as I have touched only on generals, I hope I shall not be thought to bring anything improper on the stage, which I would carefully avoid.

Sneer. But is not your satire on law and physick somewhat too general?

Fust. What is said here cannot hurt either an honest lawyer or a good physician; and such may be, nay, I know such are: if the opposites to these are the most general I cannot help that; as for the professors themselves, I have no great reason to be their friend,

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for they once joined in a particular conspiracy against me.

Sneer. Ah, how so?

Fust. Why, an apothecary brought me in a long bill, and a lawyer made me pay it.

Sneer. Ha, ha, ha! a conspiracy, indeed!

Fust. Now, sir, for my second act; my tragedy consists but of three.

Sneer. I thought that had been immethodical in tragedy.

Fust. That may be; but I spun it out as long as I could keep Common Sense alive; ay, or even her ghost. Come, begin the second act.

The scene draws and discovers Queen Common Sense *asleep.*

Sneer. Pray, sir, who's that upon the couch there?

Fust. I thought you had known her better, sir: that's Common Sense asleep.

Sneer. I should rather have expected her at the head of her army.

Fust. Very likely, but you do not understand the practical rules of writing as well as I do; the first and greatest of which is protraction, or the art of spinning, without which the matter of a play would lose the chief property of all other matter, namely, extension; and no play, sir, could possibly last longer than half an hour. I perceive, Mr Sneerwell, you are one of those who would have no character brought on but what is necessary to the business of the play. —Nor I neither—But the business of the play, as I take it, is to divert, and therefore every character that diverts is necessary to the business of the play.

Sneer. But how will the audience be brought to conceive any probable reason for this sleep?

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Fust. Why, sir, she has been meditating on the present general peace of Europe, till by too intense an application, being not able thoroughly to comprehend it, she was overpowered and fell fast asleep. Come, ring up the first ghost. [*Ghost arises.*] You know that ghost?

Sneer. Upon my word, sir, I can't recollect any acquaintance with him.

Fust. I am surprized at that, for you must have seen him often: that's the ghost of Tragedy, sir; he has walked all the stages of London several years; but why are not you floured?—What the devil is become of the barber?

Ghost. Sir, he's gone to Drury-lane playhouse to shave the Sultan in the new entertainment.

Fust. Come, Mr Ghost, pray begin.

Ghost. From the dark regions of the realms below
The ghost of Tragedy has ridden post;
To tell thee, Common Sense, a thousand things,
Which do import thee nearly to attend: [*Cock crows.*
But, ha! the cursed cock has warn'd me hence;
I did set out too late, and therefore must
Leave all my business to some other time.
[*Ghost descends.*

Sneer. I presume this is a character necessary to divert; for I can see no great business he has fulfilled.

Fust. Where's the second ghost?

Sneer. I thought the cock had crowed.

Fust. Yes, but the second ghost need not be supposed to have heard it. Pray, Mr Prompter, observe, the moment the first ghost descends the second is to rise: they are like the twin stars in that.

[2 *Ghost rises.*

2 *Ghost.* Awake, great Common Sense, and sleep no more.
Look to thyself; for then, when I was slain,

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'Thyself was struck at; think not to survive
My murder long; for while thou art on earth,
The convocation will not meet again.
The lawyers cannot rob men of their rights;
Physicians cannot dose away their souls;
A courtier's promise will not be believed;
Nor broken citizens again be trusted.
A thousand newspapers cannot subsist
In which there is not any news at all.
Playhouses cannot flourish, while they dare
To nonsense give an entertainment's name.
Shakspeare, and Jonson, Dryden, Lee, and Rowe,
Thou wilt not bear to yield to Sadler's Wells;
Thou wilt not suffer men of wit to starve,
And fools, for only being fools, to thrive.
Thou wilt not suffer eunuchs to be hired
At a vast price, to be impertinent. [3 *Ghost rises.*

3 *Ghost.* Dear ghost, the cock has crow'd; you cannot get
Under the ground a mile before 'tis day.

2 *Ghost.* Your humble servant then, I cannot stay.
[*Ghost descends.*

Fust. Thunder and lightning! thunder and lightning! Pray don't forget this when it is acted.

Sneer. Pray, Mr Fustian, why must a ghost always rise in a storm of thunder and lightning? for I have read much of that doctrine and don't find any mention of such ornaments.

Fust. That may be, but they are very necessary: they are indeed properly the paraphernalia of a ghost.

Sneer. But, pray, whose ghost was that?

Fust. Whose should it be but Comedy's? I thought, when you had been told the other was Tragedy, you would have wanted no intimation who this was. Come, Common Sense, you are to awake and rub your eyes.

Q. C. S. [*Waking.*] Who's there?—

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Enter Maid of Honour.

Did you not hear or see some wond'rous thing?
Maid. No, may it please your majesty, I did not.
Q. C. S. I was a-dream'd I overheard a ghost.
Maid. In the next room I closely did attend,
And had a ghost been here I must have heard him.

Enter FIREBRAND.

Q. C. S. Priest of the Sun, you come most opportune,
For here has been a dreadful apparition:
As I lay sleeping on my couch, methought
I saw a ghost.
Sneer. Then I suppose she sleeps with her eyes open.
Fust. Why, you would not have Common Sense see a ghost, unless in her sleep, I hope.
Fireb. And if such toleration
Be suffer'd as at present you maintain,
Shortly your court will be a court of ghosts.
Make a huge fire and burn all unbelievers:
Ghosts will be hang'd ere venture near a fire.
Q. C. S. Men cannot force belief upon themselves,
And shall I then by torture force it on them?
Fireb. The Sun will have it so.
Q. C. S. How do I know that?
Fireb. Why I, his priest infallible, have told you.
Q. C. S. How do I know you are infallible?
Fireb. Ha! do you doubt it! nay, if you doubt that, I will prove nothing. But my zeal inspires me,
And I will tell you, madam, you yourself
Are a most deadly enemy to the Sun;
And all his priests have greatest cause to wish
You had been never born.
Q. C. S. Ha! sayest thou, priest?
Then know, I honour and adore the Sun:

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And when I see his light, and feel his warmth,
I glow with flaming gratitude towards him;
But know, I never will adore a priest,
Who wears pride's face beneath religion's mask,
And makes a pick-lock of his piety
To steal away the liberty of mankind:
But while I live, I'll never give thee power.

Fireb. Madam, our power is not derived from you,
Nor any one: 'twas sent us in a box
From the great Sun himself, and carriage paid:
Phaeton brought it when he overturn'd
The chariot of the Sun into the sea.

Q. C. S. Shew me the instrument and let me read it.

Fireb. Madam, you cannot read it, for, being thrown
Into the sea, the water has so damaged it
That none but priests could ever read it since.

Q. C. S. And do you think I can believe this tale?

Fireb. I order you to believe it, and you must.

Q. C. S. Proud and imperious man, I can't believe it.
Religion, law, and physick, were design'd
By heaven the greatest blessings on mankind;
But priests, and lawyers, and physicians, made
These general goods to each a private trade;
With each they rob, with each they fill their purses,
And turn our benefits into our curses. [*Exit.*

Fust. Law and Physick. Where's Law?

Enter PHYSIC.

Phys. Sir, Law, going without the playhouse passage, was taken up by a lord chief-justice's warrant.

Fireb. Then we must go on without him.

Fust. No, no, stay a moment; I must get somebody else to rehearse the part. Pox take all warrants for me! if I had known this before I would have satirized the law ten times more than I have.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Enter* FUSTIAN, SNEERWELL, Prompter, FIREBRAND, LAW, PHYSICK.

Fust. I am glad you have made your escape; but I hope you will make the matter up before the day of action: come, Mr Firebrand, now if you please go on; the moment Common Sense goes off the stage Law and Physick enter.

Fireb. Oh! my good lords of Physick and of Law,
Had you been sooner here you would have heard
The haughty queen of Common Sense throw out
Abuses on us all.

Law. I am not now
To learn the hatred which she bears to me.
No more of that—for now the warlike queen
Of Ignorance, attended with a train
Of foreigners, all foes to Common Sense,
Arrives at Covent-garden; and we ought
To join her instantly with all our force.
At Temple-bar some regiments parade;
The colonels, Clifford, Thavies, and Furnival,
Through Holborn lead their powers to Drury-lane,
Attorneys all compleatly armed in brass:
These, bailiffs and their followers will join,
With justices, and constables, and watchmen.

Phys. In Warwick-lane my powers expect me now •

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A hundred chariots with a chief in each,
Well-famed for slaughter, in his hand he bears
A feather'd dart that seldom errs in flight.
Next march a band of choice apothecaries,
Each arm'd with deadly pill; a regiment
Of surgeons terrible maintain the rear,
All ready first to kill, and then dissect.

Fireb. My lords, you merit greatly of the queen,
And Ignorance shall well repay your deeds;
For I foretel that by her influence
Men shall be brought (what scarce can be believed)
To bribe you with large fees to their undoing.
Success attend your glorious enterprize;
I'll go and beg it earnest of the Sun:
I, by my office, am from fight debarr'd,
But I'll be with you ere the booty's shared.

[*Exeunt* FIREBRAND, LAW, *and* PHYSICK.

Fust. Now, Mr Sneerwell, we shall begin my third and last act; and I believe I may defy all the poets who have ever writ, or ever will write, to produce its equal: it is, sir, so crammed with drums and trumpets, thunder and lightning, battles and ghosts, that I believe the audience will want no entertainment after it: it is as full of shew as Merlin's cave itself; and for wit—no rope-dancing or tumbling can come near it. Come, begin.

[*A ridiculous march is played.*

Enter Queen IGNORANCE, *attended with* Singers, Fidlers, Rope-dancers, Tumblers, &c.

Q. Ign. Here fix our standard; what is this place called?

1 *Att.* Great madam, Covent-garden is its name.

Q. Ign. Ha! then methinks we have ventured too far,

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Too near those theatres where Common Sen[se]
Maintains her garrisons of mighty f[orce];
Who, should they sally on us ere w[e]'re joi[ned]
By Law and Physick, may offend us muc[h].

[*Drum beats within.*

But ha! what means this drum?

1 *Att.* It beats a parley, not a point of war.

Enter HARLEQUIN.

Harl. To you, great queen of Ignorance, I [am] sent, come
Embassador from the two theatres;
Who both congratulate you on your arrival;
And to convince you with what hearty meaning
They sue for your alliance, they have sent
Their choicest treasure here as hostages,
To be detain'd till you are well convinced
They're not less foes to Common Sense than you.

Q. Ign. Where are the hostages?

Harl. Madam, I have brought
A catalogue, and all therein shall be
Deliver'd to your order; but consider,
Oh mighty queen! they offer you their all;
And gladly for the least of these would give
Their poets and their actors in exchange.

Q. Ign. Read the catalogue.

Harl. [*Reads.*] "A tall man, and a tall woman, hired at a vast price. A strong man exceeding dear. Two dogs that walk on their hind legs only, and personate human creatures so well, they might be mistaken for them. A human creature that personates a dog so well that he might almost be taken for one. Two human cats. A most curious set of puppies. A pair of pigeons. A set of rope-dancers and tumblers from Sadler's-wells."

Q. Ign. Enough, enough; and is it possible

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That they can hold alliance with my friends
Of Sadler's-wells? then are they foes indeed
To Common Sense, and I'm indebted to 'em.
Take back their hostages, for they may need 'em;
And take this play, and bid 'em forthwith act it;
There is not in it either head or tail.

Harl. Madam, they will most gratefully receive it.
The character you give would recommend it,
Though it had come from a less powerful hand.

Q. Ign. The Modish Couple is its name; myself
Stood gossip to it, and I will support
This play against the town.

1 *Att.* Madam, the queen
Of Common Sense advances with her powers.

Q. Ign. Draw up my men, I'll meet her as I ought;
This day shall end the long dispute between us.

Enter Queen Common Sense *with a* Drummer.

Fust. Hey-day! where's Common Sense's army?

Promp. Sir, I have sent all over the town, and could not get one soldier for her, except that poor drummer, who was lately turned out of an Irish regiment.

Drum. Upon my shoul but I have been a drummer these twenty years, master, and have seen no wars yet; and I was willing to learn a little of my trade before I died.

Fust. Hush, sirrah! don't you be witty; that is not in your part.

Drum. I don't know what is in my part, sir; but I desire to have something in it; for I have been tired of doing nothing a great while.

Fust. Silence!

Q. C. S. What is the reason, madam, that you bring
These hostile arms into my peaceful realm?

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Q. Ign. To ease your subjects from that dire oppression
They groan beneath, which longer to support
Unable, they invited my redress.
Q. C. S. And can my subjects then complain of wrong?
Base and ungrateful! what is their complaint?
Q. Ign. They say you do impose a tax of thought
Upon their minds, which they're too weak to bear.
Q. C. S. Wouldst thou from thinking then absolve mankind?
Q. Ign. I would, for thinking only makes men wretched;
And happiness is still the lot of fools.
Why should a wise man wish to think, when thought
Still hurts his pride; in spite of all his art,
Malicious fortune, by a lucky train
Of accidents, shall still defeat his schemes,
And set the greatest blunderer above him.
Q. C. S. Urgest thou that against me, which thyself
Has been the wicked cause of? Which thy power,
Thy artifice, thy favourites have done?
Could Common Sense bear universal sway,
No fool could ever possibly be great.
Q. Ign. What is this folly, which you try to paint
In colours so detestable and black?
Is't not the general gift of fate to men?
And though some few may boast superior sense,
Are they not call'd odd fellows by the rest?
In any science, if this sense peep forth,
Shew men the truth, and strive to turn their steps
From ways wherein their gross forefathers err'd,
Is not the general cry against them straight?
Sneer. This Ignorance, Mr Fustian, seems to know a great deal.

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several fine parts of its best authors, which are cut out to make room for the said farces.

Sneer. 'Tis very true; and I have heard a hundred say the same thing, who never failed being present at them.

Fust. And while that happens, they will force any entertainment upon the town they please, in spite of its teeth. [*Ghost of* COMMON SENSE *rises.*] Oons, and the devil, madam! what's the meaning of this? You have left out a scene. Was ever such an absurdity as for your ghost to appear before you are killed.

Q. C. S. I ask pardon, sir; in the hurry of the battle I forgot to come and kill myself.

Fust. Well, let me wipe the flour off your face then. And now, if you please, rehearse the scene; take care you don't make this mistake any more though, for it would inevitably damn the play if you should. Go to the corner of the scene, and come in as if you had lost the battle.

Q. C. S. Behold the ghost of Common Sense appears.

Fust. 'Sdeath, madam, I tell you you are no ghost —you are not killed.

Q. C. S. Deserted and forlorn, where shall I fly. The battle's lost, and so are all my friends.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Madam, not so; still you have one friend left.

Q. C. S. Why, what art thou?

Poet. Madam, I am a poet.

Q. C. S. Whoe'er thou art, if thou'rt a friend to misery,
Know Common Sense disclaims thee.

Poet. I have been damn'd
Because I was your foe, and yet I still
Courted your friendship with my utmost art.

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Q. C. S. Fool! thou wert damn'd because thou didst pretend
Thyself my friend; for hadst thou boldly dared,
Like Hurlothrumbo, to deny me quite,
Or, like an opera or pantomime,
Profess'd the cause of Ignorance in publick,
Thou might'st have met with thy desired success;
But men can't bear even a pretence to me.

Poet. Then take a ticket for my benefit night.

Q. C. S. I will do more—for Common Sense will stay
Quite from your house, so may you not be damn'd.

Poet. Ha! say'st thou? By my soul, a better play
Ne'er came upon a stage; but, since you dare
Contemn me thus, I'll dedicate my play
To Ignorance, and call her Common Sense:
Yes, I will dress her in your pomp, and swear
That Ignorance knows more than all the world. [*Exit.*

Enter FIREBRAND.

Fireb. Thanks to the Sun for this desired encounter.

Q. C. S. Oh, priest! all's lost; our forces are o'erthrown—
Some gasping lie, but most are run away.

Fireb. I knew it all before, and told you too
The Sun has long been out of humour with you.

Q. C. S. Dost thou, then, lay upon the Sun the faults
Of all those cowards who forsook my cause?

Fireb. Those cowards all were most religious men:
And I beseech thee, Sun, to shine upon them.

Q. C. S. Oh, impudence! and darest thou to my face?——

Fireb. Yes, I dare more; the Sun presents you this, [*Stabs her.*
Which I, his faithful messenger, deliver.

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Q. C. S. Oh, traytor! thou hast murder'd Common Sense.
Farewel, vain world! to Ignorance I give thee,
Her leaden sceptre shall henceforward rule.
Now, priest, indulge thy wild ambitious thoughts;
Men shall embrace thy schemes, till thou hast drawn
All worship from the Sun upon thyself:
Henceforth all things shall topsy-turvy turn;
Physick shall kill, and Law enslave the world;
Cits shall turn beaus, and taste Italian songs,
While courtiers are stock-jobbing in the city.
Places requiring learning and great parts
Henceforth shall all be hustled in a hat,
And drawn by men deficient in them both.
Statesmen—but oh! cold death will let me say
No more—and you must guess *et cætera.* [*Dies.*

Fireb. She's gone! but ha! it may beseem me ill
T' appear her murderer. I'll therefore lay
This dagger by her side; and that will be
Sufficient evidence, with a little money,
To make the coroner's inquest find self-murder.
I'll preach her funeral sermon, and deplore
Her loss with tears, praise her with all my art.
Good Ignorance will still believe it all. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen IGNORANCE, &c.

Q. Ign. Beat a retreat; the day is now our own;
The powers of Common Sense are all destroy'd;
Those that remain are fled away with her.
I wish, Mr Fustian, this speech be common sense.

Sneer. How the devil should it, when she's dead?

Fust. One would think so, when a cavil is made against the best thing in the whole play; and I would willingly part with anything else but those two lines.

Harl. Behold! where welt'ring in her blood she lies.

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I wish, sir, you would cut out that line, or alter it, if you please.

Fust. That's another line that I won't part with; I would consent to cut out anything but the chief beauties of my play.

Harl. Behold the bloody dagger by her side,
With which she did the deed.

Q. Ign. 'Twas nobly done!
I envy her her exit, and will pay
All honours to her dust. Bear hence her body,
And let her lie in state in Goodman's fields.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, I come an envoy from Crane-court.
The great society that there assemble
Congratulate your victory, and request
That firm alliance henceforth may subsist
Between your majesty's society
Of Grub-street and themselves: they rather beg
That they may be united both in one.
They also hope your majesty's acceptance
Of certain curiosities, which in
That hamper are contain'd, wherein you'll find
A horse's tail, which has a hundred hairs
More than are usual in it; and a tooth
Of elephant full half an inch too long;
With turnpike-ticket like an ancient coin.

Q. Ign. We gratefully accept their bounteous gifts,
And order they be kept with proper care,
Till we do build a place most fit to hold
These precious toys: tell your society
We ever did esteem them of great worth,
And our firm friends: and tell 'em 'tis our pleasure
They do prepare to dance a jig before us.

[*Exit* Messenger.

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My lords of Law and Physick, you shall find
I will not be ungrateful for your service:
To you, good Harlequin, and your allies,
And you, Squeekaronelly, I will be
A most propitious queen—But ha!
[*Music under the stage.*
What hideous music or what yell is this?
Sure 'tis the ghost of some poor opera tune.

Sneer. The ghost of a tune, Mr Fustian!

Fust. Ay, sir, did you never hear one before? I had once a mind to have brought the apparition of Musick in person upon the stage, in the shape of an English opera. Come, Mr Ghost of the Tune, if you please to appear in the sound of soft musick, and let the ghost of Common Sense rise to it.

[*Ghost of* COMMON SENSE *rises to soft musick.*

Ghost. Behold the ghost of Common Sense appears.
Caitiffs, avaunt! or I will sweep you off,
And clean the land from such infernal vermin.

Q. Ign. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! haste, scamper off,
My friends; we've kill'd the body, and I know
The ghost will have no mercy upon us.

Omnes. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! [*Run off.*

Ghost. The coast is clear, and to her native realms
Pale Ignorance with all her host is fled,
Whence she will never dare invade us more.
Here, though a ghost, I will my power maintain,
And all the friends of Ignorance shall find
My ghost, at least, they cannot banish hence;
And all henceforth, who murder Common Sense,
Learn from these scenes that, though success you boast,
You shall at last be haunted with her ghost.

Sneer. I am glad you make Common Sense get the better at last; I was under terrible apprehensions for your moral.

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Fust. Faith, sir, this is almost the only play where she has got the better lately. But now for my epilogue: if you please to begin, madam.

EPILOGUE.

GHOST.

THE play once done, the epilogue, by rule,
Should come and turn it all to ridicule;
Should tell the ladies that the tragic bards,
Who prate of Virtue and her vast rewards,
Are all in jest, and only fools should heed 'em;
For all wise women flock to mother Needham.
This is the method epilogues pursue,
But we to-night in everything are new.
Our author then, in jest throughout the play,
Now begs a serious word or two to say.
Banish all childish entertainments hence:
Let all that boast your favour have pretence,
If not to sparkling wit, at least to sense.
With soft Italian notes indulge your ear;
But let those singers, who are bought so dear,
Learn to be civil for their cheer at least,
Nor use like beggars those who give the feast.
And though while musick for herself may carve,
Poor Poetry, her sister-art, must starve;
Starve her at least with shew of approbation,
Nor slight her, while you search the whole creation
For all the tumbling-skum of every nation.
Can the whole world in science match our soil?
Have they a LOCKE, a NEWTON, or a BOYLE?
Or dare the greatest genius of their stage
With SHAKSPEARE or immortal BEN engage?

Content with nature's bounty, do not crave
The little which to other lands she gave;
Nor like the cock a barley corn prefer
To all the jewels which you owe to her.

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AN
ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

MAN is generally represented as an animal formed for and delighted in, society; in this state alone, it is said, his various talents can be exerted, his numberless necessities relieved, the dangers he is exposed to can be avoided, and many of the pleasures he eagerly affects enjoyed. If these assertions be, as I think they are, undoubtedly and obviously certain, those few who have denied man to be a social animal have left us these two solutions of their conduct; either that there are men as bold in denial as can be found in assertion—and as Cicero says there is no absurdity which some philosopher or other hath not asserted, so we may say there is no truth so glaring that some have not denied it;—or else that these rejectors of society borrow all their information from their own savage dispositions, and are, indeed, themselves, the only exceptions to the above general rule.

But to leave such persons to those who have thought them more worthy of an answer; there are others who are so seemingly fond of this social state, that they are understood absolutely to confine it to their own species; and entirely excluding the tamer and gentler, the herd-

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ing and flocking parts of the creation, from all benefits of it, to set up this as one grand general distinction between the human and the brute species.

Shall we conclude this denial of all society to the nature of brutes, which seems to be in defiance of every day's observation, to be as bold as the denial of it to the nature of men? or, may we not more justly derive the error from an improper understanding of this word society in too confined and special a sense? in a word, do those who utterly deny it to the brutal nature mean any other by society than conversation?

Now, if we comprehend them in this sense, as I think we very reasonably may, the distinction appears to me to be truly just; for though other animals are not without all use of society, yet this noble branch of it seems, of all the inhabitants of this globe, confined to man only; the narrow power of communicating some few ideas of lust, or fear, or anger, which may be observable in brutes, falling infinitely short of what is commonly meant by conversation, as may be deduced from the origination of the word itself, the only accurate guide to knowledge. The primitive and literal sense of this word is, I apprehend, to turn round together; and in its more copious usage we intend by it that reciprocal interchange of ideas by which truth is examined, things are, in a manner, turned round and sifted, and all our knowledge communicated to each other.

In this respect man stands, I conceive, distinguished from, and superior to, all other earthly creatures; it is this privilege which, while he is inferior in strength to some, in swiftness to others; without horns or claws or tusks to attack them, or even to defend himself against them, hath made him master of them all. Indeed, in other views, however vain men may be of their abilities, they are greatly inferior to their animal neighbours.

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With what envy must a swine, or a much less voracious animal, be surveyed by a glutton; and how contemptible must the talents of other sensualists appear, when opposed, perhaps, to some of the lowest and meanest of brutes! but in conversation man stands alone, at least in this part of the creation; he leaves all others behind him at his first start, and the greater progress he makes the greater distance is between them.

Conversation is of three sorts. Men are said to converse with God, with themselves, and with one another. The two first of these have been so liberally and excellently spoken to by others, that I shall at present pass them by and confine myself in this essay to the third only; since it seems to me amazing that this grand business of our lives, the foundation of everything either useful or pleasant, should have been so slightly treated of, that, while there is scarce a profession or handicraft in life, however mean and contemptible, which is not abundantly furnished with proper rules to the attaining its perfection, men should be left almost totally in the dark, and without the least light to direct, or any guide to conduct them, in the proper exerting of those talents which are the noblest privilege of human nature and productive of all rational happiness; and the rather as this power is by no means self-instructed, and in the possession of the artless and ignorant is of so mean use that it raises them very little above those animals who are void of it.

As conversation is a branch of society, it follows that it can be proper to none who is not in his nature social. Now, society is agreeable to no creatures who are not inoffensive to each other; and we therefore observe in animals who are entirely guided by nature that it is cultivated by such only, while those of more noxious disposition addict themselves to solitude, and,

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unless when prompted by lust, or that necessary instinct implanted in them by nature for the nurture of their young, shun as much as possible the society of their own species. If therefore there should be found some human individuals of so savage a habit, it would seem they were not adapted to society, and, consequently, not to conversation; nor would any inconvenience ensue the admittance of such exceptions, since it would by no means impeach the general rule of man's being a social animal; especially when it appears (as is sufficiently and admirably proved by my friend the author of An Enquiry into Happiness) that these men live in a constant opposition to their own nature, and are no less monsters than the most wanton abortions or extravagant births.

Again; if society requires that its members should be inoffensive, so the more useful and beneficial they are to each other the more suitable are they to the social nature, and more perfectly adapted to its institution; for all creatures seek their own happiness, and society is therefore natural to any, because it is naturally productive of this happiness. To render therefore any animal social is to render it inoffensive; an instance of which is to be seen in those the ferocity of whose nature can be tamed by man. And here the reader may observe a double distinction of man from the more savage animals by society, and from the social by conversation.

But if men were merely inoffensive to each other, it seems as if society and conversation would be merely indifferent; and that, in order to make it desirable by a sensible being, it is necessary we should go farther and propose some positive good to ourselves from it; and this presupposes, not only negatively, our not receiving any hurt, but positively, our receiving some good, some pleasure or advantage, from each other in

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it, something which we could not find in an unsocial and solitary state; otherwise we might cry out with the right honourable poet—*

> Give us our wildness and our woods,
> Our huts and caves again.

The art of pleasing or doing good to one another is therefore the art of conversation. It is this habit which gives it all its value. And as man's being a social animal (the truth of which is incontestably proved by that excellent author of An Enquiry, &c., I have above cited) presupposes a natural desire or tendency this way, it will follow that we can fail in attaining this truly desirable end from ignorance only in the means; and how general this ignorance is may be, with some probability, inferred from our want of even a word to express this art by; that which comes the nearest to it, and by which, perhaps, we would sometimes intend it, being so horribly and barbarously corrupted, that it contains at present scarce a simple ingredient of what it seems originally to have been designed to express.

The word I mean is good breeding; a word, I apprehend, not at first confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body; nor were the qualifications expressed by it to be furnished by a milliner, a taylor, or a perriwig-maker; no, nor even by a dancing-master himself. According to the idea I myself conceive from this word, I should not have scrupled to call Socrates a well-bred man, though, I believe, he was very little instructed by any of the persons I have above enumerated. In short, by good-breeding (notwithstanding the corrupt use of the word in a very different sense) I mean the art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the ease

* The Duke of Buckingham.

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and happiness of those with whom you converse. I shall contend therefore no longer on this head; for, whilst my reader clearly conceives the sense in which I use this word, it will not be very material whether I am right or wrong in its original application.

Good-breeding then, or the art of pleasing in conversation, is expressed two different ways, viz., in our actions and our words, and our conduct in both may be reduced to that concise, comprehensive rule in scripture—Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. Indeed, concise as this rule is, and plain as it appears, what are all treatises on ethics but comments upon it? and whoever is well read in the book of nature, and hath made much observation on the actions of men, will perceive so few capable of judging or rightly pursuing their own happiness, that he will be apt to conclude that some attention is necessary (and more than is commonly used) to enable men to know truly what they would have done unto them, or, at least, what it would be their interest to have done.

If therefore men, through weakness or inattention, often err in their conceptions of what would produce their own happiness, no wonder they should miss in the application of what will contribute to that of others; and thus we may, without too severe a censure on their inclinations, account for that frequent failure in true good-breeding which daily experience gives us instances of.

Besides, the commentators have well paraphrased on the above-mentioned divine rule, that it is, to do unto men what you would they (if they were in your situation and circumstances, and you in theirs) should do unto you; and, as this comment is necessary to be observed in ethics, so it is particularly useful in this our art, where the degree of the person is always to be considered, as we shall explain more at large hereafter.

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We see then a possibility for a man well disposed to this golden rule, without some precautions, to err in the practice; nay, even good-nature itself, the very habit of mind most essential to furnish us with true good-breeding, the latter so nearly resembling the former, that it hath been called, and with the appearance at least of propriety, artificial good-nature. This excellent quality itself sometimes shoots us beyond the mark, and shews the truth of those lines in Horace:

> Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
> Ultrà quàm satis est, Virtutem si petat ipsam.

Instances of this will be naturally produced where we shew the deviations from those rules which we shall now attempt to lay down.

As this good-breeding is the art of pleasing, it will be first necessary with the utmost caution to avoid hurting or giving any offence to those with whom we converse. And here we are surely to shun any kind of actual disrespect, or affront to their persons, by insolence, which is the severest attack that can be made on the pride of man, and of which Florus seems to have no inadequate opinion when, speaking of the second Tarquin, he says; *in omnes superbiâ (quæ crudelitate gravior est* BONIS*) grassatus;* "He trod on all with insolence, which sits heavier on men of great minds than cruelty itself." If there is any temper in man which more than all others disqualifies him for society, it is this insolence or haughtiness, which, blinding a man to his own imperfections, and giving him a hawk's quicksightedness to those of others, raises in him that contempt for his species which inflates the cheeks, erects the head, and stiffens the gaite of those strutting animals who sometimes stalk in assemblies, for no other reason but to shew in their

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gesture and behaviour the disregard they have for the company. Though to a truly great and philosophical mind it is not easy to conceive a more ridiculous exhibition than this puppet, yet to others he is little less than a nuisance; for contempt is a murtherous weapon, and there is this difference only between the greatest and weakest man when attacked by it, that, in order to wound the former, it must be just; whereas, without the shields of wisdom and philosophy, which God knows are in the possession of very few, it wants no justice to point it, but is certain to penetrate, from whatever corner it comes. It is this disposition which inspires the empty Cacus to deny his acquaintance, and overlook men of merit in distress; and the little silly, pretty Phillida, or Foolida, to stare at the strange creatures round her. It is this temper which constitutes the supercilious eye, the reserved look, the distant bowe, the scornful leer, the affected astonishment, the loud whisper, ending in a laugh directed full in the teeth of another. Hence spring, in short, those numberless offences given too frequently, in public and private assemblies, by persons of weak understandings, indelicate habits, and so hungry and foul-feeding a vanity that it wants to devour whatever comes in its way. Now, if good-breeding be what we have endeavoured to prove it, how foreign, and indeed how opposite to it, must such a behaviour be! and can any man call a duke or a dutchess who wears it well-bred? or are they not more justly entitled to those inhuman names which they themselves allot to the lowest vulgar? But behold a more pleasing picture on the reverse. See the earl of C——, noble in his birth, splendid in his fortune, and embellished with every endowment of mind; how affable! how condescending! himself the only one who seems ignorant that he is every way the greatest person in the room.

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But it is not sufficient to be inoffensive—we must be profitable servants to each other: we are, in the second place, to proceed to the utmost verge in paying the respect due to others. We had better go a little too far than stop short in this particular. My lord Shaftesbury hath a pretty observation, that the beggar, in addressing to a coach with, My lord, is sure not to offend, even though there be no lord there; but, on the contrary, should plain sir fly in the face of a nobleman, what must be the consequence? And, indeed, whoever considers the bustle and contention about precedence, the pains and labours undertaken, and sometimes the prices given, for the smallest title or mark of pre-eminence, and the visible satisfaction betrayed in its enjoyment, may reasonably conclude this is a matter of no small consequence. The truth is, we live in a world of common men, and not of philosophers; for one of these, when he appears (which is very seldom) among us, is distinguished, and very properly too, by the name of an odd fellow; for what is it less than extreme oddity to despise what the generality of the world think the labour of their whole lives well employed in procuring? we are therefore to adapt our behaviour to the opinion of the generality of mankind, and not to that of a few odd fellows.

It would be tedious, and perhaps impossible, to specify every instance, or to lay down exact rules for our conduct in every minute particular. However, I shall mention some of the chief which most ordinarily occur, after premising that the business of the whole is no more than to convey to others an idea of your esteem of them, which is indeed the substance of all the compliments, ceremonies, presents, and whatever passes between well-bred people. And here I shall lay down these positions:—

First, that all meer ceremonies exist in form only,

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and have in them no substance at all; but, being imposed by the laws of custom, become essential to good-breeding, from those high-flown compliments paid to the Eastern monarchs, and which pass between Chinese mandarines, to those coarser ceremonials in use between English farmers and Dutch boors.

Secondly, that these ceremonies, poor as they are, are of more consequence than they at first appear, and, in reality, constitute the only external difference between man and man. Thus, His grace, Right honourable, My lord, Right reverend, Reverend, Honourable, Sir, Esquire, Mr, &c., have in a philosophical sense no meaning, yet are perhaps politically essential, and must be preserved by good-breeding; because,

Thirdly, they raise an expectation in the person by law and custom entitled to them, and who will consequently be displeased with the disappointment.

Now, in order to descend minutely into any rules for good-breeding, it will be necessary to lay some scene, or to throw our disciple into some particular circumstance. We will begin them with a visit in the country; and as the principal actor on this occasion is the person who receives it, we will, as briefly as possible, lay down some general rules for his conduct; marking, at the same time, the principal deviations we have observed on these occasions.

When an expected guest arrives to dinner at your house, if your equal, or indeed not greatly your inferior, he should be sure to find your family in some order, and yourself dressed and ready to receive him at your gate with a smiling countenance. This infuses an immediate chearfulness into your guest, and persuades him of your esteem and desire of his company. Not so is the behaviour of Polysperchon, at whose gate you are obliged to knock a considerable time before you gain admittance. At length, the door being opened to

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you by a maid or some improper servant, who wonders where the devil all the men are, and, being asked if the gentleman is at home, answers she believes so, you are conducted into a hall, or back-parlour, where you stay some time before the gentleman, in a dishabille from his study or his garden, waits upon you, asks pardon, and assures you he did not expect you so soon.

Your guest, being introduced into a drawing-room, is, after the first ceremonies, to be asked whether he will refresh himself after his journey, before dinner (for which he is never to stay longer than the usual or fixed hour). But this request is never to be repeated oftener than twice, not in imitation of Calepus, who, as if hired by a physician, crams wine in a morning down the throats of his most temperate friends, their constitutions being not so dear to them as their present quiet.

When dinner is on the table, and the ladies have taken their places, the gentlemen are to be introduced into the eating-room, where they are to be seated with as much seeming indifference as possible, unless there be any present whose degrees claim an undoubted precedence. As to the rest, the general rules of precedence are by marriage, age, and profession. Lastly, in placing your guests, regard is rather to be had to birth than fortune; for, though purse-pride is forward enough to exalt itself, it bears a degradation with more secret comfort and ease than the former, as being more inwardly satisfied with itself, and less apprehensive of neglect or contempt.

The order in helping your guests is to be regulated by that of placing them; but here I must, with great submission, recommend to the lady at the upper end of the table to distribute her favours as equally and as impartially as she can. I have sometimes seen a large dish of fish extend no farther than to the fifth person,

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and a haunch of venison lose all its fat before half the table had tasted it.

A single request to eat of any particular dish, how elegant soever, is the utmost I allow. I strictly prohibit all earnest solicitations, all complaints that you have no appetite, which are sometimes little less than burlesque, and always impertinent and troublesome.

And here, however low it may appear to some readers, as I have known omissions of this kind give offence, and sometimes make the offenders, who have been very well-meaning persons, ridiculous, I cannot help mentioning the ceremonial of drinking healths at table, which is always to begin with the lady's and next the master's of the house.

When dinner is ended, and the ladies retired, though I do not hold the master of the feast obliged to fuddle himself through complacence (and, indeed, it is his own fault generally if his company be such as would desire it), yet he is to see that the bottle circulate sufficient to afford every person present a moderate quantity of wine if he chuses it; at the same time permitting those who desire it either to pass the bottle or to fill their glass as they please. Indeed, the beastly custom of besotting, and ostentatious contention for pre-eminence in their cups, seems at present pretty well abolished among the better sort of people. Yet Methus still remains, who measures the honesty and understanding of mankind by a capaciousness of their swallow; who sings forth the praises of a bumper, and complains of the light in your glass; and at whose table it is as difficult to preserve your senses as to preserve your purse at a gaming-table or your health at a b—y-house. On the other side, Sophronus eyes you carefully whilst you are filling out his liquor. The bottle as surely stops when it comes to him as your chariot at Temple-bar; and it is almost as impossible to carry a pint of wine from his

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house as to gain the love of a reigning beauty, or borrow a shilling of P—— W——.

But to proceed. After a reasonable time, if your guest intends staying with you the whole evening, and declines the bottle, you may propose play, walking, or any other amusement; but these are to be but barely mentioned, and offered to his choice with all indifference on your part. What person can be so dull as not to perceive in Agyrtes a longing to pick your pockets, or in Alazon a desire to satisfy his own vanity in shewing you the rarities of his house and gardens? When your guest offers to go, there should be no solicitations to stay, unless for the whole night, and that no farther than to give him a moral assurance of his being welcome so to do; no assertions that he shan't go yet; no laying on violent hands; no private orders to servants to delay providing the horses or vehicles—like Desmophylax, who never suffers any one to depart from his house without entitling him to an action of false imprisonment.

Let us now consider a little the part which the visitor himself is to act. And first, he is to avoid the two extremes of being too early or too late, so as neither to surprise his friend unawares or unprovided, nor detain him too long in expectation. Orthrius, who hath nothing to do, disturbs your rest in a morning; and the frugal Chronophidus, lest he should waste some minutes of his precious time, is sure to spoil your dinner.

The address at your arrival should be as short as possible, especially when you visit a superior; not imitating Phlenaphius, who would stop his friend in the rain rather than omit a single bowe.

Be not too observant of trifling ceremonies, such as rising, sitting, walking first in or out of the room, except with one greatly your superior; but when such

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a one offers you precedence it is uncivil to refuse it; of which I will give you the following instance: An English nobleman, being in France, was bid by Louis XIV. to enter the coach before him, which he excused himself from. The king then immediately mounted, and, ordering the door to be shut, drove on, leaving the nobleman behind him.

Never refuse anything offered you out of civility, unless in preference of a lady, and that no oftener than once; for nothing is more truly good breeding than to avoid being troublesome. Though the taste and humour of the visitor is to be chiefly considered, yet is some regard likewise to be had to that of the master of the house; for otherwise your company will be rather a penance than a pleasure. Methusus plainly discovers his visit to be paid to his sober friend's bottle; nor will Philopasus abstain from cards, though he is certain they are agreeable only to himself; whilst the slender Leptines gives his fat entertainer a sweat, and makes him run the hazard of breaking his wind up his own mounts.

If conveniency allows your staying longer than the time proposed, it may be civil to offer to depart, lest your stay may be incommodious to your friend; but if you perceive the contrary, by his solicitations, they should be readily accepted, without tempting him to break these rules we have above laid down for him—causing a confusion in his family and among his servants, by preparations for your departure. Lastly, when you are resolved to go, the same method is to be observed which I have prescribed at your arrival. No tedious ceremonies of taking leave—not like Hyperphylus, who bows and kisses and squeezes by the hand as heartily, and wishes you as much health and happiness, when he is going a journey home of ten miles, from a common acquaintance, as if he was leaving his

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nearest friend or relation on a voyage to the East Indies.

Having thus briefly considered our reader in the circumstance of a private visit, let us now take him into a public assembly, where, as more eyes will be on his behaviour, it cannot be less his interest to be instructed. We have, indeed, already formed a general picture of the chief enormities committed on these occasions: we shall here endeavour to explain more particularly the rules of an opposite demeanour, which we may divide into three sorts, viz., our behaviour to our superiors, to our equals, and to our inferiors.

In our behaviour to our superiors two extremes are to be avoided; namely, an abject and base servility, and an impudent and encroaching freedom. When the well-bred Hyperdulus approaches a nobleman in any public place, you would be persuaded he was one of the meanest of his domestics; his cringes fall little short of prostration; and his whole behaviour is so mean and servile that an Eastern monarch would not require more humiliation from his vassals. On the other side, Anaischyntus, whom fortunate accidents, without any pretensions from his birth, have raised to associate with his betters, shakes my lord duke by the hand with a familiarity savouring not only of the most perfect intimacy but the closest alliance. The former behaviour properly raises our contempt, the latter our disgust. Hyperdulus seems worthy of wearing his lordship's livery; Anaischyntus deserves to be turned out of his service for his impudence. Between these two is that golden mean which declares a man ready to acquiesce in allowing the respect due to a title by the laws and customs of his country, but impatient of any insult, and disdaining to purchase the intimacy with and favour of a superior at the expence

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of conscience or honour. As to the question, who are our superiors? I shall endeavour to ascertain them when I come, in the second place, to mention our behaviour to our equals: the first instruction on this head being carefully to consider who are such; every little superiority of fortune or profession being too apt to intoxicate men's minds, and elevate them in their own opinion beyond their merit or pretensions. Men are superior to each other in this our country by title, by birth, by rank in profession, and by age; very little, if any, being to be allowed to fortune, though so much is generally exacted by it and commonly paid to it. Mankind never appear to me in a more despicable light than when I see them, by a simple as well as mean servility, voluntarily concurring in the adoration of riches, without the least benefit or prospect from them. Respect and deference are perhaps justly demandable of the obliged, and may be, with some reason at least, from expectation, paid to the rich and liberal from the necessitous; but that men should be allured by the glittering of wealth only to feed the insolent pride of those who will not in return feed their hunger—that the sordid niggard should find any sacrifices on the altar of his vanity—seems to arise from a blinder idolatry, and a more bigoted and senseless superstition, than any which the sharp eyes of priests have discovered in the human mind.

All gentlemen, therefore, who are not raised above each other by title, birth, rank in profession, age, or actual obligation, being to be considered as equals, let us take some lessons for their behaviour to each other in public from the following examples; in which we shall discern as well what we are to elect as what we are to avoid. Authades is so absolutely abandoned to his own humour that he never gives it up on any

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occasion. If Seraphina herself, whose charms one would imagine should infuse alacrity into the limbs of a cripple sooner than the Bath waters, was to offer herself for his partner, he would answer he never danced, even though the ladies lost their ball by it. Nor doth this denial arise from incapacity, for he was in his youth an excellent dancer, and still retains sufficient knowledge of the art, and sufficient abilities in his limbs to practise it, but from an affectation of gravity which he will not sacrifice to the eagerest desire of others. Dyskolus hath the same aversion to cards; and though competently skilled in all games, is by no importunities to be prevailed on to make a third at ombre, or a fourth at whisk and quadrille. He will suffer any company to be disappointed of their amusement rather than submit to pass an hour or two a little disagreeably to himself. The refusal of Philautus is not so general; he is very ready to engage, provided you will indulge him in his favourite game, but it is impossible to persuade him to any other. I should add both these are men of fortune, and the consequences of loss or gain, at the rate they are desired to engage, very trifling and inconsiderable to them.

The rebukes these people sometimes meet with are no more equal to their deserts than the honour paid to Charistus, the benevolence of whose mind scarce permits him to indulge his own will, unless by accident. Though neither his age nor understanding incline him to dance, nor will admit his receiving any pleasure from it, yet would he caper a whole evening, rather than a fine young lady should lose an opportunity of displaying her charms by the several genteel and amiable attitudes which this exercise affords the skilful of that sex. And though cards are not adapted to his temper, he never once baulked the inclinations of others on that account.

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But, as there are many who will not in the least instance mortify their own humour to purchase the satisfaction of all mankind, so there are some who make no scruple of satisfying their own pride and vanity at the expence of the most cruel mortification of others. Of this kind is Agroicus, who seldom goes to an assembly but he affronts half his acquaintance by overlooking or disregarding them.

As this is a very common offence, and indeed much more criminal, both in its cause and effect, than is generally imagined, I shall examine it very minutely, and I doubt not but to make it appear that there is no behaviour (to speak like a philosopher) more contemptible, nor, in a civil sense, more detestable, than this.

The first ingredient in this composition is pride, which, according to the doctrine of some, is the universal passion. There are others who consider it as the foible of great minds; and others again who will have it to be the very foundation of greatness; and perhaps it may of that greatness which we have endeavoured to expose in many parts of these works; but to real greatness, which is the union of a good heart with a good head, it is almost diametrically opposite, as it generally proceeds from the depravity of both, and almost certainly from the badness of the latter. Indeed, a little observation will shew us that fools are the most addicted to this vice; and a little reflexion will teach us that it is incompatible with true understanding. Accordingly we see that, while the wisest of men have constantly lamented the imbecility and imperfection of their own nature, the meanest and weakest have been trumpeting forth their own excellencies and triumphing in their own sufficiency.

Pride may, I think, be properly defined, the pleasure we feel in contemplating our own superior merit, on

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comparing it with that of others. That it arises from this supposed superiority is evident; for, however great you admit a man's merit to be, if all men were equal to him, there would be no room for pride. Now if it stop here, perhaps there is no enormous harm in it, or at least no more than is common to all other folly; every species of which is always liable to produce every species of mischief: folly I fear it is; for, should the man estimate rightly on this occasion, and the ballance should fairly turn on his side in this particular instance; should he be indeed a greater orator, poet, general; should he be more wise, witty, learned, young, rich, healthy, or in whatever instance he may excel one, or many, or all; yet, if he examine himself thoroughly, will he find no reason to abate his pride? is the quality in which he is so eminent, so generally or justly esteemed? is it so entirely his own? doth he not rather owe his superiority to the defects of others than to his own perfection? or, lastly, can he find in no part of his character a weakness which may counterpoise this merit, and which as justly at least, threatens him with shame as this entices him to pride? I fancy, if such a scrutiny was made (and nothing so ready as good sense to make it), a proud man would be as rare as in reality he is a ridiculous monster. But suppose a man, on this comparison, is, as may sometimes happen, a little partial to himself, the harm is to himself, and he becomes only ridiculous from it. If I prefer my excellence in poetry to Pope or Young; if an inferior actor should, in his opinion, exceed Quin or Garrick; or a sign-post painter set himself above the inimitable Hogarth, we become only ridiculous by our vanity: and the persons themselves who are thus humbled in the comparison, would laugh with more reason than any other. Pride, therefore, hitherto seems an inoffensive weakness only, and entitles a man to no worse an

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appellation than that of a fool; but it will not stop here: though fool be perhaps no desirable term, the proud man will deserve worse; he is not contented with the admiration he pays himself, he now becomes arrogant, and requires the same respect and preference from the world; for pride, though the greatest of flatterers, is by no means a profitable servant to itself; it resembles the parson of the parish more than the squire, and lives rather on the tithes, oblations, and contributions it collects from others than on its own demesne. As pride therefore is seldom without arrogance, so is this never to be found without insolence. The arrogant man must be insolent in order to attain his own ends; and, to convince and remind men of the superiority he affects, will naturally, by ill-words, actions, and gestures, endeavour to throw the despised person at as much distance as possible from him. Hence proceeds that supercilious look and all those visible indignities with which men behave in public to those whom they fancy their inferiors. Hence the very notable custom of deriding and often denying the nearest relations, friends, and acquaintance, in poverty and distress, lest we should anywise be levelled with the wretches we despise, either in their own imagination or in the conceit of any who should behold familiarities pass between us.

But besides pride, folly, arrogance, and insolence, there is another simple, which vice never willingly leaves out of any composition—and this is ill-nature. A good-natured man may indeed (provided he is a fool) be proud, but arrogant and insolent he cannot be, unless we will allow to such a still greater degree of folly and ignorance of human nature; which may indeed entitle them to forgiveness in the benign language of scripture, because they know not what they do.

For, when we come to consider the effect of this

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behaviour on the person who suffers it, we may perhaps have reason to conclude that murder is not a much more cruel injury. What is the consequence of this contempt? or, indeed, what is the design of it but to expose the object of it to shame? a sensation as uneasy and almost intolerable as those which arise from the severest pains inflicted on the body; a convulsion of the mind (if I may so call it) which immediately produces symptoms of universal disorder in the whole man; which hath sometimes been attended with death itself, and to which death hath, by great multitudes, been with much alacrity preferred. Now, what less than the highest degree of ill-nature can permit a man to pamper his own vanity at the price of another's shame? Is the glutton, who, to raise the flavour of his dish, puts some birds or beasts to exquisite torment, more cruel to the animal than this our proud man to his own species?

This character then is a composition made up of those odious, contemptible qualities, pride, folly, arrogance, insolence, and ill-nature. I shall dismiss it with some general observations, which will place it in so ridiculous a light, that a man must hereafter be possessed of a very considerable portion either of folly or impudence to assume it.

First, it proceeds on one grand fallacy; for, whereas this wretch is endeavouring by a supercilious conduct to lead the beholder into an opinion of his superiority to the despised person, he inwardly flatters his own vanity with a deceitful presumption that this his conduct is founded on a general preconceived opinion of this superiority.

Secondly, this caution to preserve it plainly indicates a doubt that the superiority of our own character is very slightly established; for which reason we see it chiefly practised by men who have the weakest preten-

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sions to the reputation they aim at; and, indeed, none was ever freer from it than that noble person whom we have already mentioned in this essay, and who can never be mentioned but with honour by those who know him.

Thirdly, this opinion of our superiority is commonly very erroneous. Who hath not seen a general behave in this supercilious manner to an officer of lower rank, who hath been greatly his superior in that very art to his excellence in which the general ascribes all his merit? Parallel instances occur in every other art, science, or profession.

Fourthly, men who excel others in trifling instances frequently cast a supercilious eye on their superiors in the highest. Thus the least pretensions to pre-eminence in title, birth, riches, equipages, dress, &c., constantly overlook the most noble endowments of virtue, honour, wisdom, sense, wit, and every other quality which can truly dignify and adorn a man.

Lastly, the lowest and meanest of our species are the most strongly addicted to this vice—men who are a scandal to their sex, and women who disgrace human nature; for the basest mechanic is so far from being exempt that he is generally the most guilty of it. It visits ale-houses and gin-shops, and whistles in the empty heads of fidlers, mountebanks, and dancing-masters.

To conclude a character on which we have already dwelt longer than is consistent with the intended measure of this essay, this contempt of others is the truest symptom of a base and a bad heart. While it suggests itself to the mean and the vile, and tickles their little fancy on every occasion, it never enters the great and good mind but on the strongest motives; nor is it then a welcome guest, affording only an uneasy sensation, and brings always with it a mixture of concern and compassion.

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We will now proceed to inferior criminals in society. Theoretus, conceiving that the assembly is only met to see and admire him, is uneasy unless he engrosses the eyes of the whole company. The giant doth not take more pains to be viewed; and, as he is unfortunately not so tall, he carefully deposits himself in the most conspicuous place; nor will that suffice—he must walk about the room, though to the great disturbance of the company; and, if he can purchase general observation at no less rate, will condescend to be ridiculous; for he prefers being laughed at to being taken little notice of.

On the other side, Dusopius is so bashful that he hides himself in a corner; he hardly bears being looked at, and never quits the first chair he lights upon, lest he should expose himself to public view. He trembles when you bowe to him at a distance, is shocked at hearing his own voice, and would almost swoon at the repetition of his name.

The audacious Anedes, who is extremely amorous in his inclinations, never likes a woman but his eyes ask her the question, without considering the confusion he often occasions to the object; he ogles and languishes at every pretty woman in the room. As there is no law of morality which he would not break to satisfy his desires, so is there no form of civility which he doth not violate to communicate them. When he gets possession of a woman's hand, which those of stricter decency never give him but with reluctance, he considers himself as its master. Indeed, there is scarce a familiarity which he will abstain from on the slightest acquaintance, and in the most public place. Seraphina herself can make no impression on the rough temper of Agroicus; neither her quality nor her beauty can exact the least complacence from him; and he would let her lovely limbs ach rather than offer her his chair: while

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the gentle Lyperus tumbles over benches and overthrows tea-tables to take up a fan or a glove; he forces you, as a good parent doth his child, for your own good; he is absolute master of a lady's will, nor will allow her the election of standing or sitting in his company. In short, the impertinent civility of Lyperus is as troublesome, though perhaps not so offensive, as the brutish rudeness of Agroicus.

Thus we have hinted at most of the common enormities committed in public assemblies to our equals; for it would be tedious and difficult to enumerate all: nor is it needful; since from this sketch we may trace all others, most of which, I believe, will be found to branch out from some of the particulars here specified.

I am now, in the last place, to consider our behaviour to our inferiors, in which condescension can never be too strongly recommended; for, as a deviation on this side is much more innocent than on the other, so the pride of man renders us much less liable to it. For, besides that we are apt to overrate our own perfections, and undervalue the qualifications of our neighbours, we likewise set too high an esteem on the things themselves, and consider them as constituting a more essential difference between us than they really do. The qualities of the mind do, in reality, establish the truest superiority over one another: yet should not these so far elevate our pride as to inflate us with contempt, and make us look down on our fellow-creatures as on animals of an inferior order; but that the fortuitous accident of birth, the acquisition of wealth, with some outward ornaments of dress, should inspire men with an insolence capable of treating the rest of mankind with disdain, is so preposterous that nothing less than daily experience could give it credit.

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If men were to be rightly estimated, and divided into subordinate classes according to the superior excellence of their several natures, perhaps the lowest class of either sex would be properly assigned to those two disgraces of the human species, commonly called a beau and a fine lady; for, if we rate men by the faculties of the mind, in what degree must these stand? nay, admitting the qualities of the body were to give the pre-eminence, how many of those whom fortune hath placed in the lowest station must be ranked above them? If dress is their only title, sure even the monkey, if as well dressed, is on as high a footing as the beau. But perhaps I shall be told they challenge their dignity from birth; that is a poor and mean pretence to honour when supported with no other. Persons who have no better claim to superiority should be ashamed of this; they are really a disgrace to those very ancestors from whom they would derive their pride, and are chiefly happy in this, that they want the very moderate portion of understanding which would enable them to despise themselves.

And yet who so prone to a contemptuous carriage as these? I have myself seen a little female thing which they have called "my lady," of no greater dignity in the order of beings than a cat, and of no more use in society than a butterfly; whose mien would not give even the idea of a gentlewoman, and whose face would cool the loosest libertine; with a mind as empty of ideas as an opera, and a body fuller of diseases than an hospital—I have seen this thing express contempt to a woman who was an honour to her sex and an ornament to the creation.

To confess the truth, there is little danger of the possessor's ever undervaluing this titular excellence. Not that I would withdraw from it that deference which the policy of government hath assigned it. On

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the contrary, I have laid down the most exact compliance with this respect, as a fundamental in good-breeding; nay, I insist only that we may be admitted to pay it, and not treated with a disdain even beyond what the eastern monarchs shew to their slaves. Surely it is too high an elevation when, instead of treating the lowest human creature, in a Christian sense, as our brethren, we look down on such as are but one rank in the civil order removed from us as unworthy to breathe even the same air, and regard the most distant communication with them as an indignity and disgrace offered to ourselves. This is considering the difference not in the individual, but in the very species; a height of insolence impious in a Christian society, and most absurd and ridiculous in a trading nation.

I have now done with my first head, in which I have treated of good-breeding, as it regards our actions. I shall, in the next place, consider it with respect to our words, and shall endeavour to lay down some rules, by observing which our well-bred man may, in his discourse as well as actions, contribute to the happiness and well-being of society.

Certain it is, that the highest pleasure which we are capable of enjoying in conversation is to be met with only in the society of persons whose understanding is pretty near on an equality with our own; nor is this equality only necessary to enable men of exalted genius and extensive knowledge to taste the sublimer pleasures of communicating their refined ideas to each other; but it is likewise necessary to the inferior happiness of every subordinate degree of society, down to the very lowest. For instance; we will suppose a conversation between Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and three dancing-masters. It will be acknowledged, I believe, that the heel sophists would be as little pleased with the company of the philosophers as the philosophers with theirs.

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It would be greatly, therefore, for the improvement and happiness of conversation, if society could be formed on this equality; but, as men are not ranked in this world by the different degrees of their understanding, but by other methods, and consequently all degrees of understanding often meet in the same class, and must *ex necessitate* frequently converse together, the impossibility of accomplishing any such Utopian scheme very plainly appears. Here therefore is a visible but unavoidable imperfection in society itself.

But, as we have laid it down as a fundamental that the essence of good-breeding is to contribute as much as possible to the ease and happiness of mankind, so will it be the business of our well-bred man to endeavour to lessen this imperfection to his utmost, and to bring society as near to a level at least as he is able.

Now there are but two ways to compass this, viz., by raising the lower, and by lowering what is higher.

Let us suppose, then, that very unequal company I have before mentioned met; the former of these is apparently impracticable. Let Socrates, for instance, institute a discourse on the nature of the soul, or Plato reason on the native beauty of virtue, and Aristotle on his occult qualities—What must become of our dancing-masters? Would they not stare at one another with surprise, and, most probably, at our philosophers with contempt? Would they have any pleasure in such society? or would they not rather wish themselves in a dancing-school, or a green-room at the playhouse? What, therefore, have our philosophers to do but to lower themselves to those who cannot rise to them?

And surely there are subjects on which both can converse. Hath not Socrates heard of harmony? Hath not Plato, who draws virtue in the person of a fine woman, any idea of the gracefulness of attitude? and hath not Aristotle himself written a book on motion?

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In short, to be a little serious, there are many topics on which they can at least be intelligible to each other.

How absurd, then, must appear the conduct of Cenodoxus, who, having had the advantage of a liberal education, and having made a pretty good progress in literature, is constantly advancing learned subjects in common conversation? He talks of the classics before the ladies, and of Greek criticisms among fine gentlemen. What is this less than an insult on the company over whom he thus affects a superiority, and whose time he sacrifices to his vanity?

Wisely different is the amiable conduct of Sophronus; who, though he exceeds the former in knowledge, can submit to discourse on the most trivial matters, rather than introduce such as his company are utter strangers to. He can talk of fashions and diversions among the ladies; nay, can even condescend to horses and dogs with country gentlemen. This gentleman, who is equal to dispute on the highest and abstrusest points, can likewise talk on a fan or a horse-race; nor had ever any one who was not himself a man of learning, the least reason to conceive the vast knowledge of Sophronus, unless from the report of others.

Let us compare these together. Cenodoxus proposes the satisfaction of his own pride from the admiration of others; Sophronus thinks of nothing but their amusement. In the company of Cenodoxus every one is rendered uneasy, laments his own want of knowledge, and longs for the end of the dull assembly; with Sophronus all are pleased, and contented with themselves in their knowledge of matters which they find worthy the consideration of a man of sense. Admiration is involuntarily paid the former: to the latter it is given joyfully. The former receives it with envy and hatred; the latter enjoys it as the sweet fruit of goodwill. The former is shunned; the latter courted by all.

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This behaviour in Cenodoxus may, in some measure, account for an observation we must have frequent occasion to make; that the conversation of men of very moderate capacities is often preferred to that of men of superior talents; in which the world act more wisely than at first they may seem; for, besides that backwardness in mankind to give their admiration, what can be duller or more void of pleasure than discourses on subjects above our comprehension? It is like listening to an unknown language; and, if such company is ever desired by us, it is a sacrifice to our vanity, which imposes on us to believe that we may by these means raise the general opinion of our own parts and knowledge, and not from that cheerful delight which is the natural result of an agreeable conversation.

There is another very common fault, equally destructive of this delight, by much the same means, though it is far from owing its original to any real superiority of parts and knowledge; this is discoursing on the mysteries of a particular profession, to which all the rest of the company, except one or two, are utter strangers. Lawyers are generally guilty of this fault, as they are more confined to the conversation of one another; and I have known a very agreeable company spoilt, where there have been two of these gentlemen present, who have seemed rather to think themselves in a court of justice than in a mixed assembly of persons met only for the entertainment of each other.

But it is not sufficient that the whole company understand the topic of their conversation; they should be likewise equally interested in every subject not tending to their general information or amusement; for these are not to be postponed to the relation of private affairs, much less of the particular grievance or misfortune of a single person. To bear a share in the afflictions of another is a degree of friendship not to be

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expected in a common acquaintance; nor hath any man a right to indulge the satisfaction of a weak and mean mind by the comfort of pity at the expence of the whole company's diversion. The inferior and unsuccessful members of the several professions are generally guilty of this fault; for, as they fail of the reward due to their great merit, they can seldom refrain from reviling their superiors, and complaining of their own hard and unjust fate.

Farther, as a man is not to make himself the subject of the conversation, so neither is he to engross the whole to himself. As every man had rather please others by what he says than be himself pleased by what they say; or, in other words, as every man is best pleased with the consciousness of pleasing, so should all have an equal opportunity of aiming at it. This is a right which we are so offended at being deprived of, that, though I remember to have known a man reputed a good companion, who seldom opened his mouth in company, unless to swallow his liquor, yet I have scarce ever heard that appellation given to a very talkative person, even when he hath been capable of entertaining, unless he hath done this with buffoonery, and made the rest amends by partaking of their scorn together with their admiration and applause.

A well-bred man, therefore, will not take more of the discourse than falls to his share; nor in this will he shew any violent impetuosity of temper, or exert any loudness of voice, even in arguing; for the information of the company, and the conviction of his antagonist, are to be his apparent motives; not the indulgence of his own pride, or an ambitious desire of victory; which latter, if a wise man should entertain, he will be sure to conceal with his utmost endeavour; since he must know that to lay open his vanity in public is no less absurd than to lay open his bosom

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to an enemy whose drawn sword is pointed against it; for every man hath a dagger in his hand ready to stab the vanity of another wherever he perceives it.

Having now shewn that the pleasure of conversation must arise from the discourse being on subjects levelled to the capacity of the whole company; from being on such in which every person is equally interested; from every one's being admitted to his share in the discourse; and, lastly, from carefully avoiding all noise, violence, and impetuosity; it might seem proper to lay down some particular rules for the choice of those subjects which are most likely to conduce to the cheerful delights proposed from this social communication; but, as such an attempt might appear absurd, from the infinite variety, and perhaps too dictatorial in its nature, I shall confine myself to rejecting those topics only which seem most foreign to this delight, and which are most likely to be attended with consequences rather tending to make society an evil than to procure us any good from it.

And, first, I shall mention that which I have hitherto only endeavoured to restrain within certain bounds, namely, arguments; but which, if they were entirely banished out of company, especially from mixed assemblies, and where ladies make part of the society, it would, I believe, promote their happiness; they have been sometimes attended with bloodshed, generally with hatred from the conquered party towards his victor; and scarce ever with conviction. Here I except jocose arguments, which often produce much mirth; and serious disputes between men of learning (when none but such are present), which tend to the propagation of knowledge and the edification of the company.

Secondly, slander; which, however frequently used, or however savoury to the palate of ill-nature, is ex-

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tremely pernicious, as it is often unjust and highly injurious to the person slandered, and always dangerous, especially in large and mixed companies, where sometimes an undesigned offence is given to an innocent relation or friend of such person, who is thus exposed to shame and confusion, without having any right to resent the affront. Of this there have been very tragical instances; and I have myself seen some very ridiculous ones, but which have given great pain, as well to the person offended, as to him who hath been the innocent occasion of giving the offence.

Thirdly, all general reflections on countries, religions, and professions, which are always unjust. If these are ever tolerable, they are only from the persons who with some pleasantry ridicule their own country. It is very common among us to cast sarcasms on a neighbouring nation, to which we have no other reason to bear an antipathy than what is more usual than justifiable, because we have injured it; but sure such general satire is not founded on truth; for I have known gentlemen of that nation possessed with every good quality which is to be wished in a man or required in a friend. I remember a repartee made by a gentleman of this country, which, though it was full of the severest wit, the person to whom it was directed could not resent, as he so plainly deserved it. He had with great bitterness inveighed against this whole people; upon which one of them who was present very coolly answered, "I don't know, sir, whether I have not more reason to be pleased with the compliment you pay my country than to be angry with what you say against it; since, by your abusing us all so heavily, you have plainly implied you are not of it." This exposed the other to so much laughter, especially as he was not unexceptionable in his character, that I believe he was sufficiently punished for his ill-mannered satire.

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Fourthly, blasphemy, and irreverent mention of religion. I will not here debate what compliment a man pays to his own understanding by the profession of infidelity; it is sufficient to my purpose that he runs the risque of giving the cruelest offence to persons of a different temper; for, if a loyalist would be greatly affronted by hearing any indecencies offered to the person of a temporal prince, how much more bitterly must a man who sincerely believes in such a being as the Almighty, feel any irreverence or insult shewn to His name, His honour, or His institution? And, notwithstanding the impious character of the present age, and especially of many among those whose more immediate business it is to lead men, as well by example as precept, into the ways of piety, there are still sufficient numbers left who pay so honest and sincere a reverence to religion, as may give us a reasonable expectation of finding one at least of this stamp in every large company.

A fifth particular to be avoided is indecency. We are not only to forbear the repeating of such words as would give an immediate affront to a lady of reputation, but the raising of any loose ideas tending to the offence of that modesty which, if a young woman hath not something more than the affectation of, she is not worthy the regard even of a man of pleasure, provided he hath any delicacy in his constitution. How inconsistent with good-breeding it is to give pain and confusion to such, is sufficiently apparent; all *double-entendres* and obscene jests are therefore carefully to be avoided before them. But suppose no ladies present, nothing can be meaner, lower, and less productive of rational mirth, than this loose conversation. For my own part, I cannot conceive how the idea of jest or pleasantry came ever to be annexed to one of our highest and most serious pleasures. Nor can I help

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observing, to the discredit of such merriment, that it is commonly the last resource of impotent wit, the weak strainings of the lowest, silliest, and dullest fellows in the world.

Sixthly, you are to avoid knowingly mentioning anything which may revive in any person the remembrance of some past accident, or raise an uneasy reflection on a present misfortune or corporal blemish. To maintain this rule nicely, perhaps, requires great delicacy; but it is absolutely necessary to a well-bred man. I have observed numberless breaches of it; many, I believe, proceeding from negligence and inadvertency; yet I am afraid some may be too justly imputed to a malicious desire of triumphing in our own superior happiness and perfections; now, when it proceeds from this motive it is not easy to imagine anything more criminal.

Under this head I shall caution my well-bred reader against a common fault, much of the same nature; which is, mentioning any particular quality as absolutely essential to either man or woman, and exploding all those who want it. This renders every one uneasy who is in the least self-conscious of the defect. I have heard a boor of fashion declare in the presence of women remarkably plain, that beauty was the chief perfection of that sex, and an essential without which no woman was worth regarding; a certain method of putting all those in the room, who are but suspicious of their defect that way, out of countenance.

I shall mention one fault more, which is, not paying a proper regard to the present temper of the company, or the occasion of their meeting, in introducing a topic of conversation, by which as great an absurdity is sometimes committed, as it would be to sing a dirge at a wedding, or an epithalamium at a funeral.

Thus I have, I think, enumerated most of the

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principal errors which we are apt to fall into in conversation; and though, perhaps, some particulars worthy of remark may have escaped me, yet an attention to what I have here said may enable the reader to discover them. At least I am persuaded that, if the rules I have now laid down were strictly observed, our conversation would be more perfect, and the pleasure resulting from it purer and more unsullied, than at present it is.

But I must not dismiss this subject without some animadversions on a particular species of pleasantry, which, though I am far from being desirous of banishing from conversation, requires, most certainly, some reins to govern, and some rule to direct it. The reader may perhaps guess I mean raillery; to which I may apply the fable of the lap-dog and the ass; for, while in some hands it diverts and delights us with its dexterity and gentleness, in others, it paws, daubs, offends, and hurts.

The end of conversation being the happiness of mankind, and the chief means to procure their delight and pleasure, it follows, I think, that nothing can conduce to this end which tends to make a man uneasy and dissatisfied with himself, or which exposes him to the scorn and contempt of others. I here except that kind of raillery, therefore, which is concerned in tossing men out of their chairs, tumbling them into water, or any of those handicraft jokes which are exercised on those notable persons commonly known by the name of buffoons; who are contented to feed their belly at the price of their br—ch, and to carry off the wine and the p—ss of a great man together. This I pass by, as well as all remarks on the genius of the great men themselves, who are (to fetch a phrase from school, a phrase not improperly mentioned on this occasion) great dabs at this kind of facetiousness.

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But, leaving all such persons to expose human nature among themselves, I shall recommend to my well-bred man, who aims at raillery, the excellent character given of Horace by Persius:—

> Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
> Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
> Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

Thus excellently rendered by the late ingenious translator of that obscure author:—

> Yet could shrewd Horace, with disportive wit,
> Rally his friend, and tickle while he bit;
> Winning access, he play'd around the heart,
> And, gently touching, prick'd the tainted part.
> The crowd he sneer'd; but sneer'd with such a grace,
> It pass'd for downright innocence of face.

The raillery which is consistent with good-breeding is a gentle animadversion on some foible; which, while it raises a laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person rallied out of countenance, or expose him to shame and contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate that the object of it should be capable of joining in the mirth it occasions.

All great vices therefore, misfortunes, and notorious blemishes of mind or body, are improper subjects of raillery. Indeed, a hint at such is an abuse and an affront which is sure to give the person (unless he be one shameless and abandoned) pain and uneasiness, and should be received with contempt, instead of applause, by all the rest of the company.

Again; the nature and quality of the person are to be considered. As to the first, some men will not bear any raillery at all. I remember a gentleman who declared he never made a jest, nor would ever take one. I do not, indeed, greatly recommend such a person for a companion; but at the same time, a well-bred man,

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who is to consult the pleasure and happiness of the whole, is not at liberty to make any one present uneasy. By the quality, I mean the sex, degree, profession, and circumstances; on which head I need not be very particular. With regard to the two former, all raillery on ladies and superiors should be extremely fine and gentle; and with respect to the latter, any of the rules I have above laid down, most of which are to be applied to it, will afford sufficient caution.

Lastly, a consideration is to be had of the persons before whom we rally. A man will be justly uneasy at being reminded of those railleries in one company which he would very patiently bear the imputation of in another. Instances on this head are so obvious that they need not be mentioned. In short, the whole doctrine of raillery is comprized in this famous line:—

"*Quid* de *quoque* viro, et *cui* dicas, sæpe caveto."
"Be cautious *what* you say, *of whom* and *to whom*."

And now, methinks, I hear some one cry out that such restrictions are, in effect, to exclude all raillery from conversation; and, to confess the truth, it is a weapon from which many persons will do wisely in totally abstaining; for it is a weapon which doth the more mischief by how much the blunter it is. The sharpest wit therefore is only to be indulged the free use of it, for no more than a very slight touch is to be allowed; no hacking, nor bruising, as if they were to hew a carcase for hounds, as Shakspeare phrases it.

Nor is it sufficient that it be sharp, it must be used likewise with the utmost tenderness and good-nature; and, as the nicest dexterity of a gladiator is shewn in being able to hit without cutting deep, so is this of our railler, who is rather to tickle than wound.

True raillery indeed consists either in playing on peccadilloes, which, however they may be censured by

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some, are not esteemed as really blemishes in a character in the company where they are made the subject of mirth; as too much freedom with the bottle, or too much indulgence with women, &c.

Or, secondly, in pleasantly representing real good qualities in a false light of shame, and bantering them as ill ones. So generosity may be treated as prodigality; œconomy as avarice; true courage as foolhardiness; and so of the rest.

Lastly, in ridiculing men for vices and faults which they are known to be free from. Thus the cowardice of A—le, the dulness of Ch—d, the unpoliteness of D—ton, may be attacked without danger of offence; and thus Lyt—n may be censured for whatever vice or folly you please to impute to him.

And, however limited these bounds may appear to some, yet, in skilful and witty hands, I have known raillery, thus confined, afford a very diverting, as well as inoffensive, entertainment to the whole company.

I shall conclude this essay with these two observations, which I think may be clearly deduced from what hath been said.

First, that every person who indulges his ill-nature or vanity at the expense of others, and in introducing uneasiness, vexation, and confusion into society, however exalted or high-titled he may be, is thoroughly ill-bred.

Secondly, that whoever, from the goodness of his disposition or understanding, endeavours to his utmost to cultivate the good-humour and happiness of others, and to contribute to the ease and comfort of all his acquaintance, however low in rank fortune may have placed him, or however clumsy he may be in his figure or demeanour, hath, in the truest sense of the word, a claim to good-breeding.

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THE TRUE PATRIOT.

No. 13.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1746.

Qui non rectè instituunt atque erudiunt liberos, non solùm liberis sed et reipublicæ faciunt injuriam.—CICERO.

MR ADAMS having favoured me with a second letter, I shall give it the public without any apology. If anything in it should at first a little shock those readers who know the world better, I hope they will make allowances for the ignorance and simplicity of the writer.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,—I am concerned to find, by all our public accounts, that the rebels still continue in the land. In my last I evidently proved that their successes were owing to a judgment denounced against our sins, and concluded with some exhortations for averting the Divine anger by the only methods which suggested themselves to my mind. These exhortations, by the event, I perceive have not had that regard paid to them I had reason to expect. Indeed, I am the more confirmed in this conjecture, by a lad whom I lately met at a neighbouring

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baronet's, where I sojourned the two last days of the year, with my good friend Mr Wilson.

This lad, whom I imagined to have been come from school to visit his friends for the holidays (for though he is perhaps of sufficient age, I found, on examination, he was not yet qualified for the university), is, it seems, a man *sui juris*; and is, as I gather from the young damsels, Sir John's daughters, a member of the society of *bowes*. I know not whether I spell the word right; for I am not ashamed to say I neither understand its etymology nor true import, as it hath never once occurred in any lexicon or dictionary which I have yet perused.

Whatever this society may be, either the lad with whom I communed is an unworthy member, or it would become the government to put it down by authority; for he uttered many things during our discourse for which I would have well scourged any of the youth under my care.

He had not long entered the chamber before he acquainted the damsels that he and his companions had carried the opera, in opposition to the puts; by which I afterwards learnt he meant all sober and discreet persons. "And fags!" says he (I am afraid, though, he made use of a worse word), "we expected the bishops would have interfered; but if they had we should have silenced them." I then thought to myself, Strippling, if I had you well horsed on the back of another lad, I would teach you more reverence to their lordships.

This opera, I am informed, is a diversion in which a prodigious sum of money, more than is to be collected out of twenty parishes, is lavished away on foreign eunuchs and papists, very scandalous to be suffered at any time, especially at a season when both war and famine hang over our heads.

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"He acquainted the damsels that he and his companions had carried the opera."

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During the whole time of our repast at dinner the young gentleman entertained us with an account of several drums and routs at which he had been present. These are, it seems, large congregations of men and women, who, instead of assembling together to hear something that is good, nay, or to divert themselves with gambols, which might be allowed now and then in holiday times, meet for no other purpose but that of gaming, for a whole guinea and much more at a stake. At this married women sit up all night, nay, sometimes till one or two in the morning, neglect their families, lose their money, and some, Mr Wilson says, have been suspected of doing even worse than that. Yet this is suffered in a Christian kingdom; nay (*quod prorsus incredibile est*), the holy sabbath is, it seems, prostituted to these wicked revellings; and card-playing goes on as publickly then as on any other day; nor is this only among the young lads and damsels, who might be supposed to know no better, but men advanced in years, and grave matrons, are not ashamed of being caught at the same pastime. *O tempora! O mores!*

When grace was said after meat, and the damsels departed, the lad began to grow more wicked. Sir John, who is an honest Englishman, hath no other wine but that of Portugal. This our *bowe* could not drink; and when Sir John very nobly declared he scorned to indulge his palate with rarities, for which he must furnish the foe with money to carry on a war with the nation, the stripling replied, "Rat the nation!" (God forgive me for repeating such words) "I had rather live under French government than be debarred from French wine." Oho, my youth! if I had you horsed, thinks I again.—But, indeed, Sir John well scourged him with his tongue for that expression, and I should have hoped he had made him ashamed, had not his subsequent behaviour shewn him totally

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void of grace. For when Sir John asked him for a toast, which you know is another word for drinking the health of one's friend or wife, or some person of public eminence, he named the health of a married woman, filled out a bumper of wine, swore he would drink her health in vinegar, and at last openly profest he would commit adultery with her if he could. *Prob pudor!* Nay, and if such a sin might admit of any aggravation, she is it seems a lady of very high degree, *et quidem*, the wife of a lord.

Et dies et charta deficerent si omnia vellem percurrere, multa quidem impura et impudica quæ memorare nefas, recitavit. Nor is this youth, it seems, a monster or prodigy in the age he lives; on the contrary, I am told he is an exemplar only of all the rest.

But I now proceed to what must surprize you. After he had spent an hour in rehearsing all the vices to which youth have been ever too much addicted, and shewn us that he was possessed of them all—*Ut qui impudicus, adulter, ganeo, alea, manu, ventre, pene, bona patria laceraverat*, he began to enter upon politics:

O proceres censore opus an haruspice nobis!

This stripling, this *bowe*, this rake, discovered likewise all the wickedness peculiar to age, and that he had not, with those vices which proceed from the warmth of youth, one of the virtues which we should naturally expect from the same sanguine disposition. He shewed us that grey hairs could add nothing but hypocrisy to him; for he avowed public prostitution, laughed at all honour, public spirit, and patriotism; and gave convincing proofs that the most phlegmatic old miser upon earth could not be sooner tempted with gold to perpetrate the most horrid iniquities than himself.

Whether this youth be (*quod vix credo*) concerned

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himself in the public weal, or whether he have his information from others, I hope he greatly exceeded the truth in what he delivered on this subject; for was he to be believed, the conclusion we must draw would be, that the only concern of our great men, even at this time, was for places and pensions; that, instead of applying themselves to renovate and restore our sick and drooping commonweal, they were struggling to get closest to her heart, and, like leeches, to suck her last drop of vital blood.

I hope, however, better things, and that this lad deserves a good rod as well for lying as for all his other iniquity; and if his parents do not take care to have it well laid on, I can assure them they have much to answer for.

Mr Wilson now found me grow very uneasy, as, indeed, I had been from the beginning, nor could anything but respect to the company have prevented me from correcting the boy long before; he therefore endeavoured to turn the discourse, and asked our spark when he left London? To which he answered, the Wednesday before. "How, sir?" said I; "travel on Christmas Day?" "Was it so?" says he; "fags! that's more than I knew; but why not travel on Christmas Day as well as any other?" "Why not?" said I, lifting my voice, for I had lost all patience; "was you not brought up in the Christian religion? Did you never learn your catechism?" He then burst out into an unmannerly laugh, and so provoked me, that I should certainly have smote him, had I not laid my crabstick down in the window, and had not Mr Wilson been fortunately placed between us. "Odso! Mr Parson," says he, "are you there? I wonder I had not smoked you before." "Smoke me!" answered I, and at the same time leaped from my chair, my wrath being highly kindled. At which instant a jackanapes,

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who sat on my left hand, whipped my peruke from my head, which I no sooner perceived than I porrected him a remembrance over the face, which laid him sprawling on the floor. I was afterwards concerned at the blow, though the consequence was only a bloody nose, and the lad, who was a companion of the other's, and had uttered many wicked things, which I pretermitted in my narrative, very well deserved correction.

A bustle now arose, not worth recounting, which ended in my departure with Mr Wilson, though we had purposed to tarry there that night.

In our way home we both lamented the peculiar hardiness of this country, which seems bent on its own destruction, nor will take warning by any visitation, till the utmost wrath of Divine vengeance overtakes it.

In discoursing upon this subject, we imputed much of the present profligacy to the notorious want of care in parents in the education of youth, who, as my friend informs me, with very little school-learning, and not at all instructed (*ne minimè quidem imbuti*) in any principles of religion, virtue, and morality, are brought to the great city, or sent to travel to other great cities abroad, before they are twenty years of age, where they become their own masters, and enervate both their bodies and minds with all sorts of diseases and vices before they are adult.

I shall conclude with a passage in Aristotle's Politics, lib. viii. cap. 1. *Ὅτι μὲν οὖν τῷ νομοθέτῃ μάλιστα πραγματευτεον περὶ τὴν τῶν νεῶν παιδειαν, οὐδεὶς ἀν ἀμφισβητήσειε. καὶ γὰρ ἐν ταῖς πόλεσιν οὐ γιγνόμενον τοῦτο, βλάπτει τὰς πολιτείας.* Which, for the sake of women, and those few gentlemen who do not understand Greek, I have rendered somewhat paraphrastically in the vernacular:—"No man can doubt but that the education of youth ought to

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be the principal care of every legislator; by the neglect of which, great mischief accrues to the civil polity in every city."

I am, while you write like an honest man and a good Christian, your hearty friend and well-wisher,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

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THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL.

No. 10.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1752.

At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros, et
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stultè, mirati.

MODERNISED.

In former times this tasteless, silly town
Too fondly prais'd Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown.

THE present age seems pretty well agreed in an opinion, that the utmost scope and end of reading is amusement only; and such, indeed, are now the fashionable books, that a reader can propose no more than mere entertainment, and it is sometimes very well for him if he finds even this, in his studies.

Letters, however, were surely intended for a much more noble and profitable purpose than this. Writers are not, I presume, to be considered as mere jack-puddings, whose business it is only to excite laughter: this, indeed, may sometimes be intermixed and served up with graver matters, in order to titillate the palate, and to recommend wholesome food to the mind; and for this purpose it hath been used by many excellent authors: "for why," as Horace says, "should not

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any one promulgate truth with a smile on his countenance?" Ridicule indeed, as he again intimates, is commonly a stronger and better method of attacking vice than the severer kind of satire.

When wit and humour are introduced for such good purposes, when the agreeable is blended with the useful, then is the writer said to have succeeded in every point. Pleasantry (as the ingenious author of Clarissa says of a story) should be made only the vehicle of instruction; and thus romances themselves, as well as epic poems, may become worthy the perusal of the greatest of men: but when no moral, no lesson, no instruction, is conveyed to the reader, where the whole design of the composition is no more than to make us laugh, the writer comes very near to the character of a buffoon; and his admirers, if an old Latin proverb be true, deserve no great compliments to be paid to their wisdom.

After what I have here advanced I cannot fairly, I think, be represented as an enemy to laughter, or to all those kinds of writing that are apt to promote it. On the contrary, few men, I believe, do more admire the works of those great masters who have sent their satire (if I may use the expression) laughing into the world. Such are the great triumvirate, Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift. These authors I shall ever hold in the highest degree of esteem; not indeed for that wit and humour alone which they all so eminently possest, but because they all endeavoured, with the utmost force of their wit and humour, to expose and extirpate those follies and vices which chiefly prevailed in their several countries. I would not be thought to confine wit and humour to these writers. Shakspeare, Molière, and some other authors, have been blessed with the same talents, and have employed them to the same purposes. There are some, however, who, though not void of these talents, have made so wretched a use of them, that,

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had the consecration of their labours been committed to the hands of the hangman, no good man would have regretted their loss; nor am I afraid to mention Rabelais, and Aristophanes himself, in this number. For, if I may speak my opinion freely of these two last writers, and of their works, their design appears to me very plainly to have been to ridicule all sobriety, modesty, decency, virtue, and religion, out of the world. Now, whoever reads over the five great writers first mentioned in this paragraph, must either have a very bad head or a very bad heart if he doth not become both a wiser and a better man.

In the exercise of the mind, as well as in the exercise of the body, diversion is a secondary consideration, and designed only to make that agreeable which is at the same time useful, to such noble purposes as health and wisdom. But what should we say to a man who mounted his chamber-hobby, or fought with his own shadow, for his amusement only? how much more absurd and weak would he appear who swallowed poison because it was sweet?

How differently did Horace think of study from our modern readers!

> Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum:
> Condo et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.

"Truth and decency are my whole care and enquiry. In this study I am entirely occupied; these I am always laying up, and so disposing that I can at any time draw forth my stores for my immediate use." The whole epistle, indeed, from which I have paraphrased this passage, is a comment upon it, and affords many useful lessons of philosophy.

When we are employed in reading a great and good author, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after treasures, which, if well and regularly laid up in

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the mind, will be of use to us on sundry occasions in our lives. If a man, for instance, should be overloaded with prosperity or adversity (both of which cases are liable to happen to us), who is there so very wise, or so very foolish, that, if he was a master of Seneca and Plutarch, could not find great matter of comfort and utility from their doctrines? I mention these rather than Plato and Aristotle, as the works of the latter are not, I think, yet completely made English, and, consequently, are less within the reach of most of my countrymen.

But perhaps it may be asked, will Seneca or Plutarch make us laugh? Perhaps not; but if you are not a fool, my worthy friend, which I can hardly with civility suspect, they will both (the latter especially) please you more than if they did. For my own part, I declare, I have not read even Lucian himself with more delight than I have Plutarch; but surely it is astonishing that such scribblers as Tom Brown, Tom D'Urfey, and the wits of our age, should find readers, while the writings of so excellent, so entertaining, and so voluminous an author as Plutarch remain in the world, and, as I apprehend, are very little known.

The truth I am afraid is, that real taste is a quality with which human nature is very slenderly gifted. It is indeed so very rare, and so little known, that scarce two authors have agreed in their notions of it; and those who have endeavoured to explain it to others seem to have succeeded only in shewing us that they know it not themselves. If I might be allowed to give my own sentiments, I should derive it from a nice harmony between the imagination and the judgment; and hence perhaps it is that so few have ever possessed this talent in any eminent degree. Neither of these will alone bestow it; nothing is indeed more common than to see men of very bright imaginations, and of

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very accurate learning (which can hardly be acquired without judgment), who are entirely devoid of taste; and Longinus, who of all men seems most exquisitely to have possessed it, will puzzle his reader very much if he should attempt to decide whether imagination or judgment shine the brighter in that inimitable critic.

But as for the bulk of mankind, they are clearly void of any degree of taste. It is a quality in which they advance very little beyond a state of infancy. The first thing a child is fond of in a book is a picture, the second is a story, and the third a jest. Here then is the true Pons Asinorum, which very few readers ever get over.

From what I have said it may perhaps be thought to appear that true taste is the real gift of nature only; and if so, some may ask to what purpose have I endeavoured to show men that they are without a blessing which it is impossible for them to attain?

Now, though it is certain that to the highest consummation of taste, as well as of every other excellence, nature must lend much assistance, yet great is the power of art, almost of itself, or at best with only slender aids from nature; and, to say the truth, there are very few who have not in their minds some small seeds of taste. "All men," says Cicero, "have a sort of tacit sense of what is right or wrong in arts and sciences, even without the help of arts." This surely it is in the power of art very greatly to improve. That most men, therefore, proceed no farther than as I have above declared, is owing either to the want of any, or (which is perhaps yet worse) to an improper education.

I shall probably, therefore, in a future paper, endeavour to lay down some rules by which all men may acquire at least some degree of taste. In the meanwhile, I shall (according to the method observed

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in inoculation) recommend to my readers, as a preparative for their receiving my instructions, a total abstinence from all bad books. I do therefore most earnestly intreat all my young readers that they would cautiously avoid the perusal of any modern book till it hath first had the sanction of some wise and learned man; and the same caution I propose to all fathers, mothers, and guardians.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," is a quotation of St Paul from Menander. *Evil books corrupt at once both our manners and our taste.*

No. 33.

SATURDAY, April 23, 1752.

Odi profanum vulgas.—Hor.
I hate profane rascals.

SIR,—In this very learned and enlightened age, in which authors are almost as numerous as booksellers, I doubt not but your correspondents furnish you with a sufficient quantity of waste paper. I perhaps may add to the heap; for, as men do not always know the motive of their own actions, I may possibly be induced, by the same sort of vanity as other puny authors have been, to desire to be in print. But I am very well satisfied with you for my judge, and if you should not think proper to take any notice of the hint I have here sent you, I shall conclude that I am an impertinent correspondent, but that you are a judicious and impartial critic. In my own defence, however, I must say that I am never better pleased than when I see extraordinary abilities employed in the support of His honour and religion, who has so

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bountifully bestowed them. It is for this reason that I wish you would take some notice of the character, or rather story, here sent you. In my travels westward last summer I lay at an inn in Somersetshire, remarkable for its pleasant situation and the obliging behaviour of the landlord, who, though a downright rustic, had an awkward sort of politeness arising from his good-nature that was very pleasing, and, if I may be allowed the expression, was a sort of good-breeding undrest. As I intended to make a pretty long journey the next day, I rose time enough to behold that glorious luminary the sun set out on his course, which, by-the-by, is one of the finest sights the eye can behold; and, as it is a thing seldom seen by people of fashion, unless it be at the theatre at Covent-garden, I could not help laying some stress upon it here. The kitchen in this inn was a very pleasant room; I therefore called for some tea, sat me in the window that I might enjoy the prospect which the country afforded, and a more beautiful one is not in the power of imagination to frame. This house was situated on the top of a hill; and for two miles below it meadows, enlivened with variety of cattle, and adorned with a greater variety of flowers, first caught my sight. At the bottom of this vale ran a river which seemed to promise coolness and refreshment to the thirsty cattle. The eye was next presented with fields of corn that made a kind of an ascent which was terminated by a wood, at the top of which appeared a verdant hill situate as it were in the clouds where the sun was just arrived, and, peeping o'er the summit, which was at this time covered with dew, gilded it over with his rays and terminated my view in the most agreeable manner in the world. In a word, the elegant simplicity of every object round me filled my heart with such gratitude, and furnished my mind with

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such pleasing meditations, as made me thank Heaven I was born. But this state of joyous tranquillity was not of long duration: I had scarce begun my breakfast, when my ears were saluted with a genteel whistle, and the noise of a pair of slippers descending the staircase; and soon after I beheld a contrast to my former prospect, being a very beauish gentleman, with a huge laced hat on, as big as Pistol's in the play; a wig somewhat dishevelled, and a face which at once gave you a perfect idea of emptiness, assurance, and intemperance. His eyes, which before were scarce open, he fixt on me with a stare which testified surprise, and his coat was immediately thrown open to display a very handsome second-hand gold-laced waistcoat. In one hand he had a pair of saddle-bags, and in the other a hanger of mighty size, both of which, with a graceful G—d d—n you, he placed upon a chair. Then, advancing towards the landlord, who was standing by me, he said, "By G—d, landlord, your wine is damnable strong." "I don't know," replied the landlord; "it is generally reckoned pretty good, for I have it all from London."—"Pray, who is your wine merchant?" says the man of importance. "A very great man," says the landlord, "in his way; perhaps you may know him, sir; his name is Kirby." "Ah, what! honest Tom? he and I have cracked many a bottle of claret together; he is one of the most considerable merchants in the city; the dog is hellish poor, damnable poor, for I don't suppose he is worth a farthing more than a hundred thousand pound; only a plum, that's all; he is to be our lord-mayor next year." "I ask pardon, sir, that is not the man, for our Mr Kirby's name is not Thomas but Richard." "Ay!" says the gentleman, "that's his brother; they are partners together." "I believe," says the landlord, "you are

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out, sir, for that gentleman has no brother." "D—n your nonsense, with you and your outs!" says the beau; "as if I should not know better than you country puts; I who have lived in London all my lifetime." "I ask a thousand pardons," says the landlord; "I hope no offence, sir." "No, no," cries the other; "we gentlemen know how to make allowance for your country breeding." Then stepping to the kitchen door, with an audible voice he called the ostler, and in a very graceful accent said, "D—n your blood, you cock-eyed son of a bitch, bring me my boots! did not you hear me call?" Then turning to the landlord said, "Faith! that Mr What-de-callum, the exciseman, is a damned jolly fellow." "Yes, sir," says the landlord, "he is a merryish sort of a man." "But," says the gentleman, "as for that schoolmaster, he is the queerest bitch I ever saw; he looks as if he could not say boh to a goose." "I don't know, sir," says the landlord; "he is reckoned to be a desperate good schollard about us, and the gentry likes him vastly, for he understands the measurement of land and timber, knows how to make dials and such things; and for ciphering few can outdo 'en." "Ay!" says the gentleman, "he does look like a cipher indeed, for he did not speak three words all last night." The ostler now produced the boots, which the gentleman taking in his hand, and having placed himself in the chair, addressed in the following speech: "My good friends, Mr Boots, I tell you plainly that, if you plague me so damnably as you did yesterday morning, by G— I'll commit you to the flames; stap my vituals! as my lord Huntingdon says in the play." He then looked full in my face, and asked the landlord if he had ever been at Drury-lane playhouse; which he answered in the negative. "What!" says he, "did you never hear talk of

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Mr Garrick and king Richard?" "No, sir," says the landlord. "By G—," says the gentleman, "he is the cleverest fellow in England." He then spouted a speech out of King Richard, which begins, "Give me an horse," &c. "There," says he, "that, that is just like Mr Garrick." Having pleased himself vastly with this performance, he shook the landlord by the hand with great good-humour, and said, "By G— you seem to be an honest fellow, and good blood; if you'll come and see me in London, I'll give you your skinful of wine, and treat you with a play and a whore every night you stay. I'll show you how it is to live, my boy. But here, bring me some paper, my girl; come, let us have one of your love-letters to air my boots." Upon which the landlord presented him with a piece of an old newspaper "D—n you!" says the gent, "this is not half enough; have you never a Bible or Common Prayer-book in the house? Half a dozen chapters of Genesis, with a few prayers, make an excellent fire in a pair of boots." "Oh! Lord forgive you!" says the landlord; "sure you would not burn such books as those?" "No!" cries the spark; "where was you born? Go into a shop of London and buy some butter or a quartern of tea, and then you'll see what use is made of these books." "Ay!" says the landlord, "we have a saying here in our country that 'tis as sure as the devil is in London, and if he was not there they could not be so wicked as they be." Here a country fellow who had been standing up in one corner of the kitchen eating of cold bacon and beans, and who, I observed, trembled at every oath this spark swore, took his dish and pot, and marched out of the kitchen, fearing, as I afterwards learnt, that the house would fall down about his ears, for he was sure, he said, "That man in the gold-laced hat was the devil." The young spark, having now

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displayed all his wit and humour, and exerted his talents to the utmost, thought he had sufficiently recommended himself to my favour and convinced me he was a gentleman. He therefore with an air addressed himself to me, and asked me which way I was travelling? To which I gave him no answer. He then exalted his voice; but, at my continuing silent, he asked the landlord if I was deaf. Upon which the landlord told him he did not believe the gentleman was dunch, for that he talked very well just now. The man of wit whispered in the landlord's ear, and said, "I suppose he is either a parson or a fool." He then drank a dram, observing that a man should not cool too fast; paid sixpence more than his reckoning, called for his horse, gave the ostler a shilling, and galloped out of the inn, thoroughly satisfied that we all agreed with him in thinking him a clever fellow and a man of great importance. The landlord, smiling, took up his money, and said he was a comical gentleman, but that it was a thousand pities he swore so much; if it was not for that, he was a very good customer, and as generous as a prince, for that the night before he had treated everybody in the house. I then asked him if he knew that comical gentleman, as he called him? "No, really, sir," said the landlord, "though a gentleman was saying last night that he was a sort of rider or rideout to a linendraper at London." This, Mr Censor, I have since found to be true; for, having occasion to buy some cloth, I went last week into a linendraper's shop, in which I found a young fellow whose decent behaviour and plain dress shewed he was a tradesman. Upon looking full in his face I thought I had seen it before; nor was it long before I recollected where it was, and that this was the same beau I had met with in Somersetshire. The difference in the same man in London,

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where he was known, and in the country, where he was a stranger, was beyond expression; and, was it not impertinent to make observations to you, I could inlarge upon this sort of behaviour; for I am firmly of opinion that there is neither spirit nor good sense in oaths, nor any wit or humour in blasphemy. But as vulgar errors require an abler pen than mine to correct them, I shall leave that task to you, and am, sir, your humble servant, R. S.

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FAMILIAR LETTERS.

NOTE.

(*See Introduction.*)

The following five letters were given me by the Author of the preface. I should have thought this hint unnecessary, had not much nonsense and scurrility been unjustly imputed to him by the *good judgment* or *good-nature* of the age. They can know but little of his writings, who want to have them pointed out; but they know much less of him, who impute any such base and scandalous productions to his pen.

Letter xli.

A letter from a French gentleman to his friend in Paris; in imitation of Horace, Addison, and all other writers of travelling letters.

Done into English.

MONSIEUR,—

AT Whitehall we took a pair of oars for Putney. These we had indeed some difficulty to procure; for many refused to go with us farther than Foxhall or Ranelagh Gardens. At last we prevailed with two fellows for three half-crowns to take us on board.

I have been told there was formerly a law regulating

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the fares of these people; but that is to be sure obsolete. I think it pity it was not revived.

As the weather was extremely fine, we did not regret the tide's running against us, since by that means we had more opportunity of making observations on the finest river in the world except the Seine.

After taking a survey of the New Bridge, which must be greatly admired by all who have not seen the Pontneuf, we past by a row of buildings, not very remarkable for their elegance, being chiefly built of wood, and irregular. Many of them are supported by pillars; but of what order we could not plainly discern.

We came now to Lambeth, where is a palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the metropolitan of England. This is a vast pile of building, not very beautiful indeed in its structure, but wonderfully well calculated, as well to signify, as to answer the use for which it was, I suppose, originally intended; containing a great number of little apartments for the reception of travelling and distressed Christians.

Lambeth is perhaps so called from Lamb, which is the type of meekness.

The next place of note, as we ascend the river, is Fox-Hall, or rather Fox-Hole, the first syllable of which is corrupted into Vaux by the vulgar, who tell a foolish story of one Vaux who resided here, and attempted to blow up the Thames. But the true reading is Fox-Hole, as appears by an antient piece of painting, representing that animal whence it takes its name, and which is now to be seen on a high wooden pillar, *Anglicè* a sign-post, not far from the landing-place.

A very little farther stands Marble-Hall, of which we had a full view from the water. This is a most august edifice, built all of a rich marble, which, reflecting the sun-beams, creates an object too dazzling for the sight.

Having passed this, we were entertained with a

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most superb piece of architecture of white, or rather yellow brick. This belongs to one of the *bourgeois*, as do indeed most of the villas which border on both sides this river, and they tend to give as magnificent an idea of the riches which flow in to these people by trade, as the shipping doth, which is to be seen below the bridge of London.

Hence a range of most delicious meadows begins to open, which, being richly enamelled with flowers of all kinds, seem to contend whether they shall convey most pleasure to your sight or to your smell. Our contemplation was however diverted from this scene by a boat, in which were two young ladies extremely handsome, who accosted us in some phrase which we, who thought ourselves pretty good masters of the English tongue, did not understand. They were answered however by our watermen, who afterwards told us, that this is called water-language; and consequently, I suppose, not to be learned on shore.

The next place which presents itself on the Surry side (for I reserve the other shore for my return) is the pleasant village of Battersea; the true reading of which we conjectured to be Bettersee; and that it was formerly a bishoprick, and had the preference to Shelsee, of which we shall speak anon. It is chiefly famous at present for affording a retreat to one of the greatest statesmen of his time, who hath here a magnificent palace.

From Bettersee, verging to the south-west, stands Wanser, as it is vulgarly called; but its true name was undoubtedly Windmill-Shore, from whence it is a very easy corruption; and several windmills are yet to be found in its neighbourhood. Here are to be seen a parish church, and some houses; but it is otherwise little worth the curiosity of travellers.

As you sail from hence, two lofty towers at once salute your eyes from opposite shores of the river,

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divided by a magnificent wooden bridge. That on the Surry shore is called Putney or Putnigh, a fair and beautiful town, consisting principally of one vast street, which extends from north to south, and is adorned with most beautiful buildings.

Here we went ashore, in order to regale ourselves in one of their houses of entertainment, as they are called; but in reality there is no entertainment at them. Here were no tarts nor cheesecakes, nor any sort of food but an English dish called *bread and cheese*, and some raw flesh.

But if it be difficult to find anything to allay hunger, it is still more so to quench your thirst. There is a liquor sold in this country which they call wine (most of the inhabitants indeed call it *wind*). Of what ingredients it is composed I cannot tell; but you are not to conceive, as the word seems to import, that this is a translation of our French word *vin*, a liquor made of the juice of the grape; for I am very well assured there is not a drop of any such juice in it. There must be many ingredients in this liquor, from the many different tastes; some of which are sweet, others sour, and others bitter; but though it appeared so nauseous to me and my friend, that we could not swallow it, the English relish it very well; nay, they will often drink a gallon of it at a sitting; and sometimes in their cups (for it intoxicates) will wantonly give it the names of all our best wines.

However, though we found nothing to eat or drink, we found something to pay. I send you a copy of the bill produced us on this occasion, as I think it a curiosity:

	s.	*d.*
For Bred and Bear	0	8
Eating	2	0
Wind	5	0
Watermen's Eating and Lickor . .	1	6
	9	2

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So that, with the drawer, we were at the expence of ten shillings; though no Catholic ever kept an Ash-Wednesday better.

The drawers here may want some explanation. You must know then, that in this country, in whatever house you eat or drink, whether private or public, you are obliged to pay the servants a fee at your departure, otherwise they certainly affront you.

These fees are called vails; and they serve instead of wages: for though in private houses the master generally contracts with his servant to give him wages, yet these are seldom or never paid; and indeed the vails commonly amount to much more.

From Putnigh we crossed over to the other shore, where stands the fair and beautiful town of Fullhome, vulgarly called Fulham. It is principally remarkable for being the residence of a bishop; but a large grove of trees prevented our seeing his palace from the water.

These two towns were founded by two sisters; and they received their names from the following occasion. These ladies being on the Surry shore, called for a boat to convey them across the water. The watermen being somewhat lazy, and not coming near enough to the land, the lady who had founded the town which stands in Surry, bid them *put nigh*; upon which her sister immediately cried out, "A good omen; let *Putnigh* be the name of the place." When they came to the other side, she who had founded the other town, ordered the watermen to push the boat *full home*; her sister then returned the favour, and gave the name of *Fullhome* to the place.

Here stands a most stately and magnificent bridge. We enquired of the watermen by whose benefaction this was built. "Benefaction, do you call it?" says one of them with a sneer; "I heartily wish it had

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been by mine; there hath been a fine parcel of money got by that *job*;" a name which the English give to all works of a public nature: for so grateful are these people, that nobody ever doth anything for the public, but he is certain to make his fortune by it.

We now returned by the shore of Middlesex, and passed by several beautiful meadows, where the new-mowed hay would have wonderfully delighted our smell, had it not been for a great variety of dead dogs, cats, and other animals, which being plentifully bestrewed along this shore, a good deal abated the sweetness which must have otherwise impregnated the air.

We at length arrived at Shelsee, a corruption of Shallowsee; for the word shallow signifies empty, worthless. Thus a shallow purse and a shallow fellow are words of contempt. This, formerly, was doubtless a small bishoprick, and inferior to that on the other side of the water, which was called Bettersee.

Here are many things worthy the curiosity of travellers. This place is famous for the residence of Don Saltero, a Spanish nobleman, who hath a vast collection of all sorts of rarities; but we had no time to see them.

Here is likewise a walk called Paradise Row, from the delightful situation, and the magnificent buildings with which it is adorned. We had certainly gone on shore to admire the beauty of this walk; but here being no landing-place, we must have spoiled our stockings by stepping into the mud; and were besides informed that the road was so abominably dirty that it would be difficult to cross, the rather, as it seemed entirely stopped up by a great number of dust-carts.

A little farther stands an hospital, or rather a palace, for the reception of old and wounded soldiers. A benefaction of so noble a kind, that it really doth

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honour to the English nation. Here are some very beautiful apartments, which they told us belonged to the officers; a word which led us into a mistake, as we afterwards discovered: for we imagined that these apartments were allotted to those gentlemen who had borne commissions in the army, and who had, by being disabled in the service, entitled themselves to the public favour; but on farther enquiry, we were surprized to find there was no provision at all for any such; and that these officers were a certain number of placemen, who had never borne arms, nor had any military merit whatever.

Beyond this stands Ranelagh, of which we shall say no more than that it is a very large round room, and will contain abundance of people. This is indeed a sufficient recommendation to the English, who never inquire farther into the merit of any diversion, when they hear it is very much frequented. A humour, of which we saw many instances: all their publick places being either quite empty of company, or so crouded, that we could hardly get to them.

Hence sailing by a shore where we saw little very remarkable, save only the carcases of animals, which were here in much greater quantity than we had before found them, we arrived at a place called Mill-Bank, or Mile-Bank; and soon after we passed, as we were informed, by the Senate-houses; but though we went within a few yards of them, we could not discern with any certainty which were they.

Having again shot (as they call it) the New Bridge, we saw the palace of a nobleman, who hath the honour to be a Duke of France as well as of England, and the happiness to be greatly esteemed in both countries.

Near this palace stands that of another Duke, who, among other great and good qualities, is reputed the most benevolent man in the world.

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A little further we saw the palace of an Earl, of a very high character likewise among his countrymen; and who, in times of corruption, hath maintained the integrity of an old Roman.

The palaces of these three noblemen, who do a real honour to their high rank, and who are greatly beloved and respected by their country, are extremely elegant in their buildings, as well as delightful in their situation; and, to be sincere, are the only edifices that discover any true taste which we saw in all our voyage.

We now approached to Hungerford-Stairs, the place destined for our landing; where we were entertained with a sight very common, it seems, in this country: this was the ducking of a pickpocket. When we were first told this, we imagined it might be the execution of some legal sentence: but we were informed, that his executioners had been likewise his judges.

To give you some idea of this (for it is impossible for any one who doth not live in what they call a free country, to have an adequate notion of a mob) whenever a pickpocket is taken in the fact, the person who takes him calls out "pickpocket." Upon which word, the mob, who are always at hand in the street, assemble; and having heard the accusation, and sometimes the defence (though they are not always very strict as to the latter, judging a good deal by appearances), if they believe the accuser, the prisoner is sentenced to be ducked; and this sentence is immediately executed with such rigour, that he hardly escapes with his life.

The mob take cognizance of all other misdemeanours which happen in the streets, and they are a court, which generally endeavours to do justice, though they sometimes err, by the hastiness of their decisions. Perhaps it is the only court in the world, where there is no partiality arising from respect of persons.

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They are great enemies to the use of swords, as they are weapons with which they are not intrusted. If a gentleman draws a sword, though it be only *in terrorem* to defend himself, he is certain to be very severely treated by them; but they give great encouragement to their superiors, who will condescend to shew their courage in the way which the mob themselves use, by boxing, of which we shall presently shew you an instance.

Our boat was now with some difficulty close to the landing-place; for there was a great croud of boats, every one of which, instead of making way for us, served to endeavour to keep us out. Upon this occasion many hundred curses passed between our watermen and their fellows, and not a few affronts were cast on us, especially as we were drest after the manner of our country.

At last we arrived safe on shore, where we payed our watermen, who grumbled at our not giving them something to drink (for all the labouring people in this country apply their hire only to eatables, for which reason they expect something over and above to drink).

As we walked towards the Strand, a drayman ran his whip directly into my friend's face, perhaps with no design of doing this, but at the same time, without any design of avoiding it. My friend, who is impatient of an affront, immediately struck the carter with his fist, who attempted to return the favour with his whip; but Monsieur Bellair, who is extremely strong and active, and who hath learnt to box in this country, presently closed in with him, and tript up his heels.

The mob now assembled round us, and being pleased with my friend for not having drawn his sword, inclined visibly to his side, and commended many blows

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which he gave his adversary, and other feats of activity, which he displayed during the combat, that lasted some minutes; at the end of which, the drayman yielded up the victory, crying with a sneer—"D—n you, you have been on the stage, or I am mistaken."

The mob now gave a huzza in my friend's favour, and sufficiently upbraided his antagonist, who, they said, was well enough served for affronting a gentleman.

Monsieur Bellair had on the beginning of the scuffle, while the enemy lay on the ground, delivered his sword to one of the bystanders; which person had unluckily walked off in the croud, without remembering to restore it.

Upon this the mob raged violently, and swore vengeance against the thief, if he could be discovered; but as this could not be done, he was obliged at length to submit to the loss.

When we began to depart, several of our friends demanded of us something to drink; but as we were more out of humour with the loss, than pleased with the glory obtained, we could not be prevailed upon to open our purses.

The company were incensed with this. We were saluted with the titles of *Mounshire*, and other contemptuous appellations; several missile weapons, such as dirt, &c., began likewise to play on us, and we were both challenged to fight by several, who told my friend, though he beat the drayman, he was not above half a man.

We then made the best of our way, and soon escaped into a Hackney-coach.

Thus I have sent you a particular account of this voyage, from some parts of which you may perhaps conclude, that the meanest rank of people are in this country better provided for than their superiors; and

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that the gentry, at least those of the lower class of that order, fare full as well in other places: for, to say the truth, it appears to me, that an Englishman in that station is liable to be oppress by all above him, and insulted by all below him.

I am, &c.

THE END.

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